

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY^{N.S.E.}

AUGUST
25 CENTS



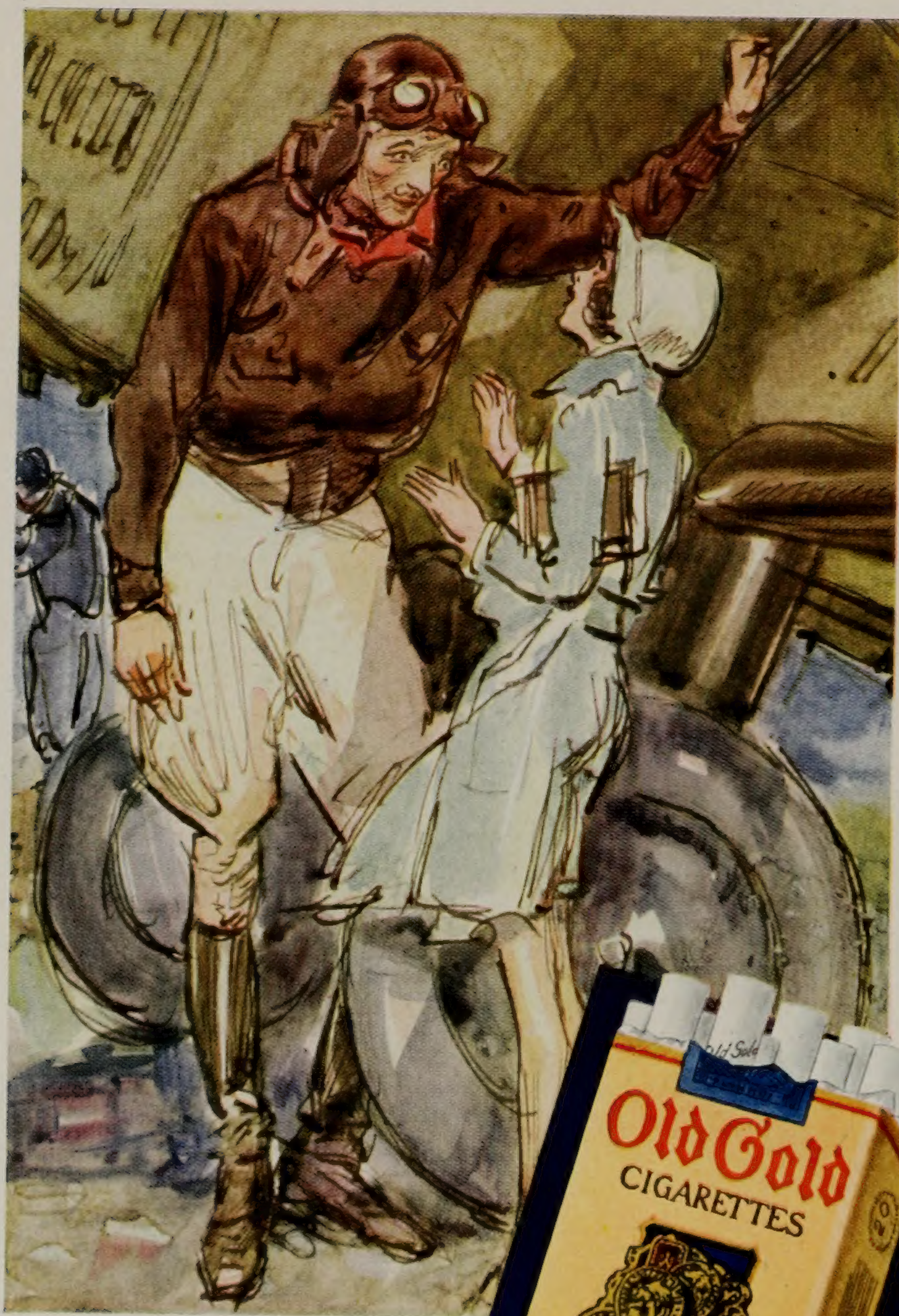
GRETA
GARBO

How About **MARY & DOUG?**

What **GARBO** Thinks of **HOLLYWOOD**

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.



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Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

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OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."



ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of OLD GOLDS reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

"I wonder how serious
it really is" . . .

"PINK tooth brush" is a disquieting trouble to face. For with it come visions of all manner of dread dental diseases that may follow.

Decisively, "pink tooth brush" does not imply that you have pyorrhea. But it certainly does mean that your gums have begun to soften; that they have become so tender and weak that they bleed at the touch of the brush; and that they need immediate protection if they are to be rescued from the possible attack of more serious troubles!

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are not luxuries*

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WITH

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TOOTH PASTE

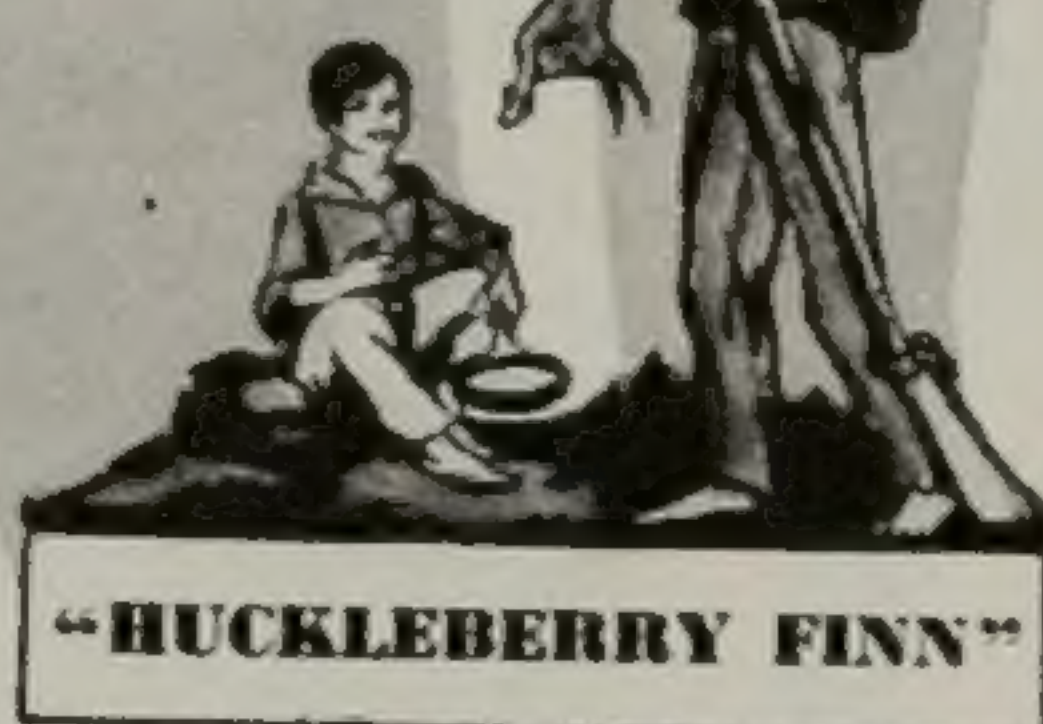
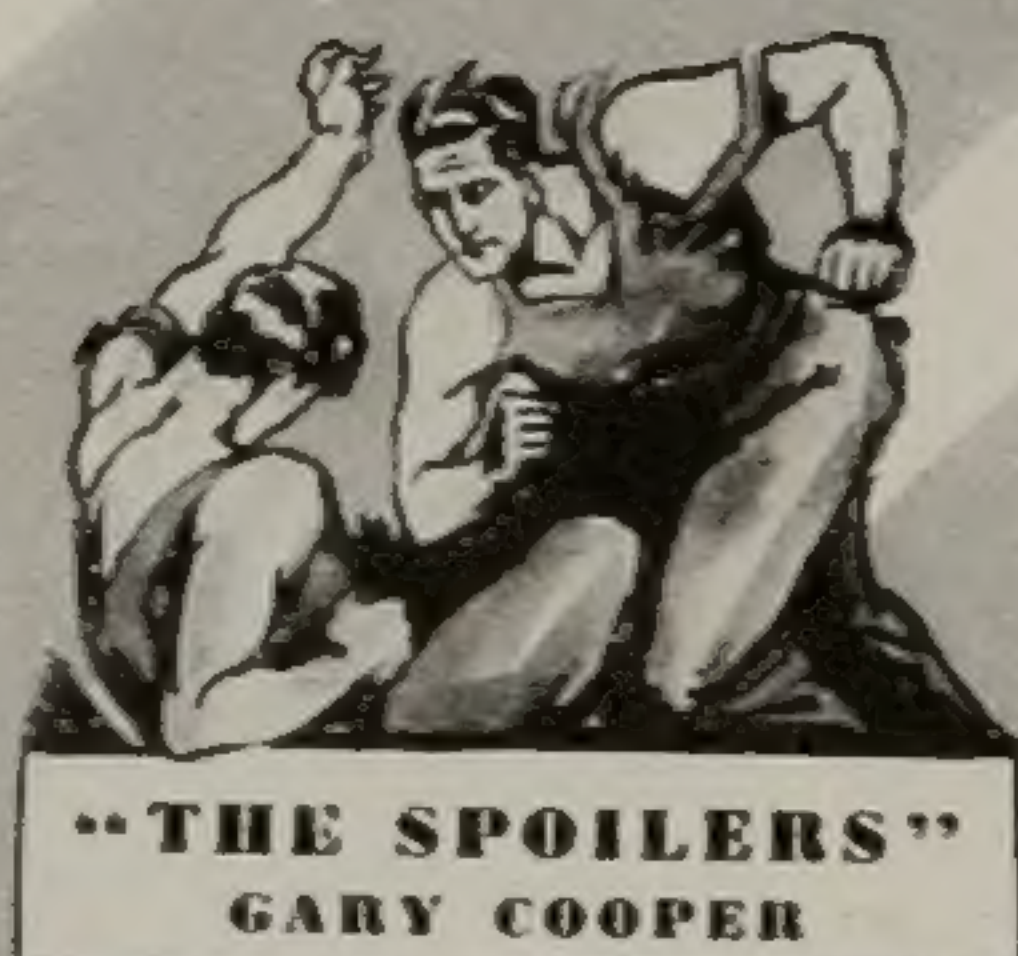
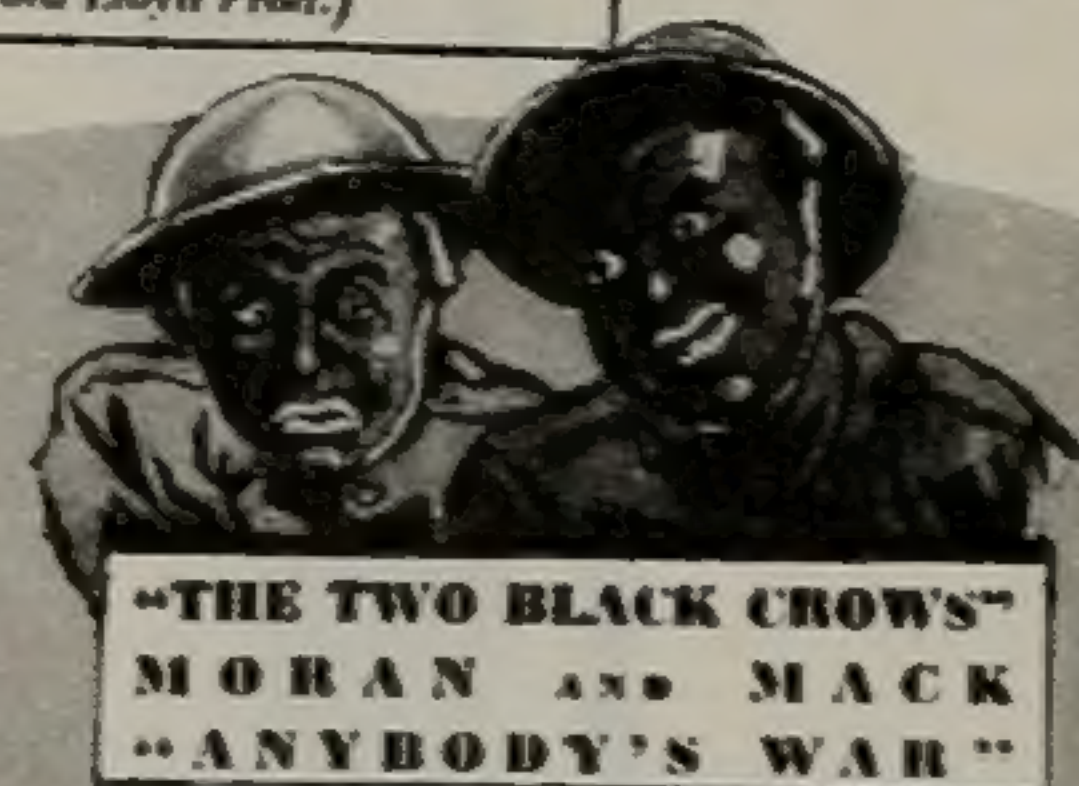


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ENTERTAINMENT news that will thrill millions! The GREATER New Show World is here! 70 Paramount Pictures strong! Attuned to these changing times. In key with this fast moving world. ¶ Under their spell you're lost to the world. Living the stories. Laughing at some plots. Thrilled to the bone with others. Charmed with the tunes in the musicals. *Delighted with everything!* ¶ It's a GREATER

New Show World now. And Paramount is leading it. Paramount—with 18 years of supremacy. Paramount—with the biggest stars. Paramount—with the keenest showmanship minds. Paramount—with the greatest resources, organization, and man power in motion pictures. ¶ Tell your Theatre Manager now you want to see all these 70 GREATER New Show World Pictures!

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.,

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IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVIII No. 3

August, 1930



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The Private Life of Greta Garbo

Who is the tall, blond young man who is Greta's mysterious escort and whom Hollywood calls "The Swedish Prince"?

The real intimate story of Greta's strange home and social life is told for the first time in this most revealing article, appearing in next month's—the

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Who made **SUNNY SIDE UP** the most popular motion picture of the past year? **YOU** did—with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country Who made **THE COCKEYED WORLD** the runner-up? **YOU** again—with

your spontaneous approval, registered by cash paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. . . . Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspapers in their respective cities. . . . Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years? . . . **FOX**—last year with John Ford's **FOUR SONS**—year before last with Frank Borzage's **7th HEAVEN**. . . . Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? Nobody but **YOU**. . . . Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and



leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? **YOU**, of course—because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what **FOX** has done in the past and told us what you like Will you get it? Look at this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! Janet Gaynor and Charles

Farrell in **OH, FOR A MAN!**—another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made **SUNNY SIDE UP**, David Butler. . . . McLaglen and Lowe chasing **WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS**—in the further rollicking adventures of Flagg and Quirt—from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of **WHAT PRICE GLORY**. Direction by Raoul Walsh. What a line-up! Charlie Farrell in his greatest part of all, as Liliom,



Y O U

SIXTY

OTHERS

B E

AND MILLION CAN'T WRONG



in DEVIL WITH WOMEN, from Franz Molnar's international stage success.... And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year—THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, with Louise Huntington; THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and SHE'S MY GIRL, with Joyce Compton.... In UP THE RIVER, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold

Medal winner, FOUR SONS. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites.... Frank Borzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures—SONG O' MY HEART, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack—two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, THE MAN WHO CAME BACK and DEVIL WITH WOMEN—and ALONE WITH YOU, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections.... The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor—



won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in IN OLD ARIZONA. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures.... If you saw Will Rogers in THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS, or SO THIS IS LONDON, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's



incomparable comic: A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and SEE AMERICA FIRST.... DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the Gilbert and Sullivan of our day—will follow their smash success, SUNNY SIDE UP with JUST IMAGINE, clever, gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel.... We made the pictures—but YOU asked for them—and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!



FOX



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review

ACQUITTED—Columbia.—Underworld drama with a real punch. Sam Hardy is more amusing than ever. (Feb.)

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (June)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (June)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (March)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crows* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (June)

ARIZONA KID, THE—Fox.—Warner Baxter follows "In Old Arizona" with another fine performance and an excellent picture. (July)

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (April)

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (June)

BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal.—Miss this one unless you're one of those people old P. T. was talking about. (Feb.)

BATTLE OF PARIS, THE—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence, stage favorite, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (March)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (April)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (April)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (May)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (April)

BIG FIGHT, THE—Sono Art.—James Cruze.—Amusing enough. Lola Lane and Guinn Williams, but Stepin Fetchit almost shuffles off with the show (July)

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (April)

★ **BIG POND, THE**—Paramount.—Chevalier clicks again! See him as a poor but romantic Frenchman trying to make good in an American chewing gum factory. Claudette Colbert, and some typical Chevalier songs. (July)

BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Murder a la *Mother Goose*, with Basil Rathbone *Philo Vance*ing this time. Plenty of thrills. (Feb.)

BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art.—World Wide.—One of those leopard pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (March)

BORDER LEGION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Holt, Dick Arlen, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a Zane Grey thriller. (July)

BORN RECKLESS—Fox.—Maybe the fear of censorship took the thrill out of this gangster film, made from the exciting best seller, "Louis Beretti." Eddie Lowe Lee Tracy and Catherine Dale Owen. (July)

BROADWAY HOOVER, THE—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (March)

BURNING UP—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little comedy with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (March)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—The famous old romance of a river gambler revived gracefully but not excitedly. J. Harold Murray sings well and Stepin Fetchit sings. (Feb.)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseillaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (June)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Anna Christie"
"Song o' My Heart"
"Journey's End"
"The Divorcee"
"Ladies of Leisure"
"The Devil's Holiday"
"All Quiet on the Western Front"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Stark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Grischa*. (March)

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (June)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (May)

CHEER UP AND SMILE—Fox.—Good comedy drama, with Arthur Lake, Dixie Lee and the vampish Baclanova. (July)

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (May)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent*. (May)

CITY GIRL—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (March)

CLANCY IN WALL STREET—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (April)

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art.—World Wide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (June)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and if you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (May)

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngest. (June)

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal.—"Hoot" Gibson tames a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (March)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (May)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (June)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (June)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor rôle. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (April)

DANCE HALL—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the youngster who haunts the local dance hall where Olive Borden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. (Feb.)

DANCING SWEETIES—Warners.—Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a story of that much discussed "first year" of marriage. (July)

DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount-Christie.—A hilariously funny two-reeler. And why not, with both Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cavorting in their best manner? (Feb.)

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount.—Taken from Conrad's South Sea yarn "Victory." Begins well but goes astray. Dick Arlen and Nancy Carroll good, as always. (Feb.)

★ **DEVIL MAY CARE**—M-G-M.—A moving picture that both moves and talks. Swift and colorful romance, with Novarro giving one of the finest performances of his career and Dorothy Jordan and Marion Harris scoring heavily. Some swell vocalizing. (Feb.)

★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll in emotional drama, giving the best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

A Hundred Million Eager Hearts Await Their Coming To The Screen!

At last! AMOS 'N ANDY are to be seen as well as heard!

From their boundless empire of the air, where they hold a nation enthralled each day, these magic personalities, mightiest stars of all creation, are coming to thrill the world anew in a grand and glorious picture. Their gay cavalcade is on the way!



AMOS 'N ANDY

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Watch for RADIO PICTURES This Year!

The Radio trade-mark will be your best assurance of fine entertainment, for millions of dollars and the genius of the greatest creative minds are going into **Radio Pictures**. **AMOS 'N ANDY** is but one of the treats in store.

There's "**CIMARRON**," Edna Ferber's great epic of empire, to look forward to; **RICHARD DIX** plays the coveted role of Yancey Cravat. "**DIXIANA**," glamorous romance of Mardi Gras, brings **BEBE DANIELS**, **EVERETT MARSHALL**, Metropolitan Opera Star; **Bert Wheeler**, **Robert Woolsey** and a thousand others. Victor Herbert's "**BABES IN TOYLAND**" is coming in lavish extravaganza. There are many others of equal interest, including Rex Beach's "**THE SILVER HORDE**" and John Galsworthy's "**ESCAPE**."

Naturally you will want to see them all! The manager of your favorite theatre is now arranging his season's bookings and will appreciate it if you let him know your wishes in entertainment. He is anxious to please you. Tell him you want to see these great **RADIO PICTURES** at his house.

R. K. O. DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
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1560 Broadway, New York City



No More Custard Pies!

THERE'S a little kid out in Hollywood who's just having the time of his life again.

He's got grey hair, and the—well, ah—avouirdupois that comes with age, and he goes by the name of Mack Sennett. But he's just a kid and don't let him fool you. Aw, well, he doesn't want to fool you.

"Kid?" he echoes. "Sure. Sure I am. *I am*. And I never want to grow up!"

He's got a new toy, has Mack Sennett. He hates to go to sleep nights, because then he can't play with these new talkies that have suddenly made life interesting for him again.

And there has come to pass one of the most remarkable metamorphoses that this mad business of movie-making has ever seen!—the rebirth of the unspeakably crude, custard-pie and slapstick Sennett comedies of the bygone years, into the deliciously sophisticated, delicately chucklesome Sennett comedies of 1930.

In no other facet of the movies has there been reflected such a change as the Sennett comedies show. Feature pictures have changed, of course, but not nearly so much.

WHY, look at the difference!

Take an old Sennett comedy, in the days when Swanson was just a bathing beauty and didn't dream of being a Marquise some day; when Chaplin was just a "funny feller" without even being known by name; when Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda were people who put on funny make-ups and went through the motions of the slapstick era.

In those days, the brain was the least important part of an actor's anatomy. The big idea was to be hit with a slapstick or a No. 12 shoe with a foot in it as often as possible. The face was used for two purposes—to hang funny moustaches on, and to be smeared with custard pie, plaster, flour, mud, eggs or anything else that the director could think of to have thrown. Scripts were just something that had never been thought of; all they did was get the company together, throw things, have a chase and cut it into one reel.

BUT now!—twenty years later—there isn't a custard pie on the Sennett lot, except when one of the electricians brings a slab for lunch.

There's a scenario department where a staff of writers works as long and conscientiously over a plot as they do for features in the other studios. Before shooting is begun, every line, every gag, is down on paper.

There's no more Sennett stock company—although the old fox does keep one or two players under con-



The Talkie Is His
New Toy!

Last Minute News

"Man Trouble"—Fox—Milton Sills, as the popular notion of a fearless gangster, is sensational in this melodrama of love, newspaper business and the underworld. Dorothy Mackaill takes second honors.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman) a daughter, the second girl in the family. Mr. and Mrs. Vidor had hoped for a boy and are unprepared with a name for the little stranger as this is written.

Claire Windsor and nine others were rescued when a power yacht rammed and sank the "Lolita," cruiser owned and sailed by Philip Plant, Claire's latest beau, in Long Island Sound. A sailor was reported missing. Plant is the divorced husband of Constance Bennett. Miss Windsor was a guest on his boat for a week-end cruise.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, at sixty-nine, sang at thirty performances at the Roxy Theater, New York, in one week, receiving \$6,000 for the engagement.

Hollywood was surprised to learn that Helene Lubitsch is suing Ernst Lubitsch, noted director, for divorce, charging that he nagged her and insulted her guests.

"Ginger" Rogers, ingenue, in "Young Man of Manhattan," was seen much in the company of Jack Oakie around New York early in the summer. "Ginger's" new picture is "Queen High." She is reported divorcing Jack Pepper, master of ceremonies.

tract—Marjorie Beebe, a true modern comedienne, and Andy Clyde, a master of characterization who dons grotesque make-ups rarely, and then only to accentuate character, and not just to look funny. As for the rest of the cast—Sennett chooses his players from the Hollywood freelances as carefully as a producer casting a great feature epic. Nick Stuart, Ann Christie, Franklin Pangborn, Ben Bard, John Darrow—these are just a few of the recognized dramatic players who have played in modern Sennett comedies.

And the plots! A fig for custard pies! The humor now is mental, psychological—not physical.

"THEY'VE got to act with this," says Sennett, tapping his forehead, "instead of with this," slapping his hip pocket. The old boy, eyes sparkling, tells about his new game:

"Talkies have brought sophistication to the two-reel comedy. Sophistication to the comedy because the audiences have become more sophisticated—talkies, the radio, magazines. And with sophistication comes subtlety of comedy, instead of a kick in the pants.

"Slapstick, custard pies, bathing girls—with talkies, they're out. When people talk, they become real, and you don't expect 'em to jump up and grab seltzer bottles and start squirting at each other. Bathing girls are out—well, because there simply isn't a place for them in my modern comedies. When there is—occasionally—naturally I use them. But not merely for artificial sex appeal; rather because they have a part in the story.

"HONESTLY, though—those custard pies and bathing girls were more of a gag than fact. I never used them so very, very much. It was just good trade-mark publicity, and we used it for that, but we used 'em mighty little in pictures, as a matter of fact.

"My ambition now is to make two-reel comedies as good as six-reel features. All casts, all sets—as expensive as the best feature sets. First-class stories. I want to tell a story as well in two reels as anybody can in five. Twenty minutes is enough to tell anything; why, you can tell the history of the world in twenty minutes. Why bore 'em with more? Real casts, real stories, real production give me a chance to use what I never could in the old days—heart interest and romance.

"I'm happy again. A few years ago—just before the talkies came in—I didn't spend two days a week at the studio. I was sick and tired of making comedies, and I let the boys make 'em. But now I spend eighteen hours a day at the lot, and I love it."

Siesta

Sometimes in the whirl of existence one likes a moment apart . . . a moment of reflection and tranquillity . . . siesta. Camels fit this mood of introspection. They are so fragrant and delightful; so unobtrusive and so satisfying. No other cigarette, at any price, gives quite so much of pleasure. . . . And no other has been so generously accepted by smokers the whole world over.





Keep the moonlight with you always

Peter had spent a restless night. He knew it couldn't be true! No one could be so lovely as Lois had seemed in the moonlight. He dreaded meeting her at the house-party breakfast. He knew he had been rather ardent—but her cool beauty, her fragrance as he held her close in the dance, had swept him off his feet.

And then she appeared. The morning sun bathed her face relentlessly—but it only enhanced the rose-tinted amber of her skin. She faced the glare—fearless of its revelations. Peter knew then, it would ALWAYS be moonlight with Lois.

● the secret that is no secret

Lois had not been born beautiful. For years she had despaired of her sallow skin, with its visibly enlarged pores.

Then she discovered that a film of Pompeian Beauty Powder in a luscious Naturelle shade...a touch of Pompeian Bloom in a provocative Orange tint, would veil her skin in golden, satin radiance.

● it isn't hard to understand

It is only natural that millions of women should prefer Pompeian Beauty Powder.

It is as fine a powder as money can buy. It delicately perfumes...it spreads evenly...it clings for hours but never cakes. The colors are the result of years of experimenting with the blending of powders on living models. Just as Nature combines many shades to produce each complexion, so does Pompeian call upon a palette of colors to achieve five perfect blends—one of which is a flawless match for *your* skin.

● as for rouge colors

Nor is Pompeian Bloom a *solid* color!

Each color is an infinite number of living shades as softly, subtly blended as the tints of a magnolia petal. This rouge comes off easily on the puff and flows gently into the shading of the skin; it clings with velvet tenacity—and the cake never crumbles.

● and this little matter of expense

Have you puckered your brow over the growing costliness of cosmetics? Sacrificed a frock, perhaps, because of your toiletry outlay? Then you'll appreciate what the wisest shoppers have learned: That, because of the vast popularity of Pompeian Beauty Powder, it is possible to produce the purest, finest quality for the amazingly small sum of 60c.

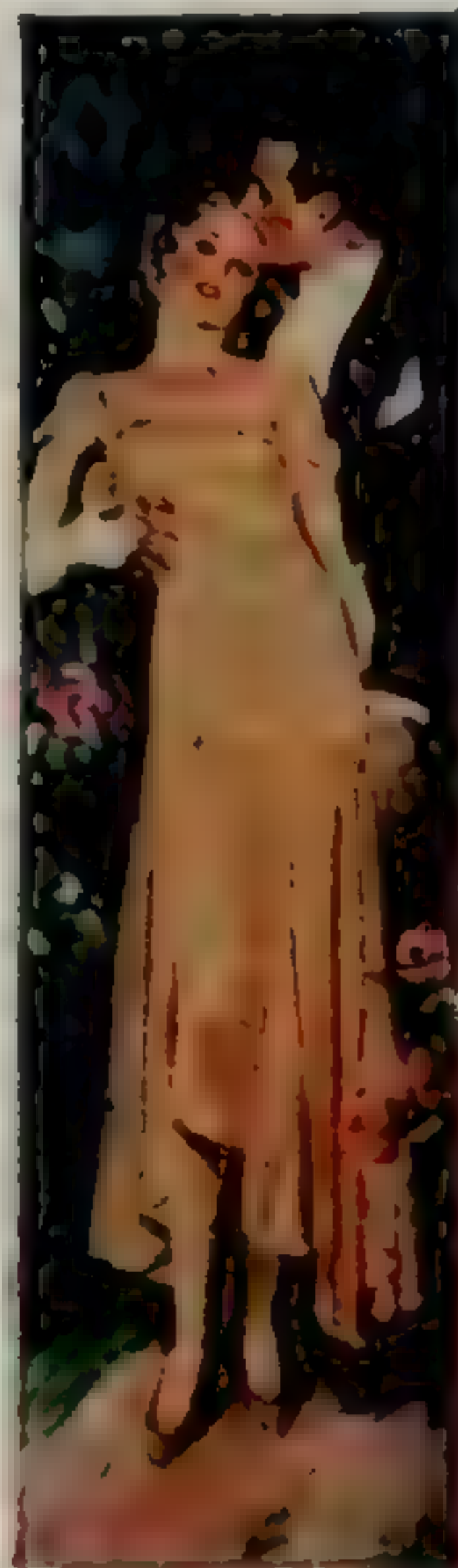
Pompeian Bloom is also 60c, in dainty metal case with mirror and long-life puff.

● do you know yourself?

Your most potent charms? How to enhance them? Mme. Jeanette de Cordet—skilled specialist in feminine beauty—describes and prescribes for 24 types in her elaborate booklet on making the most of your looks. The coupon opposite tells how to secure it.



● send for new art panel



If you are one of the enthusiastic collectors, you'll rejoice over the 1930 Pompeian Art Panel. Gorgeously painted by Clement Donshea.

Enclose 10c. You'll receive the Art Panel—Mme. de Cordet's booklet—and samples of two other toilet necessities—Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

● PRINT your name and address

Mme. Jeanette de Cordet,
Dept. 16-8, Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel; the booklet "Your Type of Beauty;" and samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

(In Canada, address 10 McCaul St., Toronto)

POMPEIAN

The Pompeian Company, Incorporated, New York, N.Y., Elmira, N.Y., and Toronto, Can... (Sales Offices: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.)

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (June)

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (May)

DUDE WRANGLER, THE—Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod.—A bang-up Western comedy done *magno cum gusto*. Children can safely take their parents. (Feb.)

FALL GUY, THE—Radio Pictures.—Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke in a simple little story about an out-of-work husband. (July)

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Ridin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (May)

★ **FLORODORA GIRL, THE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies as one of the original Florodora Girls. Gags, costumes and atmosphere of the Gay 90's make this a riot of fun. (July)

FORWARD PASS, THE—First National.—A bright, entertaining film, well acted by Loretta Young, Fairbanks the Younger, Guinn Williams and Peanuts Byron. Doug is one movie football hero who doesn't bring on blind staggers. (Feb.)

FOX MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930—Fox.—By now the single-talkie revues have lost their novelty. Comedy, fair songs, and a bit of a love story. (July)

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (April)

★ **FREE AND EASY**—M-G-M.—Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (May)

FURIES, THE—First National.—Murder in the smart set. Weighty and wordy, yet fairly interesting. H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Natalie Moorehead. (July)

GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (May)

GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (March)

GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE—M-G-M.—A charming little backstage story, which, for a wonder, isn't punctuated by theme songs and huge stage shots. (Feb.)

GIRL OF THE PORT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (March)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably spifflicated, as usual. (April)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (May)

GRAND PARADE, THE—Pathe.—A sad little yarn about a boarding house slavey who loves a minstrel man who loves a burlesque queen. Helen Twelvetrees out-Gishes Lillian as the heroine. (Feb.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackaill overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (May)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (May)

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (June)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (May)

HARMONY AT HOME—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen debut. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (March)

HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners.—Gradually it sneaks up on us—Dolores Costello, lovely though she is, is not an actress. A poor picture. (Feb.)

HE KNEW WOMEN—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce in a photographed play, "The Second Man." Good for some sophisticated chuckles. (July)

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (April)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (May)

HELL'S HEROES—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne fathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading rôle. Very real. (March)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (April)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (May)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (May)

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—Fox.—A musical romance, carried to fair success by the popular Gaynor-Farrell team. (July)

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (June)

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners.—Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (June)

HONEY—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mitzi Green. (April)

HOT DOGS—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (March)

HOT FOR PARIS—Fox.—Good, rough fun, concocted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. (Feb.)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (June)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (June)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgettable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (June)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (June)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (June)

★ **LADIES OF LEISURE**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck grand as a little party girl who falls for a serious young artist. Fine supporting cast. You mustn't miss it. (July)

★ **LADY OF SCANDAL, THE**—M-G-M.—Ruth Chatterton in delicious light comedy, from the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." (July)

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censor-proof. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (April)

LAST DANCE, THE—Audible Pictures.—Cinderella in modern dress. Quickie (not very goodie) about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynolds' grand voice and acting. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 143]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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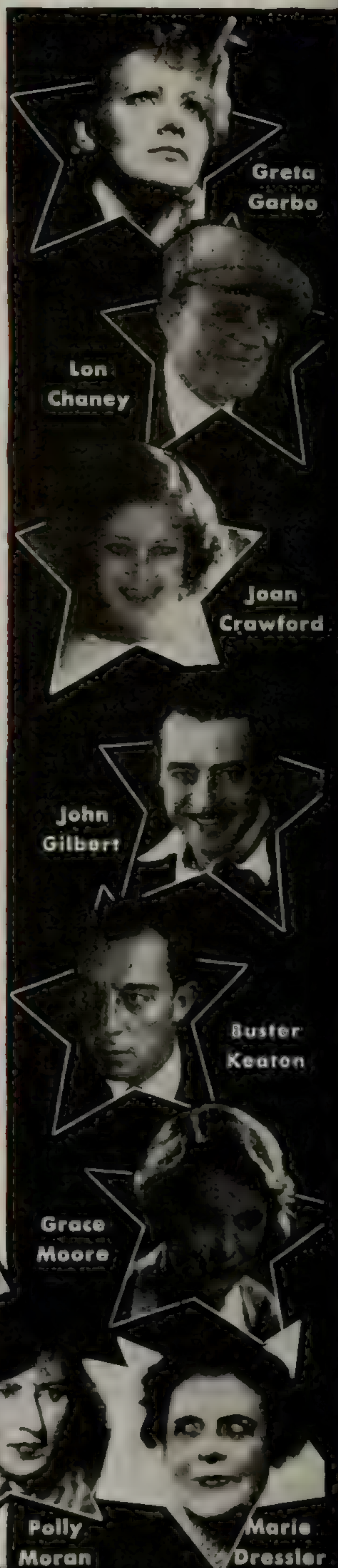
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ROAR, LION, ROAR

ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again demonstrate that it is the greatest producing organization in the industry. The company that has "more stars than there are in heaven"—the greatest directors—the most famous composers—the most marvelous creative and technical resources—pledges itself to continue producing pictures as wonderful as THE BIG PARADE, BEN HUR, THE BROADWAY MELODY, MADAME X, HOLLYWOOD REVUE, OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS, THE ROGUE SONG, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE DIVORCEE—to mention only a few of the great M-G-M pictures that have taken their place in Filmdom's Hall of Fame. No wonder Leo roars his approval as he looks forward to the greatest year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever had!



METRO-GOLD

"More Stars Than"

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

PRODUCTION SCHEDULE IN ITS HISTORY

1 9 3 0 — 1 9 3 1

FEATURED PLAYERS

Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Charles King
Arnold Korff
Harriett Lake
Mary Lawlor
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Andre Luguel
George F. Marion
Dorothy McNulty
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Benny Rubin
Dorothy Sebastian
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Raquel Torres
Ernest Torrence
Roland Young

DIRECTORS

Lionel
Barrymore
Harry Beaumont
Charles Brabin
Clarence Brown
Jack Conway
Cecil B. DeMille

A few of the big pictures to come

Ramon NOVARRO
"The Singer of Seville"

Greta GARBO
"Red Dust"

Marion DAVIES
"Rosalie"

Joan CRAWFORD
"Great Day"

Lon CHANEY
"The Bugle Sounds"

John GILBERT
"Way for a Sailor"

Lawrence TIBBETT
"The New Moon"

William HAINES
"Remote Control"

"Good News"

"Trader Horn"

and many, many more outstanding productions.

"Madame Satan"
(Directed by
Cecil B. DeMille)

"Billy the Kid"
(Directed by King Vidor)

"The March of
Time"
(With 'more stars than
there are in heaven')

"Jenny Lind"
with
Grace Moore

"The World's Illusion"

"The Great Meadow"

"Naughty Marietta"

"Dance, Fool, Dance"

"War Nurse"

"The Merry Widow"
What Music!

Al Boasberg
A. Paul Mairker
Branden

Neil Brandt
Frank Butler
John Colton
Mitzie Cummings
Ruth Cummings
Edith Ellis
Joseph Farnham
Edith Fitzgerald
Martin Flavin
Becky Gardiner
Willis Goldbeck
Robert Hopkins
Cyril Hume
William Hurlburt
John B. Hymer
Marion Jackson
Laurence E. Jackson
Earle C. Kenton
Hans Kraly
John Lawson
Philip J. Leddy
Charles MacArthur
Williard Mack
Frances Marion
Gene Markey
Sarah Y. Mason
Edwin J. Mayer
John Meehan
Bess Meredyth
James Montgomery
Jack Neville
Lucille Newmark
Fred Niblo, Jr.
J. C. Nugent
George O'Hara
Samuel Ornitz
Arthur Richman
W. L. River
Madeleine Ruthven
Don Ryan
Harry Sauber
Richard E. Schayer
Zelda Sears
Samuel Shipman
Lawrence Stallings
Sylvia Thalberg
Wanda Tuchock
Jim Tully
Dale Van Every
Claudine West
Crane Wilbur
P. G. Wodehouse
Miguel de Zarraba

SONG WRITERS

Martin Broones
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Straus
George Word
Harry Woods

WRITERS

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Banyard
Alfred Block

Norma
Shearer

Marion
Davies

Ramon
Novarro

Lawrence
Tibbett

William
Haines

Jack
Buchanan

Duncan
Sisters

WYN-MAYER
There are in Heaven"



Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

How About a Democracy?

San Francisco, Calif.

HOW can one compare Chevalier and Tibbett? Their points of charm are so entirely different. Chevalier, with his marvelous personality, his humor, yet no voice to speak of. Tibbett, with his glorious voice and his splendid dramatic ability.

If there must be a throne, make it big enough for two!

ROSEMARY CHESTER.

Elsie Settles It

Atlanta, Ga.

CHEVALIER is delightful, but Tibbett is dynamic in personality. In the galaxy of the world's most beautiful voices, Tibbett is King. I have only heard two in my time that could compare with him—Caruso and

that magnificent Chaliapin. So one throne—one King—Tibbett!

ELSIE E. KERSEY.

How Pictures Do Educate!

Hollywood, Calif.

I SAW "The Love Parade" in almost every theater in Los Angeles and vicinity. I learned more about the transportation system in Hollywood and Los Angeles, following Maurice Chevalier's picture around, than I learned in all the ten years I have lived here.

ROSALIE VICTOR.

Well, Bill's a Nice Boy, Too

Brandon, Man., Can.

WHEN it comes to a choice between Chevalier and Tibbett, I choose William Haines for my favorite. To the discard with the others, as far as I am concerned. They can't hold a candle to Bill Haines.

M. E. JOLLOW.

Norma Steals the Show

Chicago, Ill.

HERE'S a bouquet for Norma Shearer for her amazing performance in "The Divorcee." Amazing, because in the face of the stiffest opposition—what a grand supporting cast she had!—she yet managed to run away with all the acting honors without being guilty of overacting.

ELLA KING.

Oh, These Fickle Fans!

Oblong, Ill.

NO one could possibly have been more of a Garbo fan than I was—until I saw Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee." Since then I've been busy hunting for pictures of Norma to replace those I had framed of Greta.

MAGDELENE EINERT.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

The \$25 Letter

Omaha, Neb.

FOR the week previous to my seeing the Dressler-Moran team in "Caught Short" I had had a series of disheartening experiences, and I was utterly miserable. The comedy was uproariously funny, and it happened to be in line with my own woes. Seen at such an angle, I got an entirely different viewpoint on my troubles. I went home in better spirits, and a day or so later my luck changed. I firmly believe that my different mental attitude helped me to attain my goal.

MARGARET MANGOLD.

The \$10 Letter

Laconia, N. H.

I AM reminded of the fashionable period some years ago when large hats were in vogue and audiences were obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing the stage on account of the obstructions before them. At last some brainy person suggested flashing on the screen, preceding the show—"Ladies, kindly remove your hats." Isn't it time to get out that warning slide again, with large hats back in style?

MRS. CHARLOTTE H. TWOMBLY.

The \$5 Letter

Louisville, Ky.

GIVE us more mushy pictures, with plenty of lovemaking in them—young men who promise in the moonlight to adore the girl forever. We who have been married know that it is not true, but we like to be fooled just the same.

MRS. LAURA L. HARRIS.

THE article in June, discussing the relative acting merits of Maurice Chevalier and Lawrence Tibbett, under the title of "Two Kings — One Throne," was a regular boomerang. Whew! Imagine trying to settle such a hot dispute in a midsummer issue! And the joke of it is, we can't settle it, after all. The odds are even, for both. So we're just printing a few of the letters, to prove that each has his loyal subjects. And the carpenters, or maybe it's the goldsmiths, are now at work on the throne, making it wide enough for two.

No other male actor comes within a couple of florist shops of getting the bouquets this month that these two have had.

But Norma Shearer, for the girls, gets all the orchids. How they rave about her in "The Divorcee."

Incidentally, that picture and "The Big Pond" drew the highest praise in this month's mail. But there is great interest in the splendid war pictures, notably "Journey's End" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," in spite of their grim realism.



Buy a bathing suit with
what you save

So many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.



“We all agreed
that our teeth had improved — *and found we
all used the same tooth paste*”

So writes a St. Louis woman devoted to Listerine Tooth Paste because of its very definite—and apparent—results, and its welcome economy.

It is really amazing how wonderfully well Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth.

If your teeth are closely set, off color, have blemishes, and are particularly hard to whiten, try a tube of this quality dentifrice for a week or more.

You will be delighted to find how swiftly but how gently it erases discoloration and tartar, leaving the teeth snowy white and lustrous. You will like the refreshing feeling it imparts to the mouth and gums.

And you will welcome that saving of \$3 it accomplishes. In every way, you will find it the equal of dentifrices costing twice as much or more. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

What Any Girl Can Do with Make-Up



Make-up must be perfect to face the camera. Max Factor adds a touch to bring out Loretta Young's beauty

IF you have ever gone to a portrait painting class, or seen a painter at work, you know how fascinating it is to "watch the likeness come." It's a matter of following bone construction, getting the right proportions, the exact curve of the eye-sockets, the nose, the mouth, the set of the shoulders. After that, such things as the line of the eyebrows and the tone of the flesh become important.

Of course, there's very little we can do about changing the bony structure of our faces and bodies or altering the proportions of our features, without resorting to surgery. But, with skilful make-up, we can work some minor miracles and get a likeness to the type we want to be. And what fun it is to "watch it come."

IKNEW a petite, fluffy blonde whose fine hair was glossy and straight as a stick. In order to carry out what she felt were the requirements of her type, she kept it carefully marcelled. She used a light rouge and the pink-toned powder that went with her natural coloring.

When she grew a bit older her hair darkened somewhat, and, of course, her experience ripened. As a sophisticated, modern young woman she was tired of the rôle of demure little blonde. But she felt she had been "typed" by Nature, so she just went along envying taller, brown- and black-haired girls who conveyed by their appearance they were thoroughly grown-up and knew what they were about.

A hairdresser to whom this girl confided her grievances, took her in hand one day. After the shampoo, she shingled the long bob into graceful lines close around the head, but with no hint of a curl. She accentuated the straight, light brows with a touch of brown eyebrow pencil. Ochre powder deepened the flesh tones and gave a becoming pallor to the unrouged cheeks. A dark lipstick brought out the curves of the mouth. Delighted with her appearance,

the girl followed the hairdresser's further suggestions and bought a dashing suit with long, slender lines, and a daring little hat.

That should have been the happy ending. She had achieved an appearance that exactly matched the personality she had become.

BUT the man who had found her interesting because she suggested sweet, old-fashioned femininity, in spite of her modern viewpoint and ways, evidently decided she was just like the other girls he knew. Even though he marvelled at the transformation, she was quick to note a subtle change in his manner. And, because she loved him and didn't want to lose him, she went right back to her old self, just as fast as her hair grew out long enough to curl again. Back to the unsophisticated sweaters and skirts and jackets. Back to pink powder and rouge, although she did decide that a bit of eyebrow pencil and lipstick added something to her former make-up—something that was very flattering.

But at least she was satisfied. She had found out what a girl—any girl—can do to change her appearance with a new coiffure, a different line in clothes, and, most important of all, a new make-up scheme.

MAYBE, like the girl whose story I have just told you, you'll be glad to go back to being your old self. But if you're not sure you're satisfied, why don't you try a few changes in make-up? Give yourself time to get used to them, and decide on the merits after the newness has worn off.

The cosmetic makers recognize this desire of most women for variety. Just a few weeks ago a well known perfumer and cosmetician told me about their new face powders. Not only have they a special blend for each type, but powders that so subtly alter the tone and tint of the skin that colors we used to think were taboo for us will be made becoming.

That's something else we have learned from the painters. They know that slight changes in tint can bring about perfect harmony of color to color.

There's a definite reason for the rosier tinted cosmetics of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

MY reducing exercises and sane menus will help you improve your figure. My complexion leaflet gives general advice, and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request will bring you either, or both, or other advice on personal problems. Address me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

How to make oily hair behave

Dear Miss Carroll: My curly hair used to be the envy of my permanent-waved, marcelled friends. But now it is oily and lifeless—not nicely straight, but simply in strings. And I'm wondering whether I'm doomed to wear a hat constantly. And why not . . . when I used to hear, "You've the most beautiful hair I've ever seen!"—Mrs. H. G., Ebensburg, Pa.

 H. G. Please, please, don't adopt that close-fitting little hat you've threatened to wear. One of the things your poor scalp probably most needs is plenty of fresh air and sunshine!

Don't get panicky. With patience and the proper treatment, I'm sure you can revive the true beauty of your hair. You see, relaxed oil glands simply won't take correction quickly. But this is the way to help them reform—

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, every time a glance at the mirror hurts your pride. Yes, even if at the beginning this means a shampoo every third or fourth day! For Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is a special shampoo for oily hair . . . fresh, healthful pine tar and vegetable oils are combined with an antiseptic astringent which coaxes the lazy oil glands to tighten up and behave themselves!

And make your finger tips help too! . . . with light, lively massages that bring the warm blood into your scalp. And perhaps you should discuss your diet with your physician—you may be a bit too fond of rich foods!

No one should neglect dandruff

Dear Jean Carroll: I am having trouble with my hair—it is coming out in bunches, truly. Looking through the hair, I can see dandruff, lots of it, especially where my hair is heaviest. I have tried everything I can think of.—Mrs. A. W. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.



I don't want to alarm you, but something should be done at once. Dandruff should be checked before it becomes so serious a case. Dandruff is a germ disease and needs curing.

Doctors approve the use of Packer's Tar Soap, a standard treatment for years in dandruff cases.

Use this tonic tar soap, and massage the healthful piney lather well into the scalp—it's pure, gentle and antiseptic. (And dandruff germs hate pine tar.) Give two latherings every time you shampoo, with a couple of rinses after each lathering. Do this every day for three days just as regularly as if it were a prescription . . . Then shampoo every four or five days and later once a week.

If eight or ten Packer shampoos don't show a noticeable improvement, go to your own physician for additional help.

"Used to wave easily, now it's too dry"

My dear Miss Carroll: I've seen others get help from you—now here's my question. My hair used to wave easily when I dampened it and pressed my fingers on it. But now it's getting so dry and straight and it's breaking off. What shall I do? I've been a little afraid to use liquid shampoos—I usually use . . . soap.—Mrs. W. T., Belle Plaine, Iowa.



I'm not going to tell you that the soap you've been using has ruined your hair—that wouldn't be true, because it is a good soap. But I do know that you would do better to use a shampoo especially prepared for dry hair like yours. And I can tell you one that any doctor would approve.

The Packer Company, makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap, have a golden colored liquid shampoo especially for dry hair—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This shampoo is made of pure vegetable oils and, in addition, it contains soothing glycerine. (You know how soft glycerine and rose water leave your hands.) You'll find that Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo leaves your hair softer and silkier than usual.

Then, I have another suggestion. Brush your hair every day with a good strong pull away from your scalp to stir up those lazy oil glands (awfully good encouragement for a natural wave).

I can't promise that this treatment will give you ringlets all over your head, but I have had letters that tell me that it has brought back a natural wave. Will you tell me how it works for you?

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks on hair beauty by Miss Carroll every Tuesday morning—for the East and Middle West over the Columbia Broadcasting System's "National Radio Home-Makers' Club" period; for the Pacific Coast, as part of the National Broadcasting Company's "Women's Magazine of the Air" (see Tuesday morning's newspapers for details).

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the PACKER products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally. The coupon below is for your convenience.

Send for Samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 16-11, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose . . . cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3)

- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)
- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE



A tuck that banishes ugliness

Smart women of America are now wearing smaller size undergarments—because of a clever tuck. A full expanding back gives to Kickernicks liberty of action and a snug fit, without bagginess. So perfectly do these models fit the form in all positions, that clumsy reinforcements are not needed to relieve strain. Long wearing garments—garments you will be unconscious of. Beautiful garments of refined workmanship. Kickernick has revolutionized the art of underdress making. A distinguished American success. Complete lines at better stores everywhere, including especially attractive and comfortable children's garments. Popular in price. Don't buy until you have seen them. Made by Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota—in smart models of modish materials. Send for booklet.

Kickernick
PATENTED UNDERDRESS

WHEN, a few years ago, Neysa McMein, the celebrated portrait painter, selected Alice Joyce as the most beautiful of twelve great beauties, she said, "When I go to heaven I want to be like her." Her first job was as a telephone switchboard operator. She started her picture work with the old Kalem Company twenty years ago

Alice Joyce was born in October, 1890, in Kansas City, Mo. She is 5 feet 7, weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her first husband was Tom Moore. She has been Mrs. James Regan for about 10 years. Has two daughters





Kenneth Alexander

Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City, but she doesn't say what year. Ronald Colman was born in England in 1891. Both have black hair and brown eyes, and came to movies from the stage

IF you paid attention to the studio gossips you might take this for a snapshot from real life. Kay Francis, a successful new-comer, is really posing in a scene from "Raffles" in which Ronald Colman is starred. Kay is his first brunette leading lady, and they do say the lad is quite smitten and *vice versa*



Don English

JEANETTE MACDONALD marched, singing, into the talkies with "The Love Parade," and clicked. She had been on the stage for years, but looks like a permanent fixture in pictures. Here she is having a merry holiday at Palm Springs on the desert outside Hollywood

Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1907. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 122, has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes. Unmarried

Maybe There's An Idea For You In What



Betty Compson, in summery white. But she's prepared for chill autumn winds to come. Her novelty tweed coat is light but warm, and the detachable scarf wraps snugly around the throat. A broad belt follows the natural waistline. Her close-fitting hat is made of the same cloth



Just to be different, there's only half a jacket and therefore only one sleeve in this yellow crepe that Gloria Swanson wears in "WhataWidow!" Hand-painted flowers are outlined in tiny crystals



Black chiffon, patterned in a leaf design of pale yellow, with yoke of flesh chiffon and matching flesh-colored long gloves. Worn by Ruth Roland in her new talkie, "Reno"

They're Wearing On and Off the Screen



Another hint of fall, in Miss Swanson's ensemble of black broadtail and ivory velvet. One sleeve is untrimmed, the other cuffed with fox



Alice White goes demure in a long-sleeved afternoon gown of black lace. The skirt fairly touches the ground, and even the slip is discreetly long

Do you suffer from late summer wardrobe ennui? We prescribe a new bathing ensemble. One like Lillian Roth's, of yellow and lavender jersey



Don English

Richard Arlen was born in Virginia in 1899; Jobyna Ralston, his wife, in Tennessee in 1904. Dick weighs 155; is nearly 6 feet tall; has brown hair, grey eyes

A FRIENDLY game, all in the family. At least, we hope it's friendly, because we wouldn't want any spats in the Arlen family. Dick stars for Paramount, Joby Ralston keeps house, and they both relax by playing "Doug" on this court. It's the tennis-like game Fairbanks invented

LES POUDRES COTY



"Nacrée"
"Sèverose"

FASCINATING NEW COMPLEXION SHADES

Coty creates two new face powder shades, "Nacrée" and "Sèverose"—and opens new worlds of beauty to every woman. For now that LES POUDRES COTY appear in twelve colour-perfect flesh-tones, all the smart colours of the new mode become "possible" for you. There is an appropriate tone to harmonize your complexion type with every colour.

Naturelle	Rachel No. 1	Nacrée	Rose No. 1	Cotyten	Ocre
Blanche	Rachel No. 2	Sèverose	Rose No. 2	Ocre-Rose	Mauve

ONE DOLLAR

Write for "DIVERSITY IN BEAUTY"—Coty's new guide to colour harmony. Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.—Place Vendome, Paris

DOROTHY DIX says

"ROMANCE doesn't always demand Moonlight"



DOROTHY DIX, famous writer
on romance and marriage

WHY is it so many girls think romance must wait for just the right moment? That moonlight, music, atmosphere are essential?

Romance is everywhere — afternoons at the beach, hiking in the country — simple picnics — all have their opportunities.

But you must always look your charming best!

You should know above all the significance of *color* in clothes. For you needn't wear expensive things if you know this secret.

Men Love Color

Men respond quickly to color — as the old saying goes, "It's color that takes a man's eye." Even on a picnic where old clothes are called for, *avoid* faded blouses, color-dimmed prints. For the loss of original *color* in a garment means a corresponding loss of *allure*.

Therefore, let me give you two simple hints —

FIRST: In even your simplest frocks, choose the pretty colors that are most becoming to you.

THEN: Guard the charm of color always from even slight fading—for there is a magnetic appeal in vibrant fresh color.

When I say this, girls often reply that frequent washings — which daintiness



Even picnics have their opportunities — and simple frocks their charm

demands—too often take the loveliness from colors. If that is the case, you have probably been using the wrong soap.

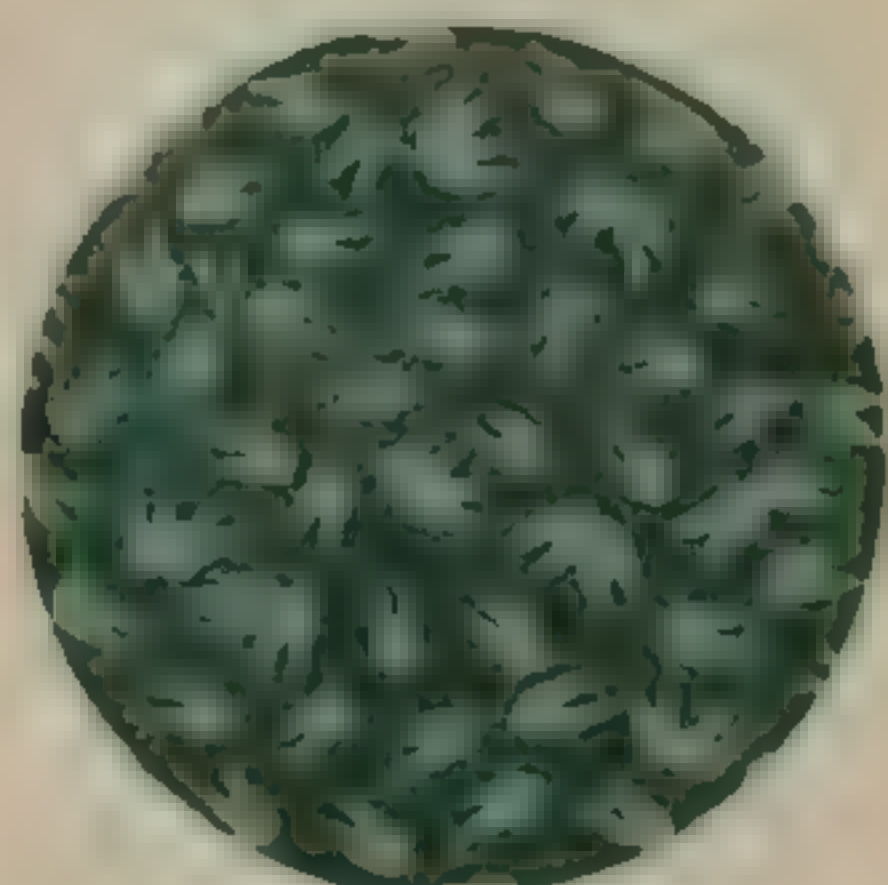
Ordinary "good" soaps are sometimes not good enough — and *some of the color goes with the dirt*.

To play absolutely safe, use Lux, which is made *to safeguard colors*. Lux has a slogan . . . "If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux." And that's true.

AT HOME, TOO, let the charm of color add glamour to you. Even the simplest home makes a lovely frame to your

dainty, feminine self, if *everything*—from the cushions on the porch swing to the curtains in the living room—is kept *colorful as new* with Lux. Remember men love color.

DOROTHY DIX



THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Sample after 12 Lux washings — unfaded, live, vibrant as when it was bought, magnetism of color retained.

Sample washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap—undeniably faded, the allure of fresh color lost!

*If it's safe in water . . .
it's safe in LUX*

August, 1930

The National Guide
to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

FRIENDS of Carl Laemmle have manned the pumps and are working seriously on the suggestion that the Nobel Peace Prize for 1930 be awarded him because he produced "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Far be it from me to intimate that the jolly idea originated with anyone even remotely connected with Uncle Carl's payroll.

But that the idea was born in Hollywood I have no doubt. It is just that kind of an idea—if you know what I mean.

Three Americans—Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, and Woodrow Wilson—have received the \$35,000 check that goes along with the honor. Wilson got his for keeping us out of the War for a year or two.

IF I mistake me not didn't Laemmle's Universal Company produce one of those blood-red war pictures that were the box-office fashion in the early days of our participation in the late conflict?—the days when "The Beast of Berlin," "To Hell With the Kaiser" and "On To Berlin" helped to send our boys to the enlistment offices yelling for vengeance.

Not a word about Remarque who actually wrote the book which Director Louis Milestone translated so faithfully into celluloid with camera and microphone.

At the next National Convention of the Bull-Moose party I shall rise in my place and, with all my usual eloquence, put into nomination a presidential ticket headed by Amos 'n' Andy.

AND now China bans an American film because, they say, it's "Christian propaganda."

They simply don't appreciate our new movie code of ethics.

But you should see how the Japanese girls look in our new one-piece bathing suits.

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



"BOX-CAR," said Ernst Lubitsch, dot German director, to Warner Baxter (he couldn't say Baxter, so he called him Box-car), "I want you should make a test for me. I am going to make 'The Marriage Circle.'"

Baxter made the test.

"Fine, fine," said Herr Lubitsch, and the picture started. Then the great director began to find fault.

He didn't like the lapels on Baxter's coats. He bawled the actor out because he was not as adept at kissing a lady's hand as Menjou. He didn't like the way Warner opened a door. Finally, he said Baxter couldn't photograph.

Baxter gave up in disgust after three days.

The truth was that Lubitsch had been told by the studio executives to substitute Monte Blue because he was already under contract, and it would save a salary. That was five years ago.

RECENTLY, Warner Baxter was awarded the Motion Picture Academy medal for the best acting performance of the year. It was in "Old Arizona."

He met up with Lubitsch on the street a few weeks ago.

"Box-car, that was good work you did in 'Old Arizona,'" said the director. "I hope some day we make a picture together."

"What is the German word for *hell*?" said Baxter. "I want to tell you some place to go."

CLARA BOW has broken out again. This time it is serious. Clara is probably the last, or at least we hope she is the last, of the type of motion picture actress who disregards all laws of convention, and hopes to get away with it.

A shopgirl who has been lifted, by mere pulchritude and impish personality, from nowhere to worldwide fame. She has had no regard whatever for her

responsibilities nor for the interest of her employers. Unmanageable, talented, reckless, hard-working, unselfish, tactless, it was inevitable that the time would come when she would bring destruction upon herself.

THERE is a potential Clara Bow in every town in America. There are girls just as beautiful, just as adaptable to pictures, but the one essential ingredient to continued success, to prolonged popularity, Clara did not have—a modicum of regard for public opinion.

She paid no attention to the modern adage: "If you can't be good, be careful!"

Clara, we are afraid you are on a toboggan!

IF YOU'VE heard this one, stop me. I got it from one of the members of that night-owl firm of Winchell, Hellenger and Skolsky. I forget which.

A man walked up Hollywood Boulevard shouting at the top of his voice, "No! No! No! No!"

A cop, who had been following him, approached and asked: "What's the matter?" The man kept right on shouting, "No! No! No! No!"

"Quit that or I'll pull you in," said the cop. "What's the big idea?"

"I'm a studio 'yes man' on my vacation," he replied.

"Yell away," said the cop. "The change will do you good. When I get my two weeks I'm going to a sanitarium to cure myself of the liquor habit."

THESE two pages of—well, anyone is entitled to his own opinion—are being scribbled on the "Golden State Limited" en route to Hollywood.

Seated opposite is a beautiful blonde.

There is a haunted look in her eyes. She was inveigled into a voice test on her last trip to Hollywood—six months ago—and she's going to listen to that test again this trip.

Although she has given up the cinema for matrimonial and geographical reasons, and has no intention of resuming her screen career and quitting writing for Ray Long, of *Cosmopolitan*—also a good editor—she cannot resist listening to the results of that test any more than she can stop looking out the car window at the Technicolor New Mexico desert.

"Let bygones be bygones," she said, as she pounded out another piece of literature. "Why rake up the past? By the way, how do you spell *vegetable*?"

Oh, yes, the lady's name is May Allison.

IT happened the other night at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, where filmland goes to see its prize fights when Tully and Gilbert are at peace. The crowds there have seen so many stars that film people are no treat at all any more. But the other night, between bouts, there was introduced from the ring, one Maurice Chevalier.

And here's the point: They stood up and cheered, and even climbed on their seats to do it! Whatever is the name of this something he's got, it's certainly high-powered.

AND while I am telling you about Chevalier, I might as well tell you what he thinks of being compared with Valentino.

"Oh, non, non, non, non," says Chevalier. "Valentino—he was a thousand times more handsomer and better actor than I could ever hope to be."

EXCERPT from advertisement in United Artists' gorgeously printed year book, offering its celluloid wares to exhibitors for 1930-31:

"Forever Yours" will be a greater drawing card than any production in which this famous star has appeared."

Blah, blah, blah,

"An announcement that will be of tremendous interest all over the world."

A Milwaukee theater owner who was going through this handsome edition of sweet promises, and who had read that Mary Pickford had just called off the picture that morning because it didn't work out, muttered one word, and laid the book down.

The word was: "Yeah?"

ANSWER to: How Could Howard Hughes Have Spent Four Million Dollars on "Hell's Angels"?

There's one scene, just a few seconds long, wherein John Darrow, as the young German Zeppelin officer, steps into the dirigible's observation car to be let down through the clouds.

That scene was shot exactly 103 times before Hughes decided it was right. Three whole days were spent taking it over and over again.

And the scene in the picture, as released, is the third of the 103 attempts, or, as we camera artists call them, "takes."

JUST before he began to film "Moby Dick" John Barrymore had a permanent wave. This is not uncommon among the male stars of Hollywood, but, mind you, only when the rôle they are playing demands it. Very often, for picture purposes, straight locks are made curly.

John went into the beauty shop and naturally demanded that he be completely alone, except for the operator, while the wave was in progress. It would be embarrassing for the great Barrymore to be caught with his hair wrapped in curlers. But this was just a dare to the other beauty experts in the shop, and the girls, along with a few dozen customers, climbed upon chairs in the other booths and watched him while he was oblivious of an audience.



ANNA Q. NILSSON, young as the little cripples of the Children's Hospital of Los Angeles, dreams of her busy years in pictures and of returning to the screen next winter. Over two years ago, while on a holiday, the kick of a horse broke her hip. At last health is returning. The kick cost her a quarter of a million in money—to say nothing of untold suffering!

Gloria, Connie &

The Marquis

By

Ruth Waterbury



She married the handsome Marquis de la Coudray, but she'll always be Gloria Swanson to her fan army

FIVE years ago Constance Bennett, a somewhat poor but distinguished looking young woman, married a very rich man.

He was Philip Morgan Plant, Broadway's most fabulous playboy, heir to fifteen million dollars and more spoiled than a new baby in a childless household.

Also, five years ago, Henri de Bailly de la Falaise, Marquis de la Coudray, a somewhat poor but most distinguished young man, married a very rich woman.

She was Gloria Swanson, Hollywood's greatest star, with a salary that then was approximately a thousand dollars a day. She was shortly to be offered a raise to \$25,000 a week.

Supposedly, every one of those four people was to live happily ever after. Both marriages had been love marriages. Both marriages had been most romantic. Both gentlemen were very handsome, and what the one lacked in money he made up in charm, and *vice versa*. Both the ladies were somewhat learned

in love. Connie had possessed one husband who got an annulment. Gloria had possessed two husbands and had gotten divorces.

Connie swept into matrimony, triumphantly, glamorously. She positively detested reporters who reminded her that once she had been a dancer and that she had made a hit in the film, "Cytherea." All that was behind her, forgotten. She was only nineteen, but her career was past. She wanted nothing so much as to be Mrs. Philip Plant, young society matron.

GLORIA swept into Hollywood. That town has seen many a triumph, but never did it witness or stage such a triumph as Gloria's. The little Marquise crowned it all over the place—crowns and coats-of-arms on her stationery, crowns and coats-of-arms on her calling cards. There were many in Hollywood who would have liked to crown her, but they grinned and forgave her. After all, she was their Gloria. Many of them had known her from her early Essanay days, through her De Mille personality, during her marriages to Wally Beery and Herb Sornborn. She was one of the movies' most successful stars. She was sitting on top of the world.

Certainly no four people seemed more widely separated than Mr. and Mrs. Philip

Morgan Plant, living luxuriously on the Continent, and the Marquis and Marquise de la Coudray, living luxuriously in Hollywood.

That was five years ago.

Today? Today Mr. Plant has been eliminated from the picture, leaving Connie all alone, but with a million dollars. Today the Marquis de la Coudray is in Europe, leaving Gloria all alone but with her artistic career on new heights. Miss Bennett is no longer a young society matron but a rising and increasingly important picture personage. And the whispers run around Hollywood drawing rooms, tense, quick amused little whispers, "But what about Gloria, Connie and the Marquis?"

In other words, it is Hollywood's most glittering triangle.

Triangles, of course, are common as palm trees in Hollywood. You can find one on almost any lot. But this one is the most elegant one ever originated. Two of the most famous and



Gloria Swanson's Marquis de la Coudray—or is he Connie's?

The Three Sides of Hollywood's Most Glittering Triangle



She used to be Mrs. Phil Plant, and she saw a good deal of the Marquis in Paris, did Connie Bennett

glamorous women in the world and one of the most charming men. The one woman self-made; the other self-perfected; the man born to culture and leisurely-living through generations.

Ask a question of any one of those three and their oh-so-opaque glances will tell you that gossip is just one of those dear, quaint things people will indulge in.

Surely, say their glances, there's nothing to it if a titled husband stays some six thousand miles away from his stellar wife.

REALLY, murmur their voices, it's ridiculous to notice that Miss Bennett and the Marquis got off the same train arriving at Berlin, Germany.

How stupid, gesture their hands, to think there's any meaning in Henri's and Connie's staying at the same German hotel.

How innocent, shrug their shoulders, Hank's being a witness to Connie's new Pathe contract.

But for all that, Hollywood goes on talking.

It goes on talking, largely because Gloria herself gives them topics for their gossiping.

For it must have been Gloria who, unconsciously, started the surmises going last summer.

There was no Connie Bennett in Gloria's life then, but everything else was dead wrong. Gloria was no longer the biggest star on the Gold Coast—not by a long shot or several close-ups. Talkies had finally come in completely, unnerving all Hollywood. Gloria had just dropped \$750,000 on a comeback attempt with "Queen Kelly." The film was scrapped, but even if it could be redeemed and pieced together, it would be Seena Owen's picture, anyhow. Henri was in Europe and had been for many months. The future looked drab as the desert. Gloria needed love and encouragement but Henri wasn't there to give it and Hollywood has never been famous for aiding a slipping star.

If there hadn't been two other people out there at that time who were in the same state of mind as Gloria, there would be no further story to tell. But it is one of the things that make the little palm-fringed city the most romantic spot on earth that three people getting together in desperation could turn failure for all of them into success for the trio.

IT is, if you like, a triangle within a triangle, only this was not a triangle of romance but one of ambition. The other two sides of this one were Laura Hope Crews and Edmund Goulding.

Miss Crews, as you know if you've been reading press notices, was a distinguished star on Broadway when Gloria was a kid in

school. Brought to Hollywood at the beginning of the talking menace to teach starlets to elocute, she had done a good job. But it wasn't spectacular enough.

She didn't know enough producers, and the few she did know forgot about her. So, just at the time that Gloria struck her low for the year, Laura Hope Crews was ready to repudiate her middle name and go home licked.

As for Eddie Goulding, you either like him enormously or dislike him just as much. But either way, you have to admit that he is one of Hollywood's nearest approaches to genius. He either has fifty ideas a minute or none a month. He is either earning a fortune or flat broke. And last summer was one of his off-seasons. Laura Crews was about to go to Broadway and Eddie was about to go crazy.

Three artistic souls swirling about in an ebb tide, he and Gloria and Miss Crews came together. They talked over their bad fortune. They discussed the bum breaks they had known, while growing up, while struggling [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



Mutia and Riano dish up a little African slumgullion in their own cabin on the Metro-Goldwyn studio lot. The two ebony boys do much of their own cooking and mending, and domestic fowl are brought to them on the hoof

"Hol'wood She Cookoo"

By

Harry Lang

THAT'S what the only two genuine savages in Hollywood say about the place.

To you and a few million others who've never been there, Hollywood is quite likely the dream-place you hope to go to some lucky day. And to those several thousands of us who are here, it's still a darned swell place to be.

But to Mutia and Riano, two black-skinned boys from the jungles, the studio city is just one grand cumulative pain in the neck! They want to go home, to Kenya, where they came from.

Mutia wants to get back to his cattle and his three wives to whom he's been faithful all the time he's been in Hollywood.

And Riano, a fightin' fool especially when he's ginned up, wants to get back to Njokinangu, his sweetie, to whom—and the truth shall be told!—he hasn't been faithful at all! New York has its Harlem and Los Angeles has its Central Avenue; and Riano's been there.

MUTIA and Riano, you know, are the two Africans who were brought to Hollywood to act in the studio-made sequences of M-G-M's talkie version of "Trader Horn." After six months of life in the center of Hollywood's mad whirl, Mutia and Riano decided:

A—that Hollywood is *kufanu*, which is Swahili-talk and means something between wild and crazy.

B—that male movie stars don't know the first thing about what to wear or how.

C—that Greta Garbo may be the prime rave of America's movie fans, but to them, she's just a white woman with a too-thin stomach.

D—that our other lovely ladies of the screen are the same, if not worse. Mutia and Riano like bulk, not chic.

And—

E—that the sooner they get back to Africa, where life is sane and reasonable and real, the happier they'll be. Fooey and faugh for Hollywood say they, in Swahili.

It was toward the end of last year that these two were persuaded to go to Hollywood to finish the work they had started by playing some bits in "Trader Horn" when Harry Carey and Edwina Booth and Director Van Dyke were shooting it in Africa. When the company returned, they found retakes and additions were necessary, and since Mutia had become an important character, he had to be brought here.

The British [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]

Jackie's Coming Back

By
Miriam Hughes

"THERE'S a little boy outside who wants to see you. Says it's about buying some space in his school Annual."

Mike Levee's secretary speaking. Mike's a big shot at Paramount's Hollywood studio.

"Says he knows you well," continued the secretary. "Name's Coogan. Jack Coogan."

Levee saw Jack Coogan, and bought a page in Jackie's school Annual. But the important thing for us fans is that this business interview led to more important matters.

And as this is being written, Jackie Coogan, "going on sixteen," is re-immortalizing the immortal *Tom Sawyer* of Mark Twain in a Paramount picture.

It's three years since Jackie last heard the camera whir. "Buttons" was his last picture, shot at the awkward age.

Young Coogan, one of the richest little boys in the world, is five feet tall, now—but he's still a little boy. His eyes are round and frank, and he's very much like the wonder-baby of the old days, even now. Sensitive, facile, eager, unspoiled. He's a sophomore at Loyola High School, Los Angeles. And he must make "Tom Sawyer" in vacation time, so he can go back and be an upper-classman!

Puppy-love hasn't smitten Jackie yet. He hasn't had any time for girls, and anyway, all his schools have been strictly boy affairs.

ABOUT what he wants to do when his education is finished, Coogan is certain. He's always been sure!

"I want to go right on in pictures. That's all I've ever wanted to do," he says. "I can't wait to get back. Of course, everything is different now. You can't depend on pantomime—you've got to do things with your voice. And I think I'm going to enjoy trying it—even more than the old silent days."

And running about the handsome Coogan home is a carbon copy of the Jackie who came to glory in "The Kid." It's a little brother Robert—same clear eyes, same round face and Dutch bob. Maybe he'll try pictures, too. It would be startling to see baby Jack live again in Robert!

Hundreds of thousands of fans will look for his return. And whatever changes time has made, they can be sure of one thing. They'll find in Jackie the same grand little actor!



What the well dressed boy between the ages of fifteen will wear this summer. This adolescent fashion plate is none other than Master Jack Coogan, who even now toils on his comeback talkie, the immortal "Tom Sawyer"

And Now Something New—



Norma Drew, one of the pretty paraders, sets off a step-in and negligée set of chiffon and lace. The negligée is cleverly cut to form a short, graceful train

A trousseau parade of lovely motion picture players in lacy lingerie, led by Joan Crawford, in her new starring picture, "Our Blushing Brides"



Pastel shaded chiffon, lace and ribbon trimmed. The robe is brocaded velvet, paneled in lace. Claire Dodd is the pretty model



Blonde Gwen Lee, in black chiffon and lace nightie and robe that make her look like a fairy tale princess, and a little like Mae Murray!

A Movie "Undie" Parade

FEMININE fripperies return to the screen. Interesting news, even in these amazing years of 1929 and 1930 when sensational Hollywood comebacks have piled up thick and fast. Of course, there are still those who prefer the practical lounging pajama to the frothy and fetching negligée, the severely tailored, easily tubbed undies to these delicate, cobwebby wisps.

But—well, you know how it is yourself. Now and then you just have to throw practicality to the winds and go off on a spree of buying things you don't really have to have—or things you need, but in more extravagant versions than your purse usually allows.

The mode is with you, this season. That's your excuse, and here's your inspiration!



Joan Crawford's costume has quality, if not quantity. It's of exquisite ivory satin, with bandeau, bandings and insets of real lace. Simple lines, and simply elegant!



Walda Mansfield's hair is the color glorified by Titian. So she chooses black, beautifully patterned lace, combined with crepe de chine



Right from Mr. Ziegfeld's stage productions, Catherine Moylan took her place in the line of models, in a typically Ziegfeldian costume



What Janet Hates—In
"Sunny Side Up"

Janet *Goes to* WAR!

If the little
Gaynor Girl
doesn't get the
parts she wants
to play—she
just won't play
at all!

By

Harriet Parsons



What Janet Loves—In
"7th Heaven"

AT the height of her popularity, with two box-office hits just completed and fan letters pouring in like the Pueblo flood, Janet Gaynor may leave the screen.

The Fox company, under whose auspices she developed from an obscure extra to one of the best-loved stars on the screen, cannot seem to handle her any longer. There are murmurs of "temperament" and "bighead"—familiar words in this industry.

As for Janet, she sits calmly on the beach at Playa del Rey, looks at the ocean, and waits for the studio to see things her way.

And the high moguls of Fox sit behind their desks, look at the production schedule for 1930-31, and wait for Janet to come to her senses.

That production schedule includes two Janet Gaynor specials—but whether Janet will ever play in them or not remains to be seen.

Janet says: "I will not make another film until I have the assurance that I will never again be required to play in a picture unsuited to my talents."

Fox say—unofficially, of course—"If Miss Gaynor does not come around to a saner point of view we may have to find someone else to play the rôles scheduled for her."

It all boils down to the fact that Janet is dissatisfied with the pictures given her since the talkies became established. When the craze for singing-dancing pictures began, the studios shoved anyone and everyone into musical comedy, whether or not they were suited for it. Janet, who up to that time had played

dramatic rôles, was suddenly required to burst into song and do a dance.

Well and good, Janet *learned* to sing and dance. She made "Sunny Side Up." It was a box-office hit. But when the studio saw fit to cast her in another musical comedy, "High Society Blues," she decided it was time to call a halt.

She says: "I can't sing and I know it. I enjoyed making 'Sunny Side Up' because it was something different and it was fun. But it's not the sort of thing I do best and I don't want to go on doing it."

"I did 'High Society Blues' against my better judgment, because the only alternative offered me was a straight dramatic rôle in a story so poor that I felt I couldn't afford to do it." The studio, however, was perfectly satisfied with "High Society Blues" and with Janet's work in it.

NOT so Janet. So she fled to Hawaii with her mother, leaving Lydell Peck to confront curious reporters and equally curious friends.

There, lying on the beach, Janet thought things over, and came to the conclusion that she would not make any more pictures until she could make the kind she wanted. She was happier in Hawaii, she says, than she has ever been before in her life. She stayed four weeks.

During these four weeks the studio called her frantically to come back and play the feminine lead in "Liliom." It was a grand part. Just the sort of thing Janet had been waiting for. But she didn't come back.

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Too Many Guests

A Hollywood adventure in hospitality that has ended in disaster for the host and hostess

By
*Dolores
Foster*



Betty Compson and Jim Cruze, famous for their "open house" hospitality. Along came the talkies, giving Betty a new chance, but demanding in return hours of study and concentration, time for adequate rest. And their romance ended in divorce!

THE long and happy married life of James Cruze and Betty Compson is dead.

And too many guests killed it.

Remember the silly old song—"too many parties and too many pals"? Something of the sort finished off the Compson-Cruze love story that lasted seven long and happy years.

That, and the talkies—the new deal in filmland that gave Betty so much work that hours were needed for rest and study.

What an odd and tragic freak of fate—that Betty Compson's brilliant come-back should be an indirect cause of the break-up of her home!

But you can't understand the ending of this love story without knowing the people. Let me tell you of Jim and Betty and their home as I know them.

I was introduced to James Cruze on a set. The press agent, who had brought us together, mumbled in his beard sounds that almost resembled my name. Cruze was as busy as only a motion picture director on a set can be. I registered with him as a certain Miss Oompah and I have never seen him again.

I knew Betty Compson so slightly that when, a few days ago, I came to interview her, she began her apologies, for being late, to another woman who happened to be standing by.

Yet I have, off and on during the last few years, been invited to the Cruze-Compson home at least a dozen times. I have

been invited to dinner, to tea, to open house, even for week-ends. Oh, mind you, neither Miss Compson nor Mr. Cruze knew my name. It was their very dear friends who were so gracious.

It's an old Hollywood custom. "What are you doing tonight for dinner? Nothing? Great! Then come out to the Cruzes with me."

"Where are you spending your Sunday? At home? How silly! Let's run out to Flintridge and see Betty and Jim for eight or ten hours."

The Compson-Cruze estate, with its comparatively small house, was the most popular night club in town. There were no *couvert* charges. In fact the hosts paid the guests. Literally. A large money bowl filled with small change was placed on a table near the door where uninvited house guests might help themselves. Guests swarmed the house. They occupied the chairs, the grounds, the rooms. They ordered the servants about and at last some of the steady customers formed the guest association. It was a joke, of course. But a grim sort of joke.

For it was just these things that made Hollywood pause over its toast melba, drip coffee and morning paper to say, "Betty and Jim divorced. Too bad. Nice fellow. Nice girl. Shame. Thought they were so happy."

Happy? Hollywood thought they were happy and it was Hollywood that made it necessary for them to separate. It was Hollywood that, in making the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Beauty, Brains *or* Luck?

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Amazing Stories of the Early Hardships and Privations of Ruth Chatterton, the Gish Girls, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer and Betty Compson



"SHE got a lucky break!"

They say it of every girl on the screen, as if that told the whole story and there were no early histories of struggles, and even privations. They say it without regard for hardships and heartaches which would have broken less gallant spirits completely.

In every field the battle goes to the strong and the race to the swift. Achievement has a way of being the fruit of hard work and an indomitable courage. And the screen is no exception.

Many of the girls in the movies had to get out and be the man of their family. Perhaps this extra spur of necessity forced them on, when discouragements otherwise might have overtaken them. With mothers and, in some instances, younger brothers and sisters looking to them for clothes and food, they couldn't afford to admit defeat.

They might have married nice, home-town boys and live comparatively unknown today, far less colorful bits in the American mosaic.

But they are doers; the stuff of which successes are made. In whatever rôle they found themselves, it is most probable they would have attained some prominence.

There are, of course, many who never were called upon to shoulder a man's load, but who lived in dismal, furnished rooms and cooked frugal meals on Sterno lamps from choice, because they had the courage to strike out for themselves and forge their dreams into realities.

There is, however, not one instance where a girl of wealth has made the steep, starry grade, although countless numbers have

When the Gishes and the Pickfords lived together to save money in the old days, Mary was the household manager. Pennies and nickels were counted closely in those days

tried. In such a fight for glory, riches, strangely enough, are a handicap and not an asset.

There is no buying your way. . .

And the uphill road becomes so steep and the going so rough that it is natural enough to give up the struggle, provided you have any possible alternative. Necessity and a definite incentive must be your travelling companions.

And once you begin the ascent there is no turning back, no time out, regardless of how tired your body or how weary your spirit may become. Whatever your inclination, you must press onward or else yield your hard-won place to one of the number waiting for it, eager to take up the struggle where you have left off.

Too much has been written about the stars' jewels and loves. Too little about their courage. And it is a great pity to become so absorbed with them as spectacular personalities that we overlook them as gallant individuals.

"NOTHING today, Miss Chatterton," the agents along the Rialto used to say.

"Thank you, I'll be back tomorrow," Ruth Chatterton used to answer.

Sometimes the pavement on Broadway was soft under the summer sun. Broadway can come close to being an inferno in August. And in the sleety rains of February it is torture



When her father fell ill and the family went broke, Betty Compson, at 14, became the breadwinner as a violinist in an orchestra

“There Is Not One Instance Where a Girl of Wealth Has Made the Steep, Starry Grade in Pictures Although Countless Numbers Have Tried!”



Ruth Chatterton in the stage production of “The Man With a Load of Mischief.” Ruth had to fight every inch of the way to the top



Gloria Swanson in the de Mille “clothes-horse” phase of her career. Gloria, despite her apparent outstanding film success, has had to battle with financial troubles all through her screen years



Norma Shearer in one of her first pictures. At one time she, her mother and sister lived in one small furnished room

to wait on the corner for the ceaseless traffic to pause, especially if your suit is too thin. But in August and in February, in the rain and in the sun, Ruth Chatterton walked Broadway.

She was in her very early 'teens and she had her mother to support!

Previously, the Chattertons had accepted gracious living as a matter of course. All branches of her family were well to do. Their social status had been assured for generations.

Ruth played the piano beautifully and there had been plans for her to continue her studies in Vienna when she was sixteen.

The plans of mice and men . . .

At sixteen, Ruth Chatterton and her mother were living in a third-rate hotel in the West Forties in New York, where bottles of milk and covered dishes on window sills have had their part in many a saga of greasepainted adventurers.

At fourteen, she had faced the fact that her father had proven unequal to his responsibilities and even her mother's little fortune had been dissipated.

Immediately following the crash, Ruth and Mrs. Chatterton went to visit relatives in Washington, until they could get their bearings. And while her aunts and mother sipped tea from fragile cups and decided what was to be done about things, Ruth went out and secured an engagement as the little girl in the first act of “The Prince Chap.” Actually for that one act she was leading lady, the play's action spanning so many years that a different actress was required to portray the heroine in each of the three acts.

Imagine the amazement and the clatter of teacups when Ruth returned with her news!

Just how a totally inexperienced girl, without one drop of theatrical blood in her veins, ever secured such a part always will remain a mystery. Just how she convinced herself that she could play it an even greater mystery.

However, that was only a few weeks' engagement. The fight for glory was ahead of her. Inch by inch she made her way. The difficult experiences in New York followed.

If she ever was discouraged, no member of the family remembers it. Always she seemed to rise above things. For instance, when she was

playing a small part in a Chicago stock company, a cousin went to see her in her dressing room. Her head was high. Her voice was confident.

“Within two years,” she told him, “my name will be in the electric lights on Broadway.”

It was!

It took a good part of the money Ruth had been able to save during that engagement to pay her fare and her mother's fare to New York. But she had decided that she had served a long and difficult apprenticeship. She felt the time had come to gamble. When her porter had deposited their bags in a taxi, Ruth directed the chauffeur:

“The Seymour.”

She was through with third-rate hotels and shabby living. She was going to stop at a hotel where she might reasonably expect to meet people influential in the world of the theater. She would sink or swim. But Ruth Chatterton isn't the sinking kind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



P. and A.

About the time Mary was stopping production on "Forever Yours" in Hollywood, Doug was congratulating nineteen-year-old Diana Fishwick on winning a British golf championship

How About MARY *and* DOUG?

By Leonard Hall

DOUG FAIRBANKS himself started it all!

One day a royal bulletin was fired from the Palace at Pickfair. It announced, in chaste and understandable United States, that Mr. Fairbanks had decided to go to England and see himself some high-powered golf matches. And quite—except for a couple of big mashie and niblick men—alone!

No mention of Queen Mary. No plans for another royal progress like the many the famous globe-trotting team has made during the ten years of their married life.

Doug was going away alone. Think of Damon without Pythias—Amos without Andy—and you get an idea of the shock. Hollywood, home of the sly eye-wink and roguish leer, pricked up its long ears.

Doug himself had tossed the first stone into the placid mill-pond of his married life with Mary Pickford!

And the ripples are still spreading.

Wherever there's a fan who cherishes the memory of them during the days of their picture greatness, one question is being asked—

How about Doug and Mary?

The complete answer hasn't been written yet. It can't be.

But you can bet your last smooth dime that something is happening at Pickfair—that modest, peaceful castle where Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks have ruled so urbanely for a decade. Something has happened. Change is in the air.

Of course, it would be easy to say—

That Mary didn't feel like traveling when the golf champions went to England.

That the pair felt a little marital holiday would be in order, after ten years of uninterrupted companion-

ship. It would be easy—but it wouldn't quite fill the bill.

Too many elements have entered into the personal and professional relationships of the Pickford-Fairbanks family in the recent past.

THE talking picture was a direct challenge to Doug and Mary.

For some years each had batted out a semi-occasional picture, before the sound storm broke. They and their work began to be taken for granted, like the changing seasons, the milkman and the sanctity of Caesar's wife.

Doug and Mary, little by little, ceased to be really vital figures in the picture scene, and became symbolic of an earlier and more spacious day in films.

Then came the assault of the maddening microphone!

It struck squarely at the royal family. Once the first panic had passed, the eyes of the film world turned to Pickfair.

The vassals and varlets in Hollywood, down below, were in a frenzy. How about the king and queen?

Well, we all know.

Mary shingled her hair and made "Coquette"—yes, and got a modernistic statuette for her work from the Hollywood "Academy."

It was a creditable first try, but few could be found who would agree with the Academicians that it was last year's outstanding labor before the microphone.

Then both members of the family had their fling at Shake-

What is happening at Pickfair? Rumors storm the royal castle where two once-great stars have ruled so long

pearean slapstick with "The Taming of the Shrew"—not the big thing they had hoped to make, but lively fun.

In the onward march of pictures it didn't mean a thing. The great industry they had adorned was performing miracles overnight—and Doug Fairbanks ate an apple at his own wedding, and Mary Pickford cracked a bull whip!

And up to now—that's all.

DOUG says frankly that he doesn't want talkies, or any part of them. That he doesn't think he is fitted for the audible screen.

If he never faces a movie camera again, no one will die of shocked surprise.

Of course, he says he is hunting something called "tempo," and has talked considerably about the Russian director, Eisenstein, as a possible guide. But Hollywood is full of all sorts of tempo, and some of it is elegant. There's a feeling that Doug is fencing with a windmill.

Mary seems even more adrift.

With preparations all made for filming "Forever Yours," suddenly the wheels stopped, and lights went out on the Pickford set. A "suspension," they say. And we all might as well face the music, even if we don't feel like dancing to it.

The sober fact is that, from the greatest of stars, Mary has slipped gracefully and quietly to the estate of just another actress, gratefully and happily remembered by thousands.

So, while Doug was watching the golfing gentlemen in England, back home in Hollywood Mary was stopping work on a picture on which she banked more than we know. She is very much disappointed about the picture and about her photography.

Mary has always said she'd retire from the screen before time took the throne from beneath her.

HAS that time come?

Will she and Doug—separately or jointly—announce their passing from the active scene?

Well, three things may have already retired them! Their own weariness, a certain amount of public apathy, and an iconoclastic little dingus called a microphone.

And that isn't all that has been happening at classic Pickfair!

Tempus fugits along for kings and queens as it does for commoners. Time has been marching relentlessly for Doug and Mary.

They can paraphrase Caesar's magnificent line, and say, "You and I grow old, but the crowd on Hollywood Boulevard is ever the same age!"

You can't whip the vital statistics.

Doug grins through the middle forties, and Mary is over the half way peak of the thirties. They have been before the public so long! They're rich—and here's a significant thing! They have been bound to each other by a chain stronger than steel for ten years—the chain of public opinion!

All eyes have been on them—the shining example of a happy Hollywood family. Marriages came and went—but there were Doug and Mary! A gold fish lives a private, sheltered life compared to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks. How unutterably gall-ing, sometimes! Ask your old family psychologist!

And with the middle years comes a divine restlessness—a powerful yearning for liberty that is the final kicking and threshing of the youth that is passing.

And that may have come to the happy couple in the palace, too, or to half of it. That feeling [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]



A tender love scene that may never be seen on the silver screen! Mary Pickford and Kenneth McKenna as they appeared in "Forever Yours," Mary's new talkie on which shooting came to a halt while Fairbanks was hobnobbing with golfers in England

The PRINCE Comes

By
Grace Mack



There was a puzzled look in his eyes, as he said, "Do you know, you've changed a lot since that night I met you in Del Monte"

WHAT were perhaps the prettiest legs in the Graybar building walked unconcernedly out of Elmer Crane's private office and paused at a desk in the outer office just long enough to permit their owner to toss her notebook into the waste basket with a gesture of indifference. The legs belonged to Miss Joan Gordon, who, up to a few moments previous, had been a stenographer in the employ of Crane & Cox, contractors.

"When the boss calls you into his office and tells you you're fired, be nonchalant. *Powder your nose!*" She flippantly paraphrased the slogan of a popular cigarette as she swung open the door that hid the lavatory and took an enameled vanity from her bag.

The mirror reflected an independent young modern to whom the loss of a job was of slight importance. Nonchalantly she pulled on her hat, waved goodbye to the other stenographers and walked out of the office with her chin up. No one, watching

her exit, would have guessed that beneath the cocky, upturned hat, that looked twenty-five dollars and had cost five, was a brain that was plainly worried. Undoubtedly, Joan had missed her vocation. She should have been an actress.

Outside the office, her pretended indifference quickly wilted. "Three weeks to get a job and one week to lose it," was the disconcerting thought which passed through her mind as she pressed the elevator button. "One week's salary to pay three weeks' expenses. And it isn't that I'm such a poor stenographer," she reflected. "It was those awful building specifications. Words I never even heard of. And the crazy way he talked out of the window when he dictated, instead of sitting

to CINDERELLA

But in a Limousine,
Not a Royal
Coach



"In what way?" she asked. But to herself, she said, "Watch your step, Joanie. The coach may turn into a pumpkin any minute"

"What do you mean?" asked her companion.

"That girl there—the one with the impudent green hat."

"Why—she does look sort of familiar." Ronnie stared at Joan. "But I can't quite place her. It looks like—"

"—me, Ronnie! Exactly the way I looked when I played Nola in 'His Office Wife.' Don't you remember me in that little blue suit and the turned-up hat?"

Ronnie didn't, but that was immaterial. He was one of those young men who found it easier to say yes than to argue.

"Quick, Ronnie," she exclaimed excitedly. "Tell him to stop." She referred to the chauffeur who had just received his signal for a right turn. "I want to speak to that girl. I've got a simply marvelous idea."

Joan had reached the safety zone in the middle of the street by the time Ronnie caught up with her.

"I beg your pardon." He touched her on the arm self-consciously. Ronnie was not in the habit of accosting strange

at his desk where he belonged." No wonder she got all mixed up and couldn't read her notes.

Oh well, she tried to assure herself philosophically, there were other jobs. The trick was to know where to look for them.

By this time she had reached Fifth Avenue. It was glutted with five-o'clock traffic. She paused at the edge of the curbing, trying to make up her mind whether she should be reckless and go to a movie, or economical and take a bus ride.

As it turned out, she did neither, for just as the green lights merged to red, Fate, in a Rolls-Royce, stopped alongside her.

"Ronnie!" The young woman in the car was saying. "Do you see what I see?"

young ladies. "Miss Radia Benson would like very much to speak to you."

Joan had often been told that she resembled the celebrated screen star. This was the first time, however, that anybody had attempted to use it as an opening line for a pick-up. She opened her mouth to say "Run along, freshie," but the words remained unspoken. As she looked at society's playboy with his fawn spats, chamois gloves, gardenia in the buttonhole and eyebrow mustache, feminine intuition whispered that perhaps there was some truth in the old Santa Claus gag after all.

"RADIA BENSON?" The lips which had been ready to squelch Ronnie curved into an amused smile. "Then you must be Lon Chaney in a new disguise," she kidded.

"No," replied Ronnie, who was slightly afflicted with an arrested sense of humor, "I'm not. As a matter of fact, I'm Mr. Loring, a friend of Miss Benson."

"Well, I'll say this for you, Galahad," laughed Joan, "you've got a brand new approach and just because you're so original, I'll bite. Where do we go from here?"

"Miss Benson's waiting—in her car." Ronnie gestured toward the curb.

Joan did not really believe this. But what price convention? She was only twenty-two, city-wise, and her lovely, adventurous mouth correctly classified her.

When Ronnie opened the door of the canary-colored limousine, however, she suffered a momentary qualm.

"Heaven protect the poor working girl," was the thought that shot through her mind. "She's certainly taking chances."

But, having started something, Joan was not one to turn back. She'd see it through, now. If she were bound for trouble, at least there would be some satisfaction in having made the trip in a Rolls-Royce. At the same time she was relieved when she heard Ronnie direct the chauffeur to the Ritz. She could keep straight on her geography, anyhow.

THE young woman, introduced as Miss Benson, looked less like that much-photographed person than did Joan herself. It was not until they were alone in her expensive suite, and she had removed the dark glasses and the hat which shaded her face that Joan suddenly realized that this actually was the screen star. Ronnie had been dismissed at the door, with instructions to telephone in an hour.

Joan's eyes widened unbelievably as she watched the girl fluff up her curly hair with a gesture which she had often seen on the screen. "Why, you *are* Radia Benson!" she gasped.

"Of course I am," laughed Radia. "Those dark glasses fooled you. I wear them for protection. Until I got the glasses I had less privacy than a goldfish."

"But it must be wonderful to know what a thrill people get out of seeing you—in person," sighed Joan. "Can't you just imagine how they go home and say, 'Guess whom I saw today?'"

Radia merely smiled. She seemed to be studying Joan. Finally, she said:

"How would you like to try it for a week?"

Joan had thought that she was prepared for anything, but this was so breath-taking that she could only stare at the star in bewilderment. She wondered if she had heard her correctly.

"Why—I don't believe I understand what you mean," she managed to stammer.

"I mean, how would you like to be Radia Benson for a week

—wear her clothes—ride in her car—live here at this hotel?" "This," thought Joan, "is just another one of those crazy dreams. I'll wake up any minute now."

"YES—you're enough like me to get away with it," Miss Benson was saying, as though Joan had already consented. "If your eyebrows were shaped in a more arched line, your hair waved in a short, curly bob like mine—and with my clothes and my make-up—you could fool anybody, that is, if you're as intelligent as you look. What do you say?"

For a moment Joan couldn't say anything. The whole idea seemed so utterly fantastic.

"Are you really serious, Miss Benson?" she asked breathlessly.

"Serious? Of course I am. Do you think I would pick you up off the street and bring you here if I weren't serious. Oh, I know it must sound weird," she paused to light a gold-tipped cigarette which she took from an onyx case, "but I'll be perfectly frank with you. I'm in New York between pictures. It's supposed to be a holiday, but that's a joke. The company has kept me so busy trying on costumes for my next picture and

attending asinine publicity luncheons and glad-handing everybody that I haven't had a minute to really enjoy myself."

Joan wondered just what the screen star called enjoyment.

"I had my heart all set on a lovely little yachting trip. Then one of those awful tabloids came out with headlines about my rumored engagement to Ronnie—I mean Mr. Loring. The Company simply threw a fit. You see I have a 'no marriage' clause in my contract," she explained. "Really, you've no idea how difficult it is to be always on parade—to have no life of your own at all." The poor little five-thousand-dollar-a-week star sighed wistfully.

"I can imagine," said Joan, though, of course, she really couldn't.

"In the studio I always have a double to 'stand in' for me," continued Miss Benson. "So when I saw you standing at the curbing, looking enough like me to actually be me, I thought what a marvelous idea it would be to get you to double for me while I'm here in New York. I'll pay you one hundred dollars for a week. Will you do it?"

"I'd love to—but do you think I can?" asked Joan feeling exactly as though she had been asked to double for the Queen of Sheba.

"Of course. It will be perfectly simple. You look exactly my size. You'll merely keep my fitting appointments at the costumer's and be seen going in and out of the hotel. My secretary is very clever.

She'll arrange everything and see that you are protected from telephone calls and meeting people and all that."

"I'll try anything once," said Joan recklessly.

FOLLOWED an hour with a hairdresser who knew his business, a lesson in make-up, and *presto chango*, the mirror reflected two Radia Bensons. Only the clever secretary knew that one of them, discreetly goggled and veiled, slipped quietly away on an unpublicized yachting party, while the other remained at the Ritz.

The next morning Joan, exquisitely attired from the skin out and tremendously thrilled from the skin in, walked out of the Ritz as casually as she had heretofore emerged from the subway station. Inwardly she was wondering what she would do if somebody stepped up to her and said: "Take off those whiskers, Joan Gordon. We know you." But, of course, nobody did.

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A New Author for PHOTOPLAY

DIXIE WILLSON, who is today one of the best known short story writers and screen authors, knows life and knows Hollywood. She danced and sang her way to New York in musical comedy and was with Ringling Brothers' circus for three years. Next month PHOTOPLAY starts a series of Hollywood short stories by her. The first one, in the September issue, is

"A Queen Goes Fishing"

Will Norma Shearer Retire?

Read the Answer
in This Fascinating
Story of a Girl
Who Found That
Love and a Career
CAN Mix!



THE time has come when the Norma Shearer issue must be faced.

Coldly, the facts are these. A thoroughly inexperienced little Canadian girl went to New York some years ago, to go into pictures. She was handicapped by a beautiful face which, she was told on excellent authority, would not photograph. She had neither stage nor screen experience and knew not one single soul in any way connected with show business.

Today she is one of the greatest actresses in talking pictures. Her latest film, "The Divorcee," has broken the records set at a Los Angeles theater by "Anna Christie." And, before the talkies, she had never read a dramatic line! Now she has the poise of the Ina Claire you knew on the stage and the dramatic ability a real star should have.

She is married to Irving Thalberg and, some time in August, will become the mother of his child. Will she now leave the screen to play the rôle of a normal, happy woman?

Her life has taken one direct course. She has hewn to the line. She has the most amazing energy of anybody in pictures. Recently her doctor said, "You know, you really don't have to do everything all in one day. Why don't you learn that good old Spanish word *mañana*?"

"But I must do things," Norma said to him. "Time is so precious. I can't waste it."

Before she married she had definite ideas about love and a career. She told me once that she must relinquish love for her work, that the two did not go together. And, when she married, everybody prophesied that Norma would retire.

It is a characteristic of Thalberg's race that the men do not like to have their women work. So before they were married they discussed the all-important question of love and work.

"I think, Norma," said Irving, "that you should give up your career."

And Norma said, "I'll give it up any time you want me to do so."

That was three years ago. It has not been mentioned since, and just as soon as she finishes one picture he has plans for her for another. He is her boss, you know, as well as her husband.

If she is going to leave the screen, now is her chance to do it. She has everything she wants. She really loves Irving Thalberg, there is no doubt about that, and the child will add to her happiness. She has had her fame. She

has had her glory. Why won't she give it all up?

But right now both she and Irving are reading stories and discussing the first film she will make after the baby is born. And Norma has a reason for all this. She knows why she will not retire.

"See here," she said, "there is so much talk about combining marriage and a career, but I've a different idea about it. I believe that one should take up a career for the sake of love. Really I do."

"There is nothing so exciting as work. There is nothing so thrilling and glamorous as accomplishment. It gives you something, working does. It makes you equipped for life. It gives you strength with tenderness. I glory in women who have accomplished things. I love the working girl because I am one myself."

THERE is a certain type of successful woman I can't abide. That is the woman who has that chin-in-the-air attitude. That mental thing that makes her say, either really or subconsciously, 'I'm economically independent. I've made a name for myself. I'm better than most men. In fact, I can do anything a man can do in a business way and I won't have any man telling me what to do.'

"That I can't abide and, I really believe, I've never been that sort of woman. Because when a man has ordered me about I've usually obeyed, and if Irving had told me to give up my work because he wanted me to do so, I would have given it up."

The star and her producer-husband, proud and happy in the discovery that their married life and their careers blend blissfully. We present Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg!

By *Elaine Ogden*

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Loet's Drop In *Old Cal*



One old trouper "backs up" another. Norma Talmadge talking to the veteran William Farnum, with her in "Du Barry." In the theater, "up staging" means one actor forcing the rest to turn their backs to the audience to face him. In pictures it's "backing up." But Bill doesn't mind!



Just Somebody's Grandma, the kind who carries peppermint drops in her handbag for the neighborhood kiddies. Sweet old thing! But look out! Don't push her under a taxi! Because this is Lon Chaney himself in a scene from "The Unholy Three"

"WE'VE been married a year—and are still happy!" That's the cheery message Ina Claire gave the press boys some time after the Gilberts had celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding.

"Tell the world THAT!" she added. "The papers keep printing rumors to the effect that we're about to separate, but nothing about our happiness!"

A good point, Ina! Glad you brought it up!

John made no public statement.

A dozen times during the critical "first year" the betting has been Packards to kiddie-cars that the John Gilbert-Ina Claire marriage was about to blow up with a terrific crash. Such reports crossed on the cables while the Gilberts were on their honeymoon. But here they are, after all the storms—married a year and blithe about it. Gilbert is making another talkie. Ina is going on the stage in Los Angeles to be near him.

AN independent producer had a picture that needed patching up, so he sent for Arthur Caesar to do the job.

Arthur is Hollywood's best little professional insulter. The picture was run off for Caesar in the projection room.

When it was over the producer asked anxiously: "Well, what do you think of it?"

"There's a fortune in that picture!" Caesar replied.

"How do you mean?" asked the producer.

"Cut up the film and sell it for mandolin picks!" was the Caesarian crack.

THE long, bitter feud between John Barrymore and Maurice Costello is over!

John, the hatchet well buried, is now one of those trying to rehabilitate the veteran star. Already Maurice has been given a rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," Brother Lionel's production at Metro-Goldwyn.

The quarrel started, you remember, when John was courting Dolores. Maurice objected strenuously—and it all ended by the elderly actor's home being broken up, Mrs. Costello siding with her daughter.

It is believed that the birth of Maurice's first grandchild—the little daughter of Barrymore and Dolores—brought the reconciliation.

VILMA BANKY is apparently through in pictures for all time. And she doesn't care! Here's why:

First, she's salted down about a half million good American dollarinos of her own. She always rather thought of pictures as a means of making much money fast. She did. When Samuel Goldwyn first brought her from Hungary, her salary was \$500, but it was whooped up after each growth in popularity when teamed with Ronald Colman.

At the end of her Goldwyn agreement, she was getting \$6,000 every week!

and Gossip With York!



A favorite star of other years returns to the screen—this time to give the world's fans her beautiful voice. None other than Elsie Ferguson, so well remembered, who is filming one of her stage plays, "Scarlet Pages," for First National

Unteamed, she was not so *forte*, and the talkies hurt. True, she tried to lick her thick accent, but anyone who heard her in "A Lady to Love" remembers that she had a long way to go. So listless was she during this film that Metro-Goldwyn didn't make a move to use her again.

ALL in all, with her accent, her heavy salary and her lack of picture ambition, the producers found no spots for her.

She wasn't angry.

She wrote a sincere letter of thanks to Samuel Goldwyn for all he had done for her—settled down, and became Mrs. Rod La Rocque in earnest.

She and Rod are happy. When he finishes his pictures they rush off to their retreat at Arrowhead Lake, and enjoy themselves.

Vilma, at heart, is a good Hungarian housewife. Down goes the curtain on a rich picture career.

Vilma's happy!



A couple of Rogers boys, loose in Hollywood for no bad reason. The one on the left, of course, is Bud. The one on the right is his younger brother, Bh., who is solemnly said to have no name but that. Paramount's signed him—probably to prevent his falling into a rival's hands

WELL, it's a frenzied summer for the stork!

In addition to the Shearer-Thalberg baby another famous infant is expected to arrive on Park Avenue, New York, almost any time.

It's the newcomer to the lavish apartment of Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz, noted fiddler.

Florence lives elegantly these days, in a style befitting the beautiful wife of one of the world's greatest violinists. She sees hardly any of her old picture friends, and moves almost exclusively in society and circles of the higher fiddling.

And Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor are the parents of an eight pound daughter.

GLORIA SWANSON and Ronald Colman met at a dinner party in Hollywood one evening and discovered that they liked one another.

Because they found many things to talk about they spent a good part of the evening chatting.

But that was enough for old Dame Gossip—the lady with the long ears and longer tongue. Before long Hollywood was fairly buzzing with stories of the mad infatuation of two of its most colorful figures.

Then Colman went to Europe suddenly and in his excitement forgot to remember to say good-bye to Gloria. Gloria cheerfully admitted that he didn't even call her up before he departed.

Pop! went another Hollywood rumor! Now the town has settled disappointedly back in its chair to wait for a new—and more satisfactory—topic of conversation!

MAE MURRAY has just lost another court bout.

She lost a \$96,000 damage suit she had brought against L. Eccles and J. M. Ferguson, real estate dealers.

Miss Murray charged misrepresentation.



The costume ball of the future, or Cecil de Mille seein' things again! This mechanical marvel is the fancy dress ball held on board a Zeppelin in the old Plumbing-Master's new picture, "Madame Satan." Yes, sir—looks like a genuine old-time de Mille orgy!



The press agent slipped this under the door as a gag, but it's a piece of advice now! Polly Moran is about to inhale a hunk of forbidden pie while in a hospital recently. But we insist that the nurse on the right be signed for pictures!

IT'S always a tremendous pleasure to record a generous and gentle act performed by a star without the slightest thought of personal gain.

This happened when John Boles was making a personal appearance in Baltimore. A bed-ridden old lady of seventy-nine is an ardent admirer of John's. And there's no chance of her ever seeing him on the screen again.

A friend plucked up courage and asked Boles if he would mind calling on her. "With pleasure," he said, and he did call, bringing untold pleasure to the heart of his aged fan.

Not a word about this leaked out in Baltimore, nor has it since. But I can't resist telling you of John's generous, thoughtful act.

THERE is quite a definite rumor floating around that Garbo's next picture will be "Camille."

Greta is alluringly thin and certainly could put over this old war-horse of a story in a convincing manner.

JACQUELINE LOGAN sends us a few notes on the activities of our friends in London.

Jackie herself is making quite a hit in British pictures for the Gainsborough Company, and her old journalistic training is called into play in a scenario she has written for Sono Art. Her story is called "Sawdust and Satin."

Ronald Colman, says Miss Logan, tried to slip quietly into London, but it was no go.

He's so tremendously popular in his homeland that, in order to get a little peace and quiet, he had to announce that he had gone to France!

The star of the moment has been Marie Dressler. She made a personal appearance at the London Empire, where "Caught Short" was being shown, and was nearly bowled over by an ovation.

Bobbies were needed to escort Marie through the mob of fans.

Dennis King upset the fans in London, where he is playing in "The Three Musketeers," by saying he was disappointed in his picture, "The Vagabond King." He let this fall at its opening, when he appeared in person.

And Douglas Fairbanks, during his English stay, said he would like to live in England at least part of the time.

BEBE DANIELS, previous to her recent marriage, was the most showered upon young woman in Hollywood. Those stunning pre-nuptial affairs on which the society editors dote just about wore Bebe down to her warp and woof.

At the first shower Bebe found a lovely present from Ben. She thanked him for it and thought it was rather sweet. At the next shower there was a present from Ben. That evening she said: "It was nice of you, dear, to send me something, but you don't really have to."

Ben looked puzzled. "Really?" he said. "Why, I thought the groom was always supposed to send presents when the girls gave showers for you."

SEVERAL years ago Bebe and Marion Davies decided that they would go in for a little plain and fancy sewing and agreed that they wouldn't buy a single dress, but would make all of each other's clothes. Marion created a bright red moiré evening gown for Bebe. It didn't quite meet across one side so Marion attached a wreath of black velvet roses. The effect was spectacular, if nothing else.

A few nights later Marion asked Bebe to a dinner party. "And I thought," said Marion, "that you might wear your new red dress."

"Er—why—yes," said Bebe, "that would be fine. Who are you having at your party?"

Marion was amazed. "Why, you've never asked me that before," she said. "But I'm only having two other people whom you know very well."

Bebe heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh, that's lovely." And she wore the dress for the first and last time.

However, since then Marion has learned to sew and makes perfectly beautiful dresses.

Some of the loveliest things in Bebe's wardrobe have been made by Marion.

The most dramatic picture we've ever found of a first-line director moving hundreds of people in a big outdoor scene! Raoul Walsh, with arm raised, bossing an episode in his latest open air spectacle. At his right is Archie Buchanan, always his chief assistant



Two Ben Alexanders, both great. Left, at 19, in the character he plays so magnificently in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Right, at 5, as the wonder-child in that other fine war film, Griffith's "Hearts of the World"

you!" By this time Rube was all worked up. He had visions of fire, flood and earthquake.

"What is it?—tell me the worst!"

"Oh—h, Mr. Goldberg—I'm so sorry—they forgot to fill your fountain pen this morning!"

WELL, they come and go, but the old master, D. W. Griffith, remains an interesting and fascinating figure. Hear the story of the making of "Abraham Lincoln"—and its aftermath.

On this picture Griffith worked like a fiend. He turned out the job in twenty-nine shooting days, and with somewhat less money than he had expected. He has no illusions. He somehow felt that this might be his last great job—and he wanted it to be a glorious one. A fitting exit for the first of the giants!

When it was over, the Old Fox of Mamaroneck was nine-tenths dead. He went away to Texas to rest. No doubt, while there, he thought of the rush and frenzy of making his talking "Lincoln"—and wondered what it would turn out to be. How they'd like it. Whether or not it would satisfy him when he saw it again.

Well—that's about all. Except that one morning a wire came from Joe Schenck, head of United Artists. It said that the picture was great, and that Griffith could work as long as he wanted to!

Who said you couldn't teach an old dog new stunts? Griffith has probably whipped the microphone to death!

YOU probably won't believe this, and we wouldn't blame you at all for that matter, but "Ginger" Rogers, Paramount's new discovery on view in "Young Man of Manhattan," is married to a fellow named Pepper.

We've restrained ourself from any reference to a "spicy marriage" since "Ginger" gets awfully mad if anyone calls her "Ginger" Pepper.

AN all-star cast testified in Los Angeles municipal court the other day against a Hindu "love seer" whose name was Raw and whose actions, it is charged, were the same.

Raw, defending himself, asserted he was intimately acquainted with Mary Pickford and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



The girl who didn't want to be known just as the daughter of a beauty! Leila Hyams and her parents, John T. Hyams and Leila McIntyre, famous in the vaudeville world

She is the

Daughter of a Beauty

By
Robert
Cranford

SHE'S the daughter of one of the most beautiful women on the vaudeville stage—and she's one of the loveliest and most promising leading women in pictures.

But she got her start in public life by posing for advertisements because she didn't want to capitalize on the name and fame of her mother, Leila McIntyre! That spunk and independence no doubt had a lot to do with Leila Hyams' rapid rise in pictures—for that, indeed, is our heroine's name.

The talkies have only made her climb the faster and more interesting.

For good work in a long run of rather ordinary parts she was given the ingénue lead in "The Big House"—that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture of prison life that bids fair to be something of a sensation.

For a girl of Leila's temperament, it was a tough break to be born the daughter of important people. Her dad was John Hyams, and Hyams-and-McIntyre is a name combination that means a lot in vaudeville and stage life. But Leila didn't want to cash in on being their daughter. She is the sort of girl who wants to be something for herself.

She could have gotten a good job merely for the asking, from friends of her parents. As a matter of fact, she did! William Collier—father, not son—who knew Papa Hyams and Mama McIntyre-Hyams even before they married, gave daughter Leila a rôle in his play, "Going Crooked." Leila knew he handed her the part merely because she was her parents' child, and it peeved her. So she started out for herself.

MODELING was her entrée into capitalizing on her inherited beauty. Leila didn't want to cash in on her mother's fame, but the mother's beauty was reflected in the daughter, and she couldn't help cashing in on that. Modeling wasn't any too lucrative, though, and Leila had to live in a cheap hotel while she posed for pictures—and occasionally got a job as an extra in films. Her income was so small that she had to mend and press her few dresses constantly to keep up appearances.

Then a call came to her from a studio—came without her having to haunt casting offices to get it. And it resulted in her

first real film rôle—the lead with George Walsh in "The Kickoff."

After that, it was all berries and cream for the gorgeous blonde. Leila is a knockout, there's no denying that. Even in Hollywood, where beautiful blondes are just girls with light-colored hair, Leila is something to look at long, lingeringly and

lovingly. Why, a noted portrait painter once called her "the golden girl"—which is really a grand name for this doll with the golden hair, the golden-cream complexion, and the golden lashes about those intriguing eyes of hers.

The rôle in "The Kickoff" led to better and better things. Her first real recognition came in reward for her work as leading lady opposite William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Leila is bound to make good, though. Besides her beauty, she's got acting ability. Inherited, a great deal of it, of course. And then, when she was just a kid, she used to sit in the wings and watch her parents and the other acts on the bill. And, being brought up in the theater, she absorbed the technique of the actor naturally. She used to act in kid theatricals—she and Fred Stone's daughter, Dorothy, and the Collier kid, Buster, and Fred Niblo. They rigged up a theater in Dorothy's attic in Amityville, where they lived. Leila used to get into Fred Stone's scarecrow costume from "The Wizard of Oz."

LEILA'S greatest pride, aside from her success, is the fact that she made that success as herself, and not as "Leila McIntyre's kid."

And that's something to say in Hollywood, where two of the favorite gods are "Pull" and "Influence," according to which side of the tracks you happen to come from!

By this time the whole world is familiar with the part that "pull" has played in many a picture career. We've all seen the wheels greased and the road rolled for many an aspiring starlet. None of this for lovely Leila! She's where she is—all on her own!

Well, you never can tell! Young Leila's parts keep getting better and better, and her beauty is superb. I don't think Leila McIntyre will feel badly when someone says, some day, "Meet Leila Hyams' mother!"



Why Nils *Did* *Not* Want to Go Back

Nils Asther and the reason he didn't want to go back to Sweden. If you don't know who she is, read the story. Oh, read it anyway!

By
Janet
French

ONLY a little less than two years ago Nils Asther's future was the most brilliant in all Hollywood.

Rumor had it that he was being groomed as a rival to the then ruling king, Jack Gilbert.

Certainly he had already produced that certain brand of hysteria that bespeaks the entrance of a new star.

Fan letters poured in by the hundreds of thousands.

Wherever Nils went he was recognized, until he was to be found only in the most secluded and out of the way restaurants. Autograph seekers besieged him wherever he showed his face.

He bade fair to become one of the most glamorous of all the male stars. In a day when democracy, bounding Americanism and reg'lar fellers were at their peak (as they still are), Nils stood out as the type of man who could inspire old-fashioned matinée idolatry.

He was exciting, mysterious, handsome, eccentric, romantic and dramatic. His past was as colorful as a Mexican sunset. Strange and vivid stories were whispered about him, and the aloofness which he affected only added to his Nordic charm.

All the old prophets said that nothing could stop the boy, that he would become as fantastically brilliant as the Latin Valentino and would be adored in much the same way.

When these things were pointed out to Nils he merely shrugged his shoulders. For, ever since his arrival in this country, he had been as unhappy as a revolutionist in a drawing room.

Nils complained of Hollywood. He didn't like the hail-fellow-well-met attitude he found everywhere. He was restless. He couldn't discover friends who satisfied him, or work that was interesting. Being classed as a great lover was torture. The cut and dried routine of American pictures bored him. Nowhere could he find peace of mind. He had one great desire—to return to Sweden and be more or less contented again.

And then came the talkies. Nils was idle for months, and at last things happened to his contract. By mutual agreement it was not renewed and he was free.

Everybody said that he would go back to Sweden. Now was his chance. Now he would not be tempted by a large salary to

stay in a country that he could not understand and that could not understand him.

And what happened? Nils did not go back. Instead he remained and did what the hangers-on of the film colony usually do. He made a personal appearance tour! The great dramatic actor appeared in American picture theaters and

clowned with the masters of ceremonies! And, upon his return to Hollywood, he took a home at Malibu Beach and sat waiting for something to happen.

You expected something else of Nils Asther. You rather thought that he would make some dramatic gesture with his life. Hurl some strange defiance in the teeth of the producers—declaim some famous last word and depart. Instead he sat, waiting to work in American pictures! At least that is what he appeared to be doing. But in order to understand his attitude you must understand the infinite patience of the Swedes and the artistic ideals of this strange man called Asther.

Now, I'm the sort of pest who is always going around reminding people of what they have once said. I've an appallingly good memory, and if ever anybody remarks to me in 1924, "I don't like sweet potatoes" and I discover the person eating them in 1930, I'm sure to recall the fact brightly and ask for an explanation.

I REMEMBERED that Nils had once confided to me that he wanted to return to Sweden, that he was unhappy in America—and I couldn't let this pass unchallenged, when the months dragged on and he did not return.

So, fixing him with my most steely gaze, I said, "Now, why didn't you go back home?"

He was amazed. "But I am at home," he said, "I've got my citizenship papers. This is my home."

"In Hollywood?" I questioned. "You're staying on in Hollywood? You're waiting around for something to happen like all the rest of the actors?"

"Yes," said Nils.

"But what about your swell misery? What about all your unhappiness? Don't tell me you've gone *Pollyanna*!"

"I'm happy now," said Nils. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



★ *THE BIG HOUSE—M-G-M*

"THE Big House," based on the original story by Frances Marion, finds its inspiration in the prison riots which have colored the daily press recently.

It is a gripping presentation of the psychological drama underlying prison breaks. The three central figures are *Kent Marlowe*, a boy jailed on a manslaughter charge as a result of a drunken automobile crash (Robert Montgomery), *Butch*, a hardboiled killer with more brawn than brain (Wallace Beery), and *Morgan* (Chester Morris), forger and gentleman crook, who falls in love with *Marlowe's* sister, goes straight and turns out the best man of the lot. The cast includes Lewis Stone, George Marion, J. C. Nugent, DeWitt Jennings, Karl Dane and Leila Hyams.

The picture is masterly and intelligent entertainment.



★ *HOLIDAY—Pathe*

ANN HARDING, Pathe's dazzling blonde from the stage, after a couple of hopeful tries in the talkie line, at last comes into her own in this excellent picture.

They gave her a tremendous part, and she fills every inch of it. As *Linda Seton*, daughter of the very rich, whose whole life is rebellion against the golden bars of her little social world, Miss Harding does brilliantly. She is helped by an unusually fine cast. In fact, Mary Astor, as her soulless sister, very nearly carries off the picture. Robert Ames, Monroe Owsley, William Holden and Edward Everett Horton are all perfectly cast.

This is as fine a piece of high comedy, with tragic overtones, as the talking screen has yet held. Another justification for the mike—and another for the talented Harding.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—Paramount*

HERE is something far greater in scope than any motion picture writer can write for the screen.

Here is heroism, here is self-sacrifice, here is patriotism, here is adventure, with death hovering every minute over the devoted little band of Antarctic explorers that followed Commander Richard E. Byrd literally to the end of the earth.

To call it thrilling would not only be inadequate. It would be silly. Two of Paramount's crack cameramen went along with Byrd, one of them flying with him over the Pole itself.

When the picture shows the plane leaving Little America, the last camp, for the final dash, Floyd Gibbons' voice comes in to describe the action, and when you see Commander Byrd drop the American flag, laden with a stone from Floyd Bennett's grave, onto the Pole, you are witnessing one of the most heroic achievements in history.

Another episode which will make you gasp is that in which the occupants of the plane face the seemingly impassable mountain barriers, jettison their only food supply, and dash through a crevice of jagged ice tops thousands of feet above sea level.

Then the hazardous flight back. Food gone, wind rising, will the gas last?

It will make you proud of humanity.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE
ROMANCE THE BIG HOUSE
HOLIDAY THE UNHOLY THREE
GRUMPY

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Romance"
Lewis Stone in "Romance"
Robert Montgomery in "The Big House"
Chester Morris in "The Big House"
Bernice Claire in "The Toast of the Legion"
Ann Harding in "Holiday"
Mary Astor in "Holiday"
Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three"
Norma Shearer in "Let Us Be Gay"
Edmund Lowe in "Good Intentions"
Bebe Daniels in "Dixiana"
Cyril Maude in "Grumpy"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140



★ ROMANCE—M-G-M

THE rich, sweet warmth of the word "romance"—Greta Garbo has caught it all, and made it the very essence of as fine a characterization as she has ever done.

It makes no difference whether you're a Garbo fan or not, you'll love *Rita Cavallini*, the worldly yet womanly singer, as Garbo makes her live again in this phonoplay version of the story so popular on the stage and silent screen.

Comparisons are called odious. Rather, they're foolish. Whether Garbo is better in this than Doris Keane was, is, after all, a matter of individual judgment. None can say that herein Garbo has not achieved magnificent heights of portrayal without a single marring touch of histrionics. Her *Cavallini* is as adorable a woman as the screen has known.

Lewis Stone, as her current protector, is a sophisticate and a gentleman. A less experienced player might have brought hatred to the character. Stone makes it finely sympathetic. Such criticism as may be aimed at this picture will likely find its mark in Gavin Gordon's conception of the character of the young minister to whom *Cavallini* opens the doors of greater understanding. Gordon plays the rôle with much harshness and with little humanity. It is hard to believe that *Cavallini* would fall in love with a man whose soul holds so little sweetness.

It is a grand picture. A picture to stir the emotions deeply—nothing has been spared to make it pictorially perfect.



★ THE UNHOLY THREE—M-G-M

THE finest thing about this picture is that it discloses Lon Chaney's natural voice just exactly as it should be—deep, vibrant, and perfectly poised.

Chaney followers have eagerly awaited his first talking picture. Besides this, the silent version of "The Unholy Three" was one of Chaney's best, so this production was warmly anticipated.

In the rôle of the sinister ventriloquist, Chaney uses five voices, those of the barker, the ventriloquist, the dummy, the feminine voice of the old woman, and the imitation of the parrot. He actually *does* this, but the deeply satisfying thing through it all is his own voice.

A splendid cast supports, but Lila Lee's work as the crook, *Rosie*, is excellent. You'll get thrills a-plenty!



★ GRUMPY—Paramount

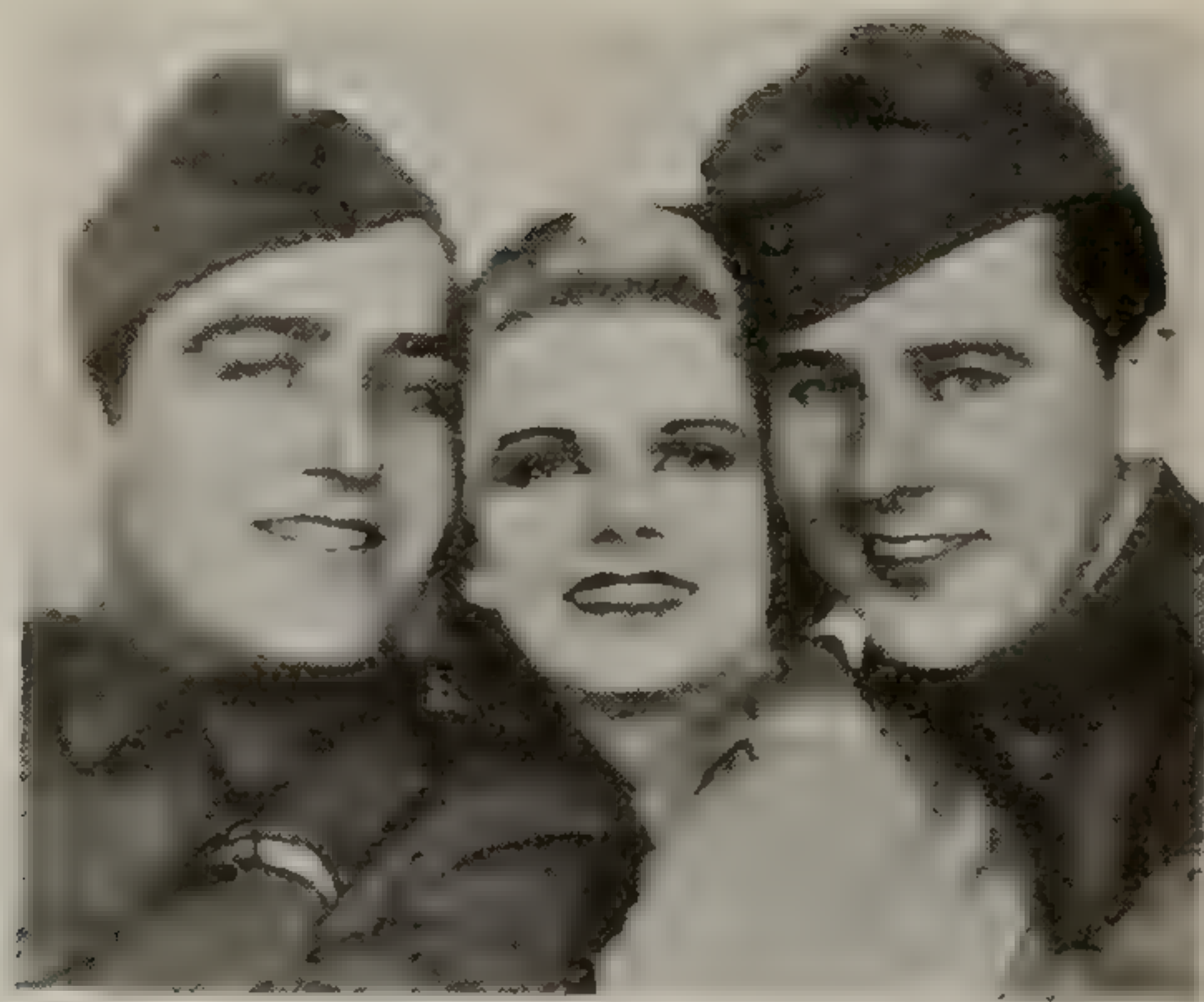
THE stage's most lovable old crab takes to the screen at last—and grouches his way into your heart as he did in the theater.

One could write a mess of pedantic twaddle about how much this sort of thing means to the screen. Of course it does—but equally important and vastly more pertinent is the fact that here's a grand piece of entertainment. Too many people misbelieve that "Grumpy" is just a sloppily sentimental thing about an old man. Wrong!—for in addition to the sheer delight of Cyril Maude's characterization, the plot packs a kick like a mule.

Naturally, Maude gives one of the performances of screen history. And there's no flaw in cast or production, with your Phillips Holmes taking second honors.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

HELL'S ANGELS—
Caddo
Productions



"HELL'S ANGELS," which took three years and several lives to make, is sorely handicapped. Only in spots is it great, notably in the immensity and daring of its flying stuff. Ben Lyon and James Hall, as the brothers, are splendid. Jean Harlow, newcomer, tries hard with an unsympathetic rôle. The rest of the cast is fine. Now, don't mistake. "Hell's Angels" is worth seeing. But \$4,000,000 worth?

THE TOAST OF THE LEGION—
First National



AFTER twenty-five years of vigorous life, "Mlle. Modiste," Victor Herbert's famous operetta, comes to the singing screen under this name. The great "Kiss Me Again" show is a beauty in the new medium, all in Technicolor, with good voices singing the pretty tunes. Bernice Claire scores heavily in the Fritz Scheff rôle, and others are Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer and Edward Everett Horton.

QUEEN HIGH—
Paramount



AN ace musical comedy—lots of laughs, plenty of pretty girls and some nice tunes. This sort of thing is the screen's hope in the light musical line. Charlie Ruggles and Frank Morgan are responsible for the chuckles, and Ginger Rogers' youth and charm are swell. Others who make this an unusually happy film are Stanley Smith, Nina Olivette and Helen Carrington.

SO THIS IS LONDON—
Fox



WILL ROGERS is loose among the English toffs, with side-splitting results. The droll Will is at his funniest as the American who gets unhappily mixed up with a flock of anti-American Britons. There is a tender love story, too, with Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan. Other grand actors are Irene Rich and Lumsden Hare. Rogers fans will be mad about this mad picture.

LET US BE GAY—
M-G-M



ANOTHER sophisticated drama that makes a grand follow-up for "The Divorcee." How unattractive Norma Shearer makes herself early in this picture and how beautiful she becomes! Marie Dressler gives another fine characterization, and Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque play important parts. After this Norma need not fear that her fans will forget her while she is off the screen for the blessed event.

BRIGHT LIGHTS—
First National



NOW we know why Dorothy Mackaill spent so much time in Honolulu. It was so she might out-hula the best of them. And she does it in "Bright Lights." This musical extravaganza, with original music, is entirely Technicolor, and gives both Dorothy and Frank Fay a fine opportunity. The result is delightful. Even though Dorothy broke a rib in making this, we think it is worth it.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

GOOD NEWS
—M-G-M



THIS one, like the pardon from the governor, came too late. "Good News" has been stolen so many times that now it's no longer news. But it is done in a sprightly manner and if you haven't seen the Varsity Drag so often that you're bored, you'll love it. It is college run rampant, with Bessie Love, Stanley Smith, Mary Lawlor, Lola Lane and Ukelele Ike helping it run.

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY—
Radio Pictures



WHEREIN a practical joker frames a fake murder to cure his thrill-loving fiancée of a mystery story complex. The murder turns out to be real, and the fun-loving youth almost kids his way into the chair. The cast includes Betty Compson, as a female combination of Edgar Wallace and Sherlock Holmes; Hugh Trevor, as her playful fiancé, and Lowell Sherman as the villain. Fair entertainment.

THE OTHER TOMORROW
—First
National



THE ever-gorgeous Billie Dove is here involved in a triangular love affair set in the South, sah! The story is all broken out with heavy drama, but Billie is so beautiful and well-gowned and the supporting cast so serious and vigorous that the end of entertainment is fairly well served. The two gentlemen involved over Billie are Grant Withers and Kenneth Thomson.

DIXIANA—
Radio Pictures



THIS screen operetta, for which Harry Tierney has written delightful music, is a grand spectacle. And it doesn't stop at that. Everett Marshall, of Metropolitan fame, makes his screen début, and proves he has both voice and personality. And Bebe Daniels is at her best as a circus girl of old New Orleans. With Mardi Gras in Technicolor and negro spirituals, you will be charmed by this.

GOOD INTENTIONS—
Fox



BLOOD-AN'-THUNDER mellerdrammer in swell clothes! "Good Intentions" is another crook thriller, but so well done that it's a fine piece of entertainment. Edmund Lowe is great as the master-bandit who falls in love with the society girl and—no, he does NOT reform! Instead, he and the story come to a logical ending in an exciting climax with a bullet for the final period.

DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE—
Warners



ROBERT ARMSTRONG is at it again! The studios can't forget "Is Zat So?" Hence Bob as a prize fighter and Jimmy Gleason as his trainer. The story concerns the more amorous side of fisticuffs. The awfully nice little girl tries to be bad and is aided by a modern grandmother. That's Beryl Mercer and she's swell. It's a funny picture with gobs of elegant lines.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Would You Like a New Nose?

By
Harry Lang

How Hollywood submits to
the knife of the plastic surgeon
in the name of Beauty

VIVIENNE SEGAL flashes across a Hollywood movie screen, and in the audience a man whispers to his companion:

"See her? Well, that's *my* nose she's wearing . . .!"

Cryptic? Yes—until you understand that this man is Dr. Josif Ginsburg, one of the "Beauty-Makers of Hollywood." He is a young Russian, a war-taught plastic surgeon.

He is one of that limited group of practitioners who, with knives, acids, and uncanny electrical and mechanical devices, have re-made the faces and even the figures of so many screen luminaries that you can no longer be sure where God left off and the surgeon began his handiwork!

Dr. Ginsburg alone, in five years in Hollywood, has operated on no fewer than six hundred movie people! There are others of his profession—among them, most notably, Drs. W. E. Balsinger, H. O. Barnes, T. Floyd Brown, and R. B. Griffith—in movieland. Altogether, figures show, these plastic operators have remodeled more than two thousand faces for the screen.

Of course, it stands to reason that only a small percentage of these thousands are stars. But the stars *are* among them. You'd be surprised at the famous names whose screen beauty is synthetic; who have had nose corrections, new chins, pinned-back ears, face lifts, deep acid peels, fat removals, and other operations at the hands of these specialists in putting beauty where it isn't!

ARE these people wrong? By no means. They are right. Their faces and their voices are their stock in trade. They have as much right to try to perfect their faces for their business as they have to take voice culture.

If we could look into the records, we would probably find as many New York society women in the plastic surgeons' consulting rooms.

Among the women whose names stand out are Mollie O'Day, Bebe Daniels, Fannie Brice, Ruth Taylor, Helen Ferguson, Lola Todd, Virginia Brown Faire. And the men go for it, too! Consider Georgie Price, Paul Lukas, LeRoy Mason, Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey.

Telling the actual names of all the stars who have been to the plastic surgeon is an impossible task. They won't admit it, except in a few isolated instances. Time was when a visit to the plastic surgeon was considered as great a secret as to get married, in filmland. It's only lately that a few of them are beginning, not only to admit that they've had their faces bettered, but to even go so far as publicly to announce it.

And, of course, the surgeons themselves keep their operating room secrets sacred. The ethics of the profession are strict. In only two ways does knowledge of a plastic operation ordinarily come to light. One is for the patient himself to tell about



it, or authorize the doctor to. The other is when an operation goes wrong, and a face-ruined patient seeks redress in the courts. This story will deal with those cases as well as those where beauty has been found. But in all fairness to the surgeons, this must be borne in mind:

That for every court case of plastic scandal that receives publicity, there have been hundreds of successful operations which remain an inviolate secret between the surgeon and his patient. It is not fair to condemn the plastic surgeons, whose success could be attested by the biggest figures in filmdom if only they would admit it, because of the few cases that went wrong.

What is the most frequent plastic operation in filmland?

Over 2,000 of our stars and near-stars have had their faces shuffled and reassembled for the screen

"Correcting bad noses," face-doctors unhesitatingly answer. The camera has a fiendishly keen eye. It catches and magnifies defects that the human eye does not notice. And here's another thing to remember—that the average movie close-up presents a star's face fourteen times magnified! There isn't a facial blemish or mark that can well escape that treatment. A slight bump on the nose assumes the proportions of Mount Everest. A button at the end of a nose, which might look merely pert to the eye, looks like a jelly doughnut in the close-up. A tip-tilted nose, instead of being cute, looks like a rain catcher.

Take Fannie Brice. On the stage, the nose God gave her got by easily. But on the screen—well, Fannie had it trimmed a bit.

Bebe Daniels took her nose to the surgeon, too. Bebe was always pretty, but since she's had the tiniest little revision at the tip of her nose, she's prettier yet.

Belle Baker thought it over, and decided to do nothing about it. She's not in pictures any more. Vivienne Segal, on the other hand, decided that no nose was going to cheat her out of success. She went to Dr. Ginsburg. He took a piece of cartilage out of her ear, and put it where her nose was swaybacked. Now she has contracts for five pictures ahead.

Do you remember Gloria Swanson's nose when she was a Sennett bathing beauty? Recall how pronounced the up-tilt was? There's no available record that she ever underwent a plastic operation, and yet the nose looks different today. There are other screen figures whose photographs show a difference between now and then.

Harry Richman's nose, since he went into pictures, doesn't look like it did. Dr. Balsinger removed a lump from Helen Ferguson's nose. He gave Jack Dempsey the facial adornment



Here's another case—or rather, a double case: The contrasting episodes of Belle Baker and Vivienne Segal. Both were among the stage stars who heard the golden call of the talkies. Up to then, the pictures needed only beauty, and could find plenty of it. "But with the advent of the talkies," explains Dr. Ginsburg, "the need arose for talented singers and dancers. The screen found them on the stage—but found, too, that God had given them talent but forgot about their faces."

Belle Baker and Vivienne Segal came to Hollywood. Both of them had noses that didn't photograph well. Vivienne's was too much of an incurve; Belle's was on the outcurve model. Both registered splendidly in their voice tests, but not in the lens test.

which sports-writers call the mauler's putty nose, although it isn't putty at all! Georges Carpentier, when he went into films, had to have his glove-flattened nose made over, and Dr. Ginsburg did it for him.

Virginia Brown Faire had her nose straightened in 1927. Marie Wood was an extra girl who couldn't get work because her nose looked "funny" on the screen, so she had it fixed and got more jobs afterward. Le Roy Mason, who had trouble getting film jobs, finally had his pugilistic style nose rebuilt and now works steadily. Paul Lukas had the tip of his nose narrowed and won a contract with Paramount for reward.

Richard Dix's nose today isn't the same as it was when he first began starring in pictures. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



70 Readers

must Win This Gold!

The Rules Are Simple

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	750.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	300.00
Fifth Prize.....	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each.....	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and

complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

Follow the Arrows





"ALL I know is that you are in my arms," sings Reginald Denny to Kay Johnson in "Madame Satan," in process of manufacture by C. B. De Mille. If you are old enough to remember Wallace Reid in "The Woman God Forgot" you will notice a striking resemblance

This Way to Cut Puzzle



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair is twice married—and not twenty-two—
The eyes own a dear little girl,
The mouth's a New Yorker, her orbs are deep blue,
And her red hair shows many a curl!

Lower

The hair is from Texas, her height is five-two,
The eyes were a social success;
The mouth in the state of mosquitoes was born,
But they didn't dare bite her, we guess!

Upper

The hair has a child—though she's just one herself—
The eyes in "Peter Pan" made good,
The mouth in the town of the gangsters was born,
She's safer in calm Hollywood!

Lower

The hair in a family of actors was raised,
The eyes did their bit on the boards,
The mouth is unmarried—though suitors she has
In legions, battalions and hordes.

RESUME

Three of them are married, and two were divorced,
And one girl has never been haltered—
And each has had sudden success on the screen,
And a courage that never has faltered.
Two of them are mothers, and two have brown hair—
And one is a blonde—and that baby is there!



Upper

The hair's from old England—he's Britain's great gift,
The eyes are a present from France!
The mouth has co-starred with Joan Crawford in what
We would call his own special romance.

Lower

The hair has a voice that will make opera yet,
The eyes have a most famous dad,
The mouth as a singer of gallant, gay songs
Has made many talkie fans glad.

Upper

The hair's a six-footer, he's just twenty-two,
The eyes made their hit with a Gish.
The mouth was a dancer—he's Spanish, no less,
He's the flappers' most romantic wish!

Lower

The hair is of brown, and he's happily wed,
The eyes to Rex Ingram owe much
The mouth saw war service and earned a wound stripe,
And his acting few others can touch!

RESUME

Just one man was born in our own U. S. A.,
Just one is unmarried, to date,
And one—this should please many ardent young fans—
Is separate, now, from his mate
Two are very dark—we mean both eyes and hair!—
And one, while not blond, is decidedly fair



GARBO doing a warmish love scene in the filming and sounding of "Romance" which is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. The actual temperature on the set, caused by the battery of lights, is 104 degrees. Gavin Gordon, from Mississippi, a stage actor who got a real break in this, his first picture, is aiding and abetting, while Clarence Brown bosses



The two Greta Garbos that make up one of the most romantic and glittering figures in all screen history. At the left is a plain girl, with simple tastes, who lives her own life and minds her own business. She likes children, and funny stories, and is timid in a crowd. At the right is the other Garbo—glittering, mysterious, exotic. The Greta of the screen whose allure is so powerful a magnet that she is talked about by millions of fans

What GARBO *Thinks* of HOLLYWOOD

A WISE man in one of his profound moments said that it isn't what people say that matters—it is what they do!

And it's lucky that this is so. For the actions of Greta Garbo, even without the speech that she withholds so energetically, gives us the key to the strange mosaic that is this stranger woman from over the Northern sea.

It has been said of Garbo that the story of her conquest of America is that of the neurotic triumphant.

Don't misunderstand the word "neurotic." A neurotic person is not always one given to neurotic tremors or other obvious symptoms. A neurosis may often find its outlet in moodiness—aloofness—and an escape into a dream world.

An escape into a dream world! Or a world of the screen?

Could Garbo love Hollywood? Does it fit into the dream world where she finds rest for her spirit? Instead of courting it, she avoids and shuns it. She takes no part in its life. The beauties of our Western land leave her unmoved. She was not even impressed by the noble, majestic Yosemite. She ordered her chauffeur to drive faster through its glories.

"Those mountains are pretty high," was her comment.

The obvious thing to say is that she is two personalities rolled into one.

There is that person up there on the screen. And then there is the Swedish

girl called Greta who likes her native food and loves anchovies, is always cold, suffers from insomnia, wears bedroom slippers between scenes, loves jazz music but hates dancing, is five feet, 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and wears size seven double-A shoes, likes solid substantial furniture and hates feminine geegaws, but adores children, has a big hearty laugh, likes to hear funny stories, invests her money wisely and is frugal as a Scotchman, but is terrified of meeting strange people and is actually timid and embarrassed in a crowd.

The screen Garbo is somebody else, a vague, exotic mystery woman.

It is not true that the publicity department has built up a Garbo myth, but it is true that the busy press-agents at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have helped the idea along. And the fact that she does not grant interviews and that she draws within herself and keeps secluded is as good a stunt as sending a lion around the world. However, Garbo really IS mysterious, although she hates the legend about herself.

What goes on within her mind as she paces up and down the set, back and forth, you nor I will ever know. She may be thinking the most profound of thoughts. She may only be wondering if her herring will be chopped properly for dinner. It is more amusing to believe that she is contemplating life and cosmic love.

By Katherine Albert

The first time I saw her was a month or so after she had arrived. She was just another stock actress on the lot and she was bewildered.

She looked at me with those strange, sad eyes and said, "Oh, dis studio, it is so beeg. In my poor leetle country the studios, dey are not so beeg. My leetle country is a sad leetle country. Here everyone says, 'Hello, you feel goot?' Even the mothers, dey say to the leetle children, 'Darling, are you happy?' When I have children of my own I will say to dem, 'Darling, are you happy?' I like that."

But she didn't like Hollywood. She was bewildered by it. She would take to her heart none of its people. The other actresses tried to be nice to her. She smiled her wan little smile and kept away from all their activities.

Apparently Garbo didn't like anything. She was utterly miserable and utterly lost. Because of the publicity that was sent out about her, she began receiving fan letters before she appeared on the screen. Once she said, "But who are dese people who write to me? Dey do not know me. Perhaps I am very bad girl. Perhaps dey would not like to get letter from me."

"And what do you do with the letters?" I asked.

"I throw dem all away." Thus she dispensed with a sacred gesture of stardom.

She pined, in those days, for Sweden. "Here it is so beeg," was her constant complaint. She begged to be allowed to go back home never to return, but the studio was beginning to realize that they had in her a rare property that would, perhaps, develop into one of the greatest personalities of the screen.

So they clung to her while she spoke tenderly of my "poor leetle country" and could find no joy in the bright, hot days of California and the teeming, happy life of the studio.

But Garbo has remained in Hollywood. She made but one trip to Sweden and returned. She is not ready to go back there to live. So how has she adjusted herself?

Since one cannot talk to her one can only surmise how she feels by the gestures she makes. If you believe your copy book, these actions speak louder than words.

Now the great Garbo walks on the set. She is always on time. They have no difficulty with her and, although she has been credited with the words, time and time again, she has never said, "I t'ank I go home."

There is always a great deal of fuss about Garbo on the set. There is a little flurry of excitement when she comes among the workers. When she does a great emotional scene black flats are set up around her to ward off the prying eyes of the electricians, prop boys and others. The greatest of directors

says to her, "Now, Miss Garbo, are you comfortable? Do you think this scene should be played like this or do you feel it another way?"

And when these things happen, one look at Garbo's face will tell you what is going on in her mind. A little amused, whimsical smile plays across her features. She looks at the director, almost with disgust and with a great deal of ironic humor. She knows that only a few years ago she was a little nobody.

She is secretly amused at all the ballyhoo about herself. The glamor that has been thrown up [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Next Month—

PHOTOPLAY begins a series of stories titled "The Private Life of Greta Garbo." It is the most intimate insight into the home life and friendships of this famous screen star ever written. Do not miss it for it is full of

—Surprises



Never let it be said that Richard Barthelmess is a star afraid to share his spotlight with a couple of handsome pals! When Dick started "The Dawn Patrol," two good-looking leading men, Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were engaged to support him. And here they are!

By
Marquis
Busby



It was bound
to happen!
"Casanova"
Busby goes
on a blind
date with
Grace Moore
—and falls
hard!

Give Me Moore!

OF course it was bound to happen sooner or later! This stepping out with the beauties of the film colony is risky business for any susceptible young man. There's an awful chance of developing serious trouble under the left ribs!

And it took a blind date to do it. My evening with Grace Moore was all arranged through a mutual friend. I had never met her. I had never heard her in opera. I had seen pictures of her, but newspaper portraits all look alike—it might be the Roosevelt Dam and it might be Miss America.

Now, in college, I always steered clear of blind dates. Your fraternity brother would fix it up with a "keen number" of his acquaintance. Your hopes would be all built up, and the girl would turn out to be a museum curiosity with squint eyes and gopher teeth.

I was quite sure that Grace Moore would be a lovely girl. Picture contracts running 'way up into five figures a month are not handed out to girls that don't qualify as to pulchritude, but still it all was an intriguing uncertainty. Exciting, too. I had never spent an evening with a famous opera prima donna. Oh, once I had lunch with Jeritza—me and twenty other people.

I was elected to be the village boy that showed the city gal the Hollywood bright lights—and they're pretty bright. Hollywood is no town to hide its light under a bushel. Miss Moore had never been to Montmartre, the Ambassador, the Roosevelt, or any of the night clubs. In all of my other dates the girls knew the rounds as well as I, and probably better.

In a way, stepping out with Grace Moore is a bit like dating up the Queen of England. Only nicer, although in justice to Mary I must say I've never been out with her.

No star in Hollywood lives in more regal splendor than Miss Moore.

Never having been known to have the slightest sense of direction, I fully expected to get lost trying to find her home. She lives on a huge estate, a big hacienda on a hilltop, with acres of grounds stretching away on either side. But you couldn't get lost. You can see the lights of that house for five miles. I'll bet on a clear night you could lean from the seventieth floor of the Chrysler Building in New York and count the candles on the dining room table.

As you approach the estate the landscape takes on a feudal look. There is an unlighted country road, and tenant houses.

Don Juan's fatal moment! In spite of his customary leer, our hero fell easy prey to the charms of Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera star in Hollywood to sing for the screen

In fact, it looked as if the Chic Sale Foundation had done some missionary work in the neighborhood. You leave the valley and start

climbing a narrow, winding road, lined with spruce trees. There are signs that read—"No trespassing—police dogs loose." That's enough to scare anybody away. A mile and a half up the road you drive through the great gates and you are in the courtyard of the Moore Manse.

The house is one of those places where you come in upstairs and then go downstairs. A maid ushered me into the hallway where I was turned over to the Number Two Secretary. After a short period of waiting in a library, the Number One Secretary took me into the big living room. Both of the Secretaries were charming. I had time to admire the view from the windows, glance at the pictures of opera stars on the open grand piano and a well-worn score of "The Love of Three Kings." There was a roaring fire on the hearth. It smoked a bit. Whoever made that fire was a bum Camp-Fire Girl.

THEN I met Grace Moore.

"I didn't mean to give you the smoke cure," she said by way of greeting.

I said something incoherent and not too bright. My breath was taken away.

Now most opera stars run to bosoms, girth and the grand manner. Not Grace Moore. She is young, slender and lovely, with dark blonde hair. She wore a white velvet dinner gown, and a cloak of the same material trimmed with a band of bronze ostrich plumes. And jewels, there must have been \$100,000 worth—a diamond and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Flashing

"HAIL the new star!"
 "This girl bears watching."
 "A brilliant personality in
 the film firmament."

"Here's star material or we never
 saw it."

A movie reviewer without these old
 stock phrases is about as effectual as a
 romantic hero with a stutter.

You'll find these bright sallies set
 up in type in every self-respecting
 newspaper and magazine office. When a critic can't lay his
 hand on them he gives up journalism and goes in for some com-
 paratively honest profession like safe-cracking.

The public is eager for new stars. So are the producers.
 The studios publicize new faces and the little Cinderellas to
 whom they belong are petted, feted and receive good salaries.
 Then what happens? Where are some of the brilliant actors
 and actresses who bear watching? You'll have to wear your
 specs to find them.

Great actors and actresses many of them are. Others not so
 good—just lucky, or unlucky, enough to be cast in one out-
 standing film. And then—puff!—the little light is out.

What has become of Dorothy Burgess, Ruth Taylor, Nils
 Asther, Molly O'Day, Stepin Fetchit, Baclanova, Camilla Horn,
 Gareth Hughes, Don Terry and more—many, many more who
 lived on the screen for such a little while? But, more important
 still, why did they fail to keep faith with their public, with
 their producers and with themselves?

Hollywood has an answer. It shrugs its shoulders and says,
 "Oh, So and So was just a flash in the pan."

A flash in the pan. Why?

THE case of little Ruth Taylor is an outstanding example.
 You know her story. You remem-
 ber the publicity ballyhoo, the elabo-
 rate personal appearance tour. The
 blazing headlines, "Unknown picked
 for leading rôle in 'Gentlemen Prefer
 Blondes.'" The interviews. The
 spotlight.

You also remember the film. It
 failed for a number of reasons. The

Everyone predicted a
 long and brilliant film
 career for little Betty
 Bronson, after her hit
 in "Peter Pan." But,
 like many others, she
 turned out to be a
 one-rôle star

Why did these glamorous
 youngsters rocket through the film
 heavens—and fail?



No more beautiful girl than Camilla
 Horn ever flashed into Hollywood. But
 after a picture or two, fate and the
 talkies licked her



One of the greatest natural actors the
 screen has seen, Stepin Fetchit just
 couldn't be good! Now he is exiled
 to short comedies

in the Pan

By

Katherine Albert



book was too well known. *Lorelei Lee* had found her way into too many trite imitations before the picture was released. Yet Ruth came through. She gave a good performance. It was not her fault that the picture was unsuccessful.

But, for this failure, Ruth took the rap. She was the fall guy. The potential star sank into photoplay oblivion through no fault of her own. Now

she is in New York—married and very happy.

SEVERAL months ago all the old critic phrases were dusted off for Dorothy Burgess. Well, here *was* a personality! Here *was* something brilliant come to the screen. Surely, oh surely, the leading woman in "In Old Arizona" would rise to the pinnacle of fame. But she hasn't.

The story is as strange and ironic as any ever told in the cinema capital. It concerns a little Spanish girl, Maria Alba, Dorothy Burgess and the picture, "In Old Arizona." The film played the heavy.

Maria was given the rôle. She played it for a couple of weeks only to have the executives realize that her natural Spanish accent could not be sufficiently understood. An American stage actress, Dorothy Burgess, was given the rôle.

And what of Maria? Hers was a heart-breaking task. It was her duty to sit on the set and coach Dorothy in the Spanish accent. To watch another girl do the rôle she loved. To see another girl in her costumes, made especially for her, and to look on while a hairdresser arranged for Dorothy the coiffure that Maria had created for herself.

Maria did this job uncomplainingly and Dorothy contributed to the screen a flashing performance. Then what? Dorothy

was a type. She was not pretty in the accepted Hollywood sense. It was difficult to find parts that suited her. After many hectic scenes (the company says that Dorothy was unreasonable, and she accuses them of pettiness) her contract was allowed to lapse. She is now doing a part at Pathe and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Ruth Taylor was fine in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." But the film flopped at the box-office, and, as often happens to a player, Ruthie didn't come back



Don Terry made a brilliant beginning in "Me, Gangster," and he seemed certain to succeed. But he proved too much a type to land often



Baclanova, the Russian tigress who flashed in the Hollywood jungles so briefly. There's a chance, however, that she'll return to us

The Big Broadway Star Wanted to Help Poor Little



Just a

By

Eleanore Griffin

Eva retired to her make-up box and dabbed at her eyes. She was so little and pitiful looking that Roger thought she was crying, but Eva was really making some small adjustment on her eyelashes.

There had been much publicity over the advent of Roger Blake in talking pictures. He had been quite excited over his reception. Screen celebrities met him at the station. He was driven to his hotel preceded by two motorcycle policemen with sirens screaming, and over the hotel entrance was a banner bearing the words, "Welcome, Roger Blake."

HE had been a sensation last season on Broadway, and had been brought to the Coast by one of the biggest companies for a picture. He was not exactly handsome, but he had something—a combination of pathos and humor that had been found irresistible. Funny little mannerisms that went straight to the heart.

He strolled over to Eva. "I'm awfully sorry. He shouldn't have talked to you that way."

"Of course, he shouldn't, but he did, and he probably will again. I have to work," replied Eva. Then she sighed. "They will be showing that part in the projection room tonight. I wish I dared to go. I've never seen myself on the screen."

"I'm going. Do you want to come with me?"

"Oh, I'd love to."

In the projection room they saw Eva for a brief instant obliterate the form and features of the leading lady and then pause, dismayed. Again Roger renewed his first impression. She was cute. And with the peculiar psychology of Hollywood, because Eva was there with Roger Blake, the director and the assistant noticed that Eva Moore was a cute little trick. "How about that Moore girl for the manicurist in the barber shop scene tomorrow?" asked the director. "O. K.," agreed the assistant.

The next day Eva was moderate in her gratitude, if not

"Pst!" went the girl in the sports coat. "That's Eva Moore herself! She'll be a sensation! And that's Blake behind her. Didn't she steal his cake!"

EVA was very small, very blonde, had huge blue eyes and a mouth that couldn't decide to be sullen or smiling.

The first time Roger Blake laid eyes on her, he said, "Gee, but she's cute." Eva was an extra then. In fact, she had just been most effectively and profanely "bawled out" by an irate assistant director when she nonchalantly walked directly in front of the leading lady in a scene. Roger was visiting the set.

Eva—She Was So Pretty, and Helpless, and Cute!



Cute Trick

actually haughty, when her first bit was proffered. She was going to dine with Roger Blake that evening, and she saw to it that the director, the assistant and every last extra on the set knew it. If the electricians had evinced interest in anything but the prospects of overtime for the week, they might have been included in the secret.

They dined that night at the Ambassador. Eva basked serenely in the atmosphere of good food, music, and importance. Everyone knew Roger. Eva was presented to countless celebrities, and hoped no one recognized her fluffy pink evening outfit as a veteran of many ballroom sets.

"You look like a little wild rose," Roger told her. "Why have they passed you up so far, baby?"

Should she offer the excuse offered by almost any girl in Hollywood when someone inquires why success has not singled her out, "Because I wouldn't let the producer, director, assistant, or casting director, respectively, make love to me"? She decided that, for Roger, that was not such a good answer, so she merely shrugged and dimpled as at a bit of flattery.

THE news spread quickly on the lot that Roger Blake had fallen hard for a little blonde extra girl no one had ever heard of, but the executives were quite unprepared for his demand that she be given the ingénue lead in his picture.

They pointed out to Roger that while he was an idol on Broadway, he was an unknown, a beginner as far as the screen was concerned. And pictures were shown in thousands of places where Broadway was less than a street. Undoubtedly, he had the personality to put over the picture, but why take a needless risk? He must have a carefully selected supporting cast—a cast with names. The ingénue part was important—and who was this Eva Moore? Sure, she was cute—but could she be cute before the camera?

"I'll teach her. Let me give her two weeks of coaching

Hands reached out to touch Eva—to shake her hand. There was a demand for autographs. And Roger, standing in the background, felt small, and out of it

and you won't know the kid. She's cute, she's clever and she's a good little kid. You give her a chance, or I'll go back to New York."

"Well . . . All right, but if the picture's a flop you're through in Hollywood."

"I don't know anything about flops," said Roger Blake.

Eva didn't know what work was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

A Chevalier

Chevalier—giving the world both barrels of his tremendous personality, his zest, his charm! This is the straw-hatted Maurice who stormed and took America, also New York

By

Ida Zeitlin



MAURICE CHEVALIER was born in Menilmontant, the youngest of three sons in a family of laborers. His father died when he was ten, and when he had finished his schooling at twelve, he was apprenticed to a carpenter.

But his heart was elsewhere—on the stage of a small music hall of his neighborhood. There, at twelve, he made his debut as an amateur! Soon he was a poorly paid comedian, touring the halls. A few years later he adopted the conventional dress and the straw hat that mark his stage work today—and almost overnight became the toast of the Folies Bergères and the pet of Paris. Then, as success dawned, he entered the service of France as a common soldier.

It was the tragic war year—1914!

AUGUST, 1914. War burst over a horrified world, and the boys who were making ready to embark on the adventure of life took arms and went forth on the great adventure of death, instead.

To Maurice Chevalier the call came while he was serving the regular period of military duty required of all young citizens of France.

The German tide rolled Southward—mighty, irresistible. To stem it, France's standing army was rushed to the North, there to fight as long as might be while other classes were called to the colors and the full military might of the Republic was marshalled.

Much has been written of Britain's little army of "Contemp-

tibles," whose dogged, fighting retreat from Mons kept the German army from the Channel ports. The army of France was larger, and it, too, fought an equally courageous, though losing fight, stretched far across the Motherland from Belgium to the Swiss border.

We have not heard quite so much of these gallant *poilus*, in the pitiful blue coats and red trousers of peace time, who stood against the field-gray masses until Papa Joffre could rally his strengthened forces and roll the enemy back from the Marne.

But a young war poet wrote well of this first French army—the flower of the nation's youth, who first met the enemy horde and made their country like a castle—

"Their breasts the bulwark, and their blood the moat."

In this first army, that melted away like the snow of spring, Chevalier served as a private in a regiment of infantry.

In those fearful, tragic early weeks of war there were no set engagements,

with names that now have a place in history. It was one long battle—never ending, day and night. The French army fought, and then retreated, still fighting—hurled backward by the might of the great gray war machine from the North.

In one of those nameless battles of 1914 Chevalier fell, wounded in the chest by shrapnel. His right lung was pierced. The wound might well have been mortal.

In the days of that terrible retreat warfare was still open—the retiring French had not even a protecting shadow between their bodies and the terror of the shells. When Chevalier's company found a roadside ditch in their path, it was as though God's arms had opened to receive them.

Dizzy and sick, Maurice managed to pick himself up and tumble into the poor shelter with his comrades, dimly realizing

of France

PART 2

Maurice Chevalier Goes to War—and Comes Back to Cap- ture Paris with His Smile

that later he might drag himself to the dressing station farther back.

But he soon saw that his presence with his friends was only a hindrance. He stumbled and fell in agony. Anything, he thought, would be better than this torture.

DELIRIOUS, he climbed from the ditch and started back—fell, rose again, wavered a few steps, fell unconscious. He did not know that bayonets were flashing in the shelter he had just left, and that his comrades were killing and being killed as the German wave rolled over them.

He lay like one dead, on that pitiful battlefield, his life saved by the same freak of fate that had taken his fellow soldiers' lives.

When Chevalier recovered consciousness, he was in the field dressing station he had been trying so desperately to reach.

But he didn't stay there long. Within a few hours it was captured by the Germans, and the wounded were placed on hospital trains and sent, as prisoners of war, to the hospital in the city of Magdeburg.

So ended Maurice Chevalier's active service for France in the Great War.

No "hero," in the abused sense of the word, this smiling fellow. He was a soldier of his country when the call came. He faced the enemy bravely, interposing his body between the Northern host and his country's heart. In the heat of battle, he fell, gravely wounded. Could any man do more?

A brave man and a good soldier. Those two titles belong to Maurice, and no man can ask for better.

The German shrapnel that entered Chevalier's lung more than fifteen years ago is still there—sometimes stationary, sometimes roving. Sometimes troublesome, more often not.

The doctors at Magdeburg decided it would be less dangerous to leave it where it was than to operate. When questioned as to whether he thinks they were right, Chevalier shrugs his shoulders.

Shrapnel in the lung is no unmixed blessing, but it might very well have been worse if they'd tried to remove it. It no longer bothers him actively. He is conscious of it on rainy days, and it prevents him from dancing as energetically as he once did.

BUT what he probably regrets most is that it put an end to his boxing activities. He had been one of the best amateur boxers in France, and had kept in trim by sparring so vigorously with professionals that he sometimes had trouble repairing his damaged face sufficiently to present it to his audiences.

He is still an ardent fan, and may frequently be seen at boxing matches, accompanied by a slim, dainty young woman, whose glowing, dark eyes follow an exciting bout with the intelligence of a *connoisseur* and an enthusiasm hardly less than her husband's.

In connection with his boxing prowess, a story is told, too good to be omitted here. It happened

in wartime, after his return to Paris, when the well-known piratical tendencies of Parisian taxi-drivers were uncontrolled. The particular robber, who had taken Chevalier and the lady he was escorting to a popular café in the heart of an Apache section, demanded something so grotesque in the way of fare that his passenger—never a man to be bamboozled even by a taxi-driver—laughed in his face and offered him what he considered a reasonable fee.

The taximan eyed it, spat with great deliberation, and delivered himself of a stream of crackling language intended to convey his excessively low opinion not only of Chevalier and all his ancestors, but of the lady with him, who, he stated, was, in point of fact, no lady.

Chevalier knocked him down, and an unsympathetic crowd



The young prisoner of war. Chevalier at the German prison camp of Alten Grabow in 1916, after he had been wounded and captured in one of the 1914 battles



King of the Paris music halls! Chevalier during his early fame in the French capital, when he was as much one of the city's great sights as Montmartre and the Eiffel Tower

gathered—the taximan was one of their own, and the stranger was far too well dressed to take their fancy. As he tried to force a lane through the jeering throng, there loomed in his path a vaguely familiar and unattractive face which he suddenly recognized as that of a notorious bad man who went by the appealing name of *Zuzu des Batignolles*.

Beginning at his patent leather shoes and traveling upward to his top hat, Zuzu took Chevalier in, while the crowd held its breath in gleeful expectancy. At last his narrowed eyes met those of his enemy. "So you're the guy," he croaked, "that eats everybody."

"No," answered Chevalier, "I don't. But neither do I allow anyone to insult a lady under my protection."

But Zuzu wasn't going to have his big scene ruined. "So you're the guy—" this

time he bellowed it, crouching a little and thrusting his ugly jaw under Chevalier's nose, "—that *eats* everybody!"

A moment earlier, searching vainly out of the tail of his eye for a policeman, Chevalier hadn't the faintest notion how he was going to get his companion and himself out of this mess. Now he stopped thinking, and acted almost automatically. To a boxer that jutting chin was a thing of beauty, "a gift," as he himself described it later, "dropped straight from heaven."

His elbow jerked back, his fist shot forward, and the next second Zuzu lay sprawling in the gutter among his stupefied admirers, while an elegant young gentleman and his girl went sprinting down the street as fast as their legs would carry them.

WHILE Chevalier lay in the hospital at Magdeburg, too sick to know or care what was going on about him, the military authorities reported him as missing. For three months his mother had no word from him—for three months Paris hummed with conflicting rumors of his fate—he had been killed, he had been captured, he had lost his sight, his arms or his legs had been amputated.

At the end of three months a letter to his mother got through, putting an end to conjecture and relieving her heart of its blackest dread. And now, as never before, her son might rejoice in that early resolve of his to save half of whatever money he might earn—for it was thanks to that resolve that his mother was spared the misery of want while he was gone.

From the hospital he was sent to a prison camp where, with fifteen or twenty thousand fellow prisoners— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Maurice Chevalier

CASIN

Monsieur and Madame Chevalier sitting before one of the mammoth posters which heralded the appearance of the star at the far-famed Casino de Paris

Valentino's Memory

The Valentino Association is evidence that his art and his kindness still survive

WHILE preparations were being made this Spring in Hollywood to commemorate Rudolph Valentino's birthday, May 6, by the unveiling of a memorial statue to his memory—a symbolic piece of sculpture called "Aspiration," which does not bear any likeness to Valentino personally—the Valentino Association commemorated his natal day in England in a way they felt was characteristic of the real Valentino.

The sum of three hundred pounds was collected and a check for that amount presented to the Vice-Chairman of the Italian Hospital in London. It will be used for the complete renovation of the children's ward, which is now re-christened the "Valentino Ward." A new ultra-violet ray lamp for surgical treatment was also bought, inscribed with the star's last words:

"I want the sunlight to greet me."

Shortly after Valentino's death, on August 23, 1926, an actress gave a slanderous interview to the London press. Apparently, she thought she saw a chance to get some lurid publicity.

IT was more of a chance than she reckoned for. Her confessional memoirs of the "Great Sheik" were neither to her credit nor to his. Moreover, they were not true.

But Valentino's friends were not dead. In a small town in England, there lived a lady who knew all about Valentino. She resented the slanderous statements made by the inventive actress.

So she took a train to London, and Valentino's niche among the immortals began to be carved out. She confronted the actress in her apartment and asked her to retract her false statements. The girl refused.

Up to that time the lady had lived a life of retirement, but now she called in the reporters and gave her first interview. Her admiration for Valentino's work and what she felt to be his true nature went deeper than an infatuation for the turn of his lip, or the lobe of his ear. Since he could no longer speak for himself, she would be his champion against any one who fatten-

ed her publicity by defaming his memory.

The lady's interview proved a complete alibi for Valentino as to time and place. After it had appeared in the papers she, as well as the editors, were surprised to find hundreds of letters pouring in from every part of Great Britain, the Dominions over the seas and America. All were full of praise and thanks for the action of Valentino's champion.

From the great correspondence that developed from this chivalrous action, the Valentino Association was formed, to protect and perpetuate his memory.

AS the membership grew, the Association dues were set aside to create a Valentino Memorial Fund. The problem of just what to do with the fund began to puzzle the Association, and that is how they learned about a secret kindness of the great star.

Remembering that Valentino was an Italian by birth, the lady, who was now secretary of the fund, looked in the telephone book to see if there was an Italian hospital in London. There is. It takes patients of all nationalities and denominations.

By an odd coincidence, Valentino himself had once discovered it, quite by accident. He was searching for an address in that part of London one day and asking the way, was told it was in the square "near the Italian hospital."

He was alone at the time and one of his sudden impulses to do something generous came over him.

He entered the door of the hospital with eager steps.

THE institution was run by an order of nuns, and one of the sisters asked him what he wanted. Valentino was a little embarrassed. He said it was nearing Christmas and he wondered if he could help in any way to make it happier for those in the hospital—especially the children's ward.

The sister smiled sadly and shook her head. The hospital was very poor, she said. They could not do anything for the sick that Christmas, and as for the children's ward, there was none. The children all had beds in the adult wards.

Valentino dashed out of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



He is now remembered for other things besides the turn of his lip, the slumbrous eyes, the handsome physique

Hollywood's Beaches Flash With Color This Season!



COLOR and individuality are the two keynotes of this year's bathing suits, as far as our movie girls are concerned. They either design them themselves or call on the studio artists, and all the creations are gay with bright colors. These are the models chosen by Joan Crawford and Raquel Torres.



Dumb and nervous interviewer: "Oh, —er—Miss Bow—is there anything —er—unusual I could tell my public about you?"

Reeling Around with Leonard Hall

Our French Pal

*It gripes my innards when I hear
So many call him "Shevaleer,"*

*And out they go into the alley
Who do no better than "Shevalley."*

*And one gal set my bangs afire
By speaking of our "Shevaliar."*

*So in a simple case like this
Where few can click and most must miss—*

*Believe me, I am never sorry
That I just call the old boy "Morry!"*

Anything for a Laugh

A screen actress, says the Town Crier, is suing her husband for divorce, charging extreme cruelty. He tried to make her learn the alphabet. . . . And did Earle Hampton tell you about the new Hollywood hit whose head bloated to the point where she needed Grandeur double-width film for her closeups? . . . Ernest Vilchez, signed to do Spanish versions in Hollywood, is said to be the "John Barrymore of Spain." All right, son, let's see your nose! . . . At a benefit in New York not long ago Warner Brothers contributed a new short, showing the American Flag in Technicolor. And the program read "The Star-Spangled Banner—Courtesy of the Warner Brothers." . . . Walter Winchell says an extra girl called up the head of a casting department. The conversation ran like this—"Oh, Mrs. Rose, have you anything for me today?"—"NO!"—"But Mrs. Rose, do you think you will have anything for me this week?"—"NO!"—"But Mrs. Rose, you never have anything for me!"—"Oh, don't bother me!"—"Oh, all right. Goodbye, Mrs. Rosenberg!"

Russian Wins Prize!

Reeling Around's Gag of the Month Prize—this month it is two quarts of slightly used tempo—goes for the first time to a Russian!

The Lucky Man is Serge Mikhailovitch Ivan Eisenstein, famous Muscovite director of "Potemkin," now in this country to show Paramount some directing. He was guest

of honor in New York at a typical movie tea party—crowds, chatter, gush, drivel, cocktails, sandwiches and 500 deadly bores.

"Mr. Eisenstein," drooled one woman, "I think what Russians REALLY lack is a sense of humor!"

"Ah, yes," said the director, looking over the motley, mewling mob. "Well, they'll laugh when I tell them about this party."

Getting Personal

The man who posed as the make-up expert with Gary Cooper on the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 24 was John McCallum, a character actor who plays bits in pictures. He says he recently co-starred with Cooper in "The Post." . . . Greta Garbo and George Bancroft were chosen as their favorite screen actress and actor by the Class of 1930 at Princeton. Good old Nassau! "Disraeli" was voted the best of the year's pictures. . . . Joan Crawford's favorite fruit is rhubarb, either in pie or in the nude. . . . Stunt fliers who used to get \$50 a day in pictures are now asking \$200. Reason—in order to keep within microphone range they have to fly within 500 feet of the ground—so low as to be very dangerous. . . . Over 17,500 extras are now listed at the Central Casting Office in Hollywood, and now and then one gets work. At least, it gives them a chance to say "movie actress" when the police ask their business. . . . William S. Hart was once a mail clerk. . . . Merchants of Stryker, O., are showing a talkie free each Wednesday night at the town's theater. This is to drum up trade from neighboring farmers. . . . Charlie Chaplin gets over 5,000 press cuttings a month from his three clipping bureaus. . . . Earl Carroll, casting his new "Vanities" revue in New York, wired to Hollywood for beautiful chorus girls! "It seems that all the beauty in the world has gone talkie," says Earl. . . . The former Kaiser of Germany is anxious to have talkies shown at his Doorn castle. Installation costs \$2,000, and the apparatus will be difficult to install. So he still sees silent pictures. . . . Winnie Lightner's sister, Theo, in vaudeville with Winnie as the Lightner Sisters, has opened an actors' agency in Hollywood. . . . Jetta Goudal's favorite flower is the pink carnation. . . . A small phonograph record of Valentino's voice, which he made for his own amusement in 1924, is to be offered for sale to the public. . . . According to the State Industrial Commission of California, there were sixteen fatal accidents during the making of motion pictures in 1929. Nine persons were permanently disabled, and 1,272 men and women checked in at the doctor's for this reason or that.



VOTE NOW

Balloting for the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is on. Clip This Ballot—Send it in!

IT is time to vote NOW!

It is the pleasant duty and real privilege of every true lover of the motion picture to help award the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor to the best picture released during 1929.

Thousands of ballots are pouring into the offices of this magazine. We urge you to have your voice in this outstanding award in the film world. Literally millions of fans have a voice in the choice.

So fill in the ballot printed on this page, clip it, send it along, and so do your share in rewarding good work well done!

Remember the high standards of previous awards. The PHOTOPLAY Medal was designed as a reward to the producer making the best picture in points of story, acting, direction and photography.

PHOTOPLAY also wishes voters to consider the ideals and motives governing the picture's production.

Remember all this when you cast your vote and remember, as well, the great array of previous gold medal winners. These nine winners of gold medals present a veritable panorama of motion picture progress.

Two things make the 1929 award notable. First, it is the tenth annual presentation of the medal. Second, it will probably go for the first time to a talking picture—that amazing product of the newest art.

A list of fifty important pictures released during 1929 is printed on this page.

It is not necessary, of course, for you to select one of these pictures. You may vote for any picture released during last year.

If you want pictures to continue their upward trend, here is your chance to do your share by expressing your opinion through this ballot.

In case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920

"Humoresque"

1921

"Tol'able David"

1922

"Robin Hood"

1923

"The Covered Wagon"

1924

"Abraham Lincoln"

1925

"The Big Parade"

1926

"Beau Geste"

1927

"7th Heaven"

1928

"Four Sons"

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1929.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1929

Alibi	Gold Diggers of Broadway	Saturday Night Kid, The
Blackmail	Hallelujah	Shopworn Angel, The
Broadway	Hollywood Revue of 1929	Show Boat
Broadway Melody, The	In Old Arizona	Sins of the Fathers
Bulldog Drummond	Iron Mask, The	Sunny Side Up
Canary Murder Case, The	Kiss, The	Sweetie
Case of Lena Smith, The	Lady Lies, The	Taming of the Shrew
Close Harmony	Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The	They Had to See Paris
Cock Eyed World, The	Letter, The	Thunderbolt
Coquette	Love Parade, The	Trespasser, The
Dance of Life, The	Madame X	Trial of Mary Dugan, The
Desert Song, The	Marianne	Virginian, The
Disraeli	On with the Show	Wearry River
Doctor's Secret, The	Our Modern Maidens	Wild Orchids
Dynamite	Pagan, The	Woman of Affairs, A
Fashions in Love	Paris Bound	Young Nowheres
Four Feathers, The	Rio Rita	

New Fashions for your Skin

by MRS.
ADRIAN ISELIN
II

"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too!

"Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bath-

*Skin fine
as Silk*

ing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, 'Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands.'

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraordinary pains the Famous Forty, who set the fashions, are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the grass

*That
Alabaster
look*

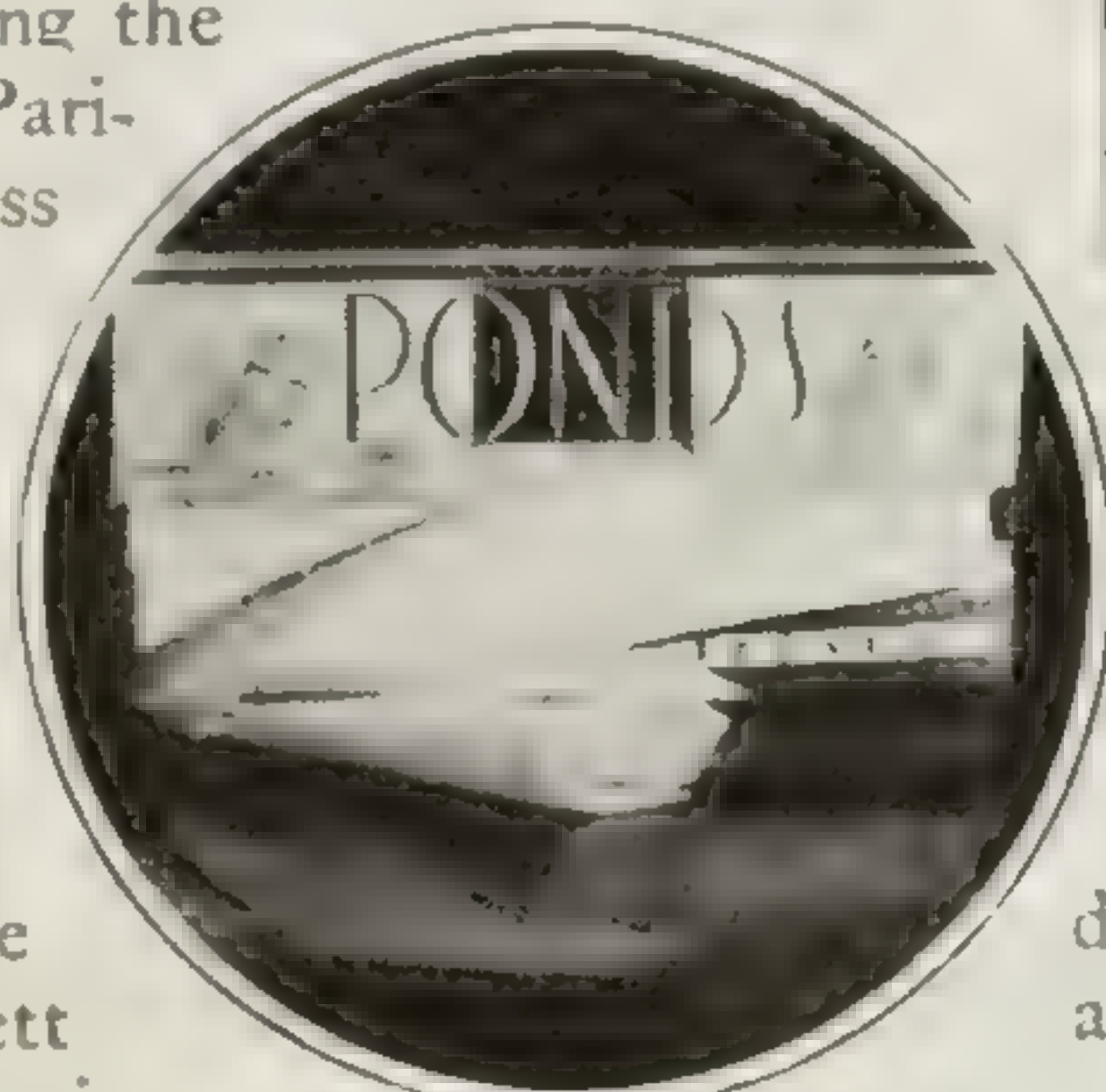
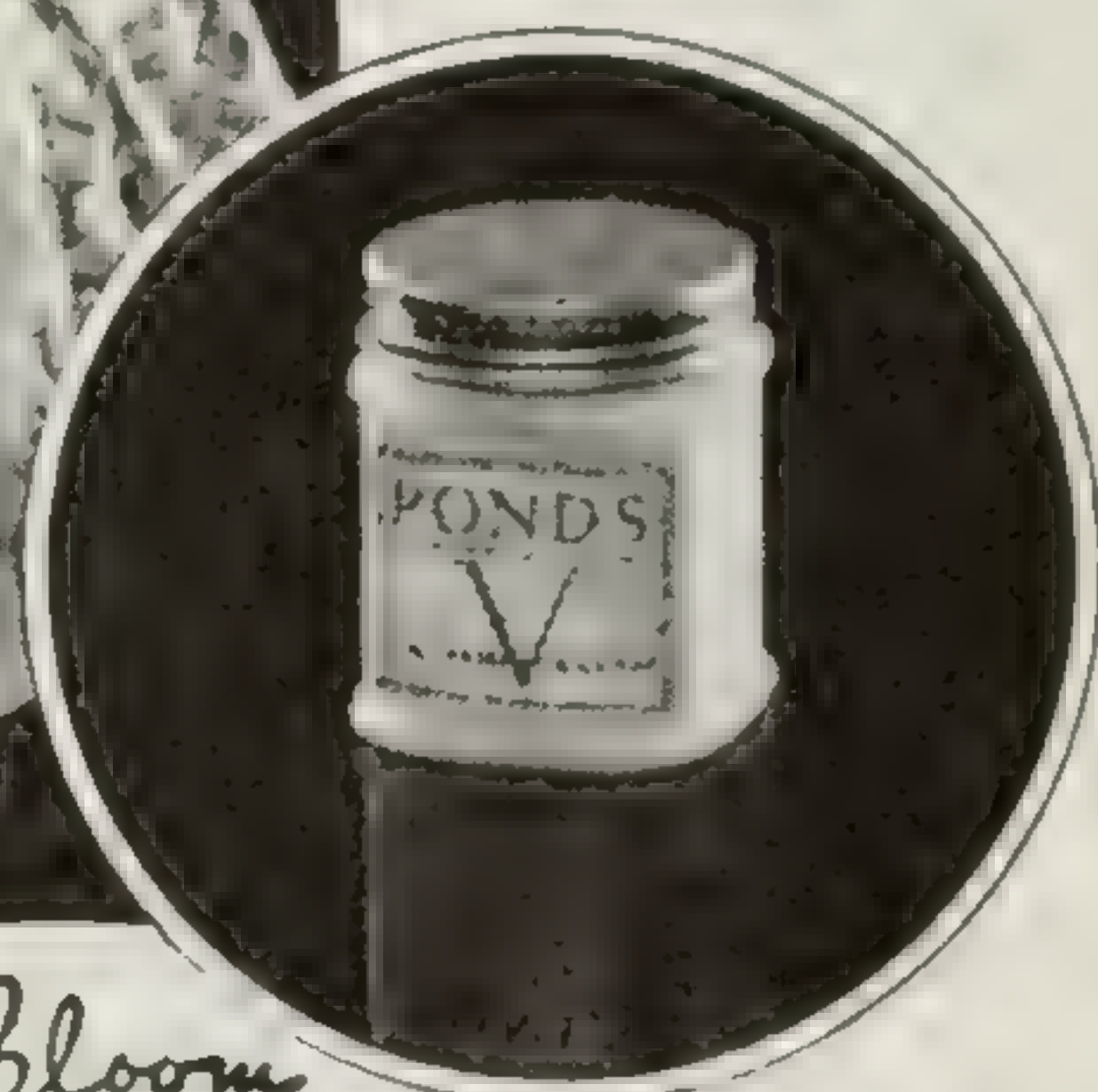
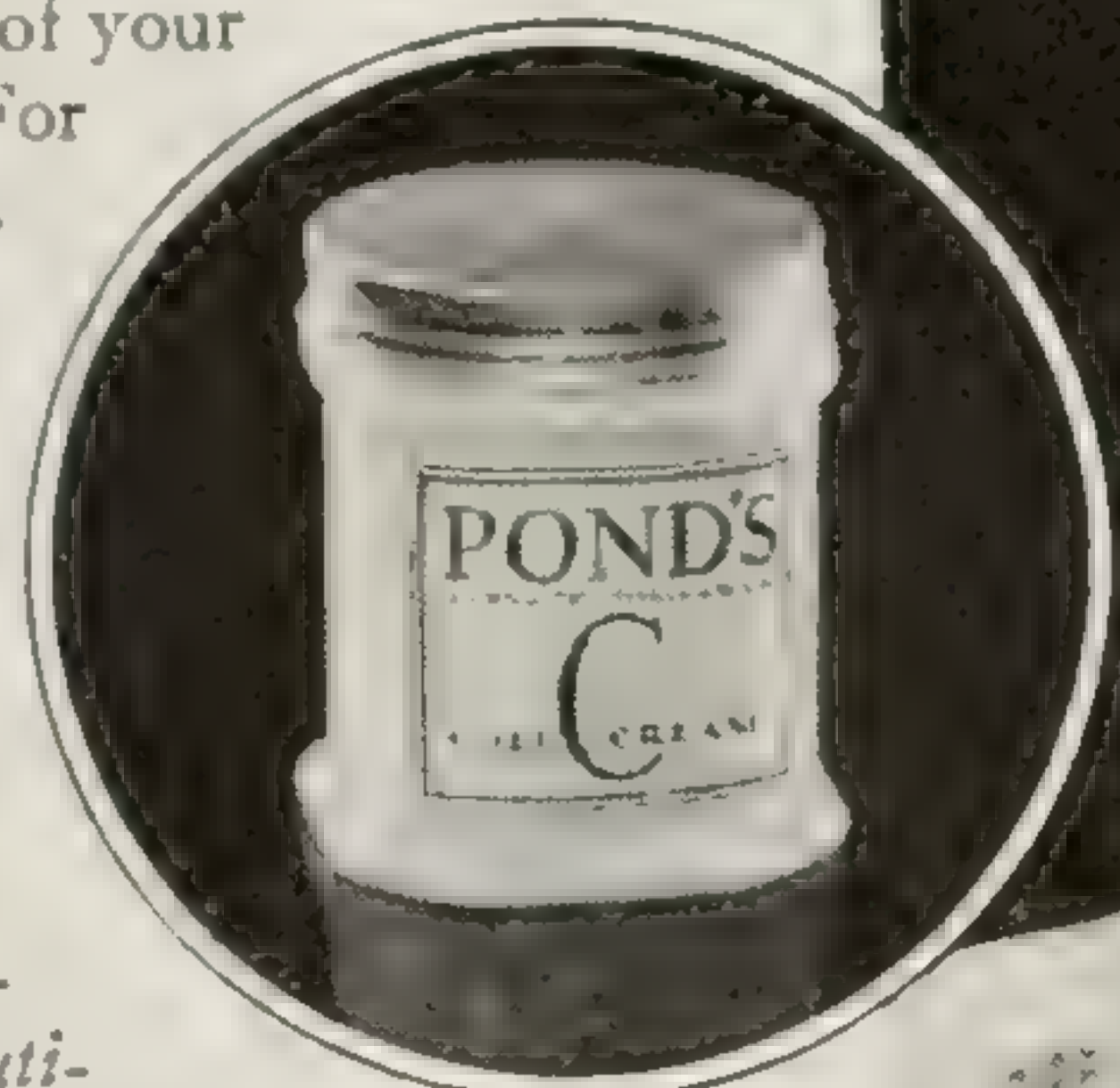
courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by air-plane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.

"I always use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care.

"To keep the skin like silk . . . Pond's Cold Cream, the lightest and most exquisite obtainable, for immaculate cleansing several times a



A personage of captivating charm, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, is the brilliant leader of one of the most exclusive coteries in New York.



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"To assure fresh natural color, Pond's Skin Freshener, which banishes all oiliness and shine and keeps the skin looking radiantly young.

"To bestow a peach-bloom finish . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, so delicate that only the daintiest film is needed for powder base and all-important protection from sun and wind.



*A Peach-Bloom
Finish*

And precious, too, to keep hands smooth and white.

"Try them, all four! Follow Pond's Method from today—and persevere! Here's to your charm and your success!"

Madeleine L'Engle Iselin

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

RECAPTURED LOVE—Warners

DON'T let the silly title mislead you. This is a bright little yarn about a married man who revives his youth with a cabaret dancer. The dialogue is sparkling, and Dorothy Burgess gives a characterization so realistic that you feel as if you've known her all your life. John Halliday is swell, too. You'll like this.

NUMBERED MEN—First National

THIS is from the play "Jailbreak." Bernice Claire, Conrad Nagel, and Raymond Hackett are excellent in the leading rôles, and Ralph Ince, the villain, and Ivan Linow, the heavy, are exceptionally good. Fair entertainment.

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS—Radio Pictures

CAN'T you imagine what Arthur Lake does with this rôle of the youth with a virulent attack of adolescent love, complicated with meddlesome parents? It's made to order for him. Sue Carol helps along splendidly, and with the fine help of a well chosen cast, achieve a phonoplay that'll make you happy.

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal

THIS is a typical Hoot Gibson Western with a few new angles to brighten up the aged business of the hero outsmarting the bad man and getting the girl in the last ten minutes of play. Sally Eilers plays her real life rôle—that of Hoot's girl friend—and plays it excellently. And if dear old Jack Richardson isn't still villaining as he did in the days of Warren Kerrigan! The dialogue is a bit poky.

BACK PAY—First National

WITH Corinne Griffith retiring, this last picture comes along to plague her exit from the active photoplay scene. For, in spite of Corinne's almost overpowering beauty, this film just isn't there. The story itself is weak and frayed, and Corinne's voice is deadly uninteresting. Too bad. Let's forget it!

NIGHT WORK—Pathe

THE latest Eddie Quillan picture leaps from wild farce to melodrama to comedy drama and back again—but if you don't mind this kind of mental hop-scotch you'll find it good entertainment. Most of the action takes place in an orphanage and there's some kid stuff that will make a hit with audiences. A fat youngster named George Billings waddles away with several scenes.

THE RIGHT OF WAY—First National

THEY'RE dusting off all the old ones and dressing them up with fine words. Here's your friend, "The Right of Way," with Conrad Nagel in a fur cap and Loretta Young as the beautiful Canadian girl. The story starts out with a flurry of interest, but something happens to it along toward the end that makes you wish you'd stayed home.

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National

THIS is another of First National's gorgeously dressed, sumptuously mounted and very slow-paced operettas taken from the theater. It positively glitters, and some of its Technicolor is grand, but it is a ponderous piece of business. Vivienne Segal, Walter Pidgeon, Allan Prior and Myrna Loy sing the leads, and Louise Fazenda and Ford Sterling try hard for laughs. But the pace is funereal.

HOT CURVES—Tiffany Productions

YOU will like Benny Rubin in this. In fact, you will cry with him, for he plays a sympathetic, humorous rôle. And it's not what you think it is, unless you know your baseball vernacular. That cunning little comedienne, Pert Kelton, plays opposite Benny, and Mary Carr, Alice Day, Natalie Moorehead, John Ince and Rex Lease help.

THREE FACES EAST—Warners

THIS was a great stage play. It was fine silent stuff. But now, in this latest manifestation *a la* talkie, it comes out very confus-



Pictures' latest Boy Wonder! Leon Janney, who did such fine work in "Courage" that Warner Brothers signed him to a contract that will bring him \$300,000 in four years. He will make a Tarkington "Penrod" story into a talkie, for one

ing. They tried to make it ultra-mystifying for the audience, apparently, but they got the cast that way, too, it seems. It's too bad, but things like that sometimes happen to pictures.

BORDER ROMANCE—Tiffany Productions

THIS is rather a jumble of cattle rustling, love making beneath the Mexican moon, love stricken heroes and shooting affrays on the border, but one contribution does stand out and shine—that of little Armida, the dark-eyed Mexican who has the leading rôle. Senor Don Terry, the leading man, is quite amateurish, and the story gallops all over the place in a silly way, but this Armida is a knockout.

THE MAN FROM WYOMING—Paramount

THERE is so much real charm in some of the scenes of this war picture with a Western title that it's a pity it falls short of its own standard. But Gary Cooper has a quality of tenderness and sincerity that grows with each performance he gives, and June Collyer is grand. You should see it.

TOP SPEED—First National

A MUSICAL comedy, with emphasis on the comedy. Jack Whiting, of the stage, is a personable hero and Bernice Claire sings like the proverbial lark. But to us the whole thing is simply a framework for the antics of Joe E. Brown and Frank McHugh. The highlight is a thrilling speed-boat race.

WILD COMPANY—Fox

THIS would be just another one of those younger generation, wayward son of a rich father films, if it were not for the acting of Frank Albertson. This eighteen-year-old high school kid gives as clean-cut a performance as you'll see in many a moon. H. B. Warner, as the father, is his usual suave self.

LADIES IN LOVE—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.

A PICTURE that provokes laughter—but at the wrong moments. The plot centers about a radio broadcasting studio. A musician composes a song which is crooned over the air by a girl singer. They meet and fall in love. That's the plot, but there are several counter-plots, all flimsy. Alice Day, Johnny Walker and James Burtis do what they can with it.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National

THIS famous old Belasco drama has been good entertainment for many a year and it doesn't fail us now, though Ann Harding gives it its real zest. However, a fine supporting cast—gamblers, cheaters, and *Girl of the Golden West* match their wits in cheating, but a strange destiny works a surprising finale. Don't miss your old favorite.

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M

HERE'S another Billy Haines picture, the title of which lets you in on the big secret that Billy is a smart city slicker who becomes a cow-hand, wears woolly chaps and teases the boss, who turns out to be—guess what!—Leila Hyams. It's one of the funniest Haines opi in a long time and you'll enjoy it.

THE BAD MAN—First National

SCORE one more for Mister Walter Huston! Swaggering lustily through this sage-smelling melodrama of tangled loves and intrigues, he makes a well-worth-the-time picture out of something that might have flopped but for his presence in the cast. You'll get a kick out of this while Huston's *Bad Man* is on the screen—and praise Allah, that's most of the time.

THE SEA BAT—M-G-M

NOT quite bad, but oh how much better it could have been! Another of these raw-life-in-the-tropics affairs, with a giant and ill-tempered fish thrown in for added menace. Charles Bickford does the best he can as an escaped convict masquerading as a missionary. Others in the cast are Raquel Torres and Nils Asther. It's just another talkie, ho hum!

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia

TANGLED love affairs in American military circles in Haiti make this into a murder mystery with a few dashes of humor. On the stage it was British military circles in India. Aileen Pringle, now the beautiful blonde, does fine work as the selfish wife who commits murder and then kills herself, while Helen Johnson and Grant Withers are good in support.

if
you
like
Lemon

THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION

Inimitable... juicy... rich with an incomparable flavor... like the fruit itself... Lemon Life Savers are winning a nationwide popularity overnight... the flavor actually *flows* from these delectable drops.

Perfectly packaged... sealed tightly for protection... now in the famous Life Saver shape... these little fruit rings come for your approval... fresh... dainty... tantalizing... an amazing new taste sensation. Also Orange, Lime and Grape.

*fruit
drops...*

with
the
HOLE



Try Maybelline Eye Shadow



MAYBELLINE products may be purchased at all toilet goods counters. Identify the genuine by the Maybelline Girl on the carton.

MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago

This delicately perfumed cosmetic *instantly* makes the eyes appear larger and intensely *interesting*! It deepens the color and imparts a wonderful brilliance that vivifies the expression, at the same time giving new loveliness to all the tones of the complexion.

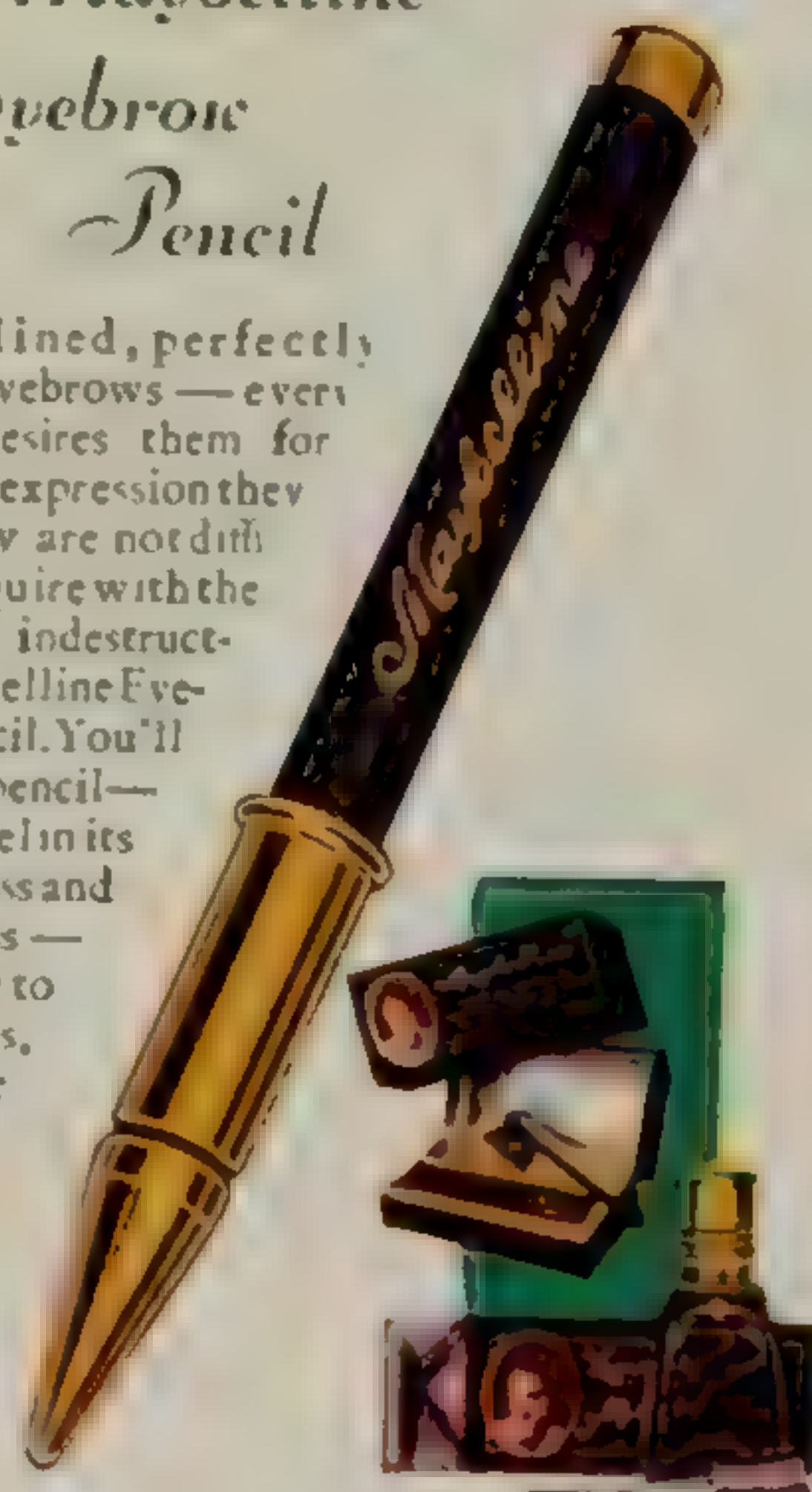
Applied lightly for daytime use and with somewhat deeper shading in the evening, the four colors of Maybelline Eye Shadow are most effectively used as follows: Blue is to be used for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. If you would make the most of your appearance, a thrilling discovery awaits you in Maybelline Eye Shadow. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity at 75c.

Lashes Appear Longer by Using Maybelline Eyelash Darkener

Dark, luxuriant lashes are essential to feminine beauty and Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the choice of millions of women the world over. A few simple brush strokes of either the Solid or Waterproof Liquid form and the magic of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is achieved instantly. This easily applied, perfectly harmless beauty aid, in Black or Brown, will delight you, particularly when applied after Maybelline Eye Shadow. Be sure to insist upon *genuine* Maybelline. Price 75c.

and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

Neatly lined, perfectly formed eyebrows — every woman desires them for the added expression they lend. They are not difficult to acquire with the new style indestructible Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. You'll like this pencil — you'll revel in its smoothness and cleanliness — it's so easy to use. Colors, Black or Brown, 35c.



Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

Gloria's New Coiffure

Gloria has upset the hair styles again! It's an old Swanson custom! This time, however, Gloria's change of coiffure fashion is good news for lots of people. For the hairdressers — to whom the girls will flock to have their locks put up "the way Gloria wears hers in 'What a Widow!'" And for the hairnet makers, whose business was knocked to bits by the bobbed hair mania which swept the world. But only fairly long hair can be arranged this way



Here's the way Gloria's new hair dress is done. First, part the hair on the left (see profile view). The hair to the left of the part is combed toward the back and pinned flat, while the long hair to the right of the part is brushed around the head from left to right. This long swirl, kept low (see back view), continues around to the left to cover hair on left of part. The swirl is then brushed over the part and is held on the right side by the ornament

*Pictures by
Russell Ball*



THE WAY to be

As revealed to KATHERINE ALBERT

by

Lila Lee

"EVERY normal girl wants to be captivating," says Lila Lee, the girl whose dark fascination has made her an adored favorite on the screen. "And every girl can be if only she will keep her skin always lovely.

"For smooth, soft skin has an *irresistible* charm—a charm which every screen star, certainly, knows she *must* have.

"Hollywood directors discovered long ago that only with ravishingly beautiful skin can a girl win her way into the

public's heart, and hold her popularity.

"When you face the glare of the great close-up lights, you know that even the tiniest flaw in the skin is fatal! So you see why smooth, fine-textured skin is especially important to a star!

"A few years ago some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap and now most all

of us do—and are delighted with it!

"Its lather is so quick and gentle, and it keeps the skin smoothly clear—with that soft, glowing look that is so *tempting*.

"Naturally, my advice to the girl who wants to be winning is *take regular, intelligent care of your skin!*"

Hollywood—Broadway—European Stars—use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. *All* the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms!

The lovely Broadway stage stars, too, have discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin just the gentle care that is required to keep it exquisite.

And now the European stars are using this fragrant white soap! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes—today.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull, Hollywood

AILEEN PRINGLE, the star whose loveliness wins hearts by the thousand, says: "Smooth, exquisite skin is a screen star's most priceless possession! Make-up is of little help under the great close-up lights. Her skin must be genuinely lovely! Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine petal-smooth."

LAURA LA PLANTE, lovely Universal star, is one of the alluring stars who depend on this fragrant white soap for complexion beauty: "Like those very expensive French soaps, it gives my skin a marvelous softness."



Photo by Ray Jones, Hollywood

LUX Toilet Soap . . .

WINNING . . .



MARGARET LIVINGSTON, charming Columbia star: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth!"



DOROTHY REVIER, popular Columbia star: "The nicest soap I ever used. It's really delightful!"

LILA LEE, irresistibly beautiful favorite of the screen, in the luxurious bathroom designed for her by a well-known artist and built in Hollywood. At home, as in her dressing room on location, she cares for her exquisite skin with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "A screen star's skin *must* be so smooth and flawless, it is not strange we all use Lux Toilet Soap!"

Photo by Longworth, Hollywood

Luxury such as you have found only in fine

French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

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Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



P. and A.

Do they mean it? Jack Gilbert and his old enemy, Jim Tully, hobo author, shaking hands on the Metro lot and saying they're glad they'll be in the same talkie. Friends now? Look at the way those two left fists are cocked ready to throw. Dear, dear!

Gloria Swanson and Charles Chaplin. So Mary and Gloria were haled into court and testified briefly and positively that Raw was wrong and that they'd never even heard of him.

Chaplin evaded court process servers for four days. And when he did finally take the stand, he gave the courtroom a laugh.

"Where do you live?" he was asked.

"Beverly Hills."

"What's the address?"

"Er—well—I guess I must have an address, but I can't remember it."

Well, what's your phone number?"

"Ah—uh—I can't remember that, either."

He, too, said he'd never heard of Raw.

But here's the truth about Charlie's address and phone number: It's not that the comedian doesn't know them. He was merely protecting himself by "forgetting" them on the stand, for if they had been published, his phone and doorbell would have been clanging constantly, thanks to cranks who pester movie folk.

THE Lila Lee-James Kirkwood unhappiness broke into the courts at last. Sad—and also inevitable.



The girl who picked up the great leading rôle in "Liliom" when Janet Gaynor pouted and laid it down. The beautiful Rose Hobart, who was on the New York stage in "Death Takes a Holiday" when signed for pictures

When Lila and Jim separated he made it clear he would go to any lengths to prevent her from getting custody of their child. And he refused absolutely to give her a divorce, even when all chance for a reconciliation had gone glimmering.

At last he seems to have given in on the divorce matter, and not long ago sued for a decree, charging that Lila deserted both the child and himself. And Kirkwood further says that a financial settlement has been made out of court, and that Lila has agreed to let him have the child.

Meanwhile, Miss Lee's attorney says she will file a counter suit.

One of those unhappy things that break out in Podunk as well as in Hollywood—only oftener, perhaps, in Podunk!

VARIETY says a Los Angeles city editor sent a reporter to check up on a Will Hays film conference. The leg-man reported to his superior that the confab was about adultery.

"Well, what did they say about it?" asked the boss.

"Why," answered the reporter, "they were against it."

ALICE WHITE is just plain sore. Her emotion is nothing so elegant as anger. That girl is mad.

Here's the story.

Seems as how Alice bought herself a lot of new clothes, among them a handsome black lace gown. Alice paid a lot of money for the dress and it looked awfully good.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Glory on the cheek.. Sparkle in the eye... Health

How a saline helps as much or more than the finest creams

FAITHFUL as they may be to their creams and cosmetics, many women still meet their mirrors with displeasure. Blemishes mar their beauty. Charm is overcast.

Yet it's folly to frown on beauty jars and boxes when they bring no loveliness that lasts. For the fault most likely lies in the failure to keep internally clean. Without internal cleanliness no complexion can approach perfection. And the way to it is safe and simple—the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

Yet not as a competitor does this famous laxative enter the lists of beauty aids—but as a potent champion of their effectiveness.

Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons that bring blemishes to the cheek. It

banishes the shadow of acidosis. It brings, instead, a skin of flawless fineness and the sparkle of brilliant health.

Seeking loveliness by the saline method is not new. For generations physicians, both here and abroad, have urged this natural means to beauty and well-being. The famous saline spas



—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—regularly draw the fashionable and distinguished people from the four corners of the earth to “take the cure”.

Under the saline method, constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication disappear. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom. For salines, by purifying the bloodstream, do generous good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better it makes you feel, and how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, “To Clarice in quest of her youth”, which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G80, 71 West St., N. Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, “To Clarice in quest of her youth,” which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



P. and A.

China's greatest actor listens to a playback of his own voice under the auspices of Mary Pickford! This is Mei Lan Fang, who made a three months' tour of this country last winter at the head of his own company. He will remain in Hollywood awhile studying motion pictures, but has no intention of working there himself

Isn't Kenyon a big boy now? Milton Sills, happy in his successful comeback and new contract at Fox, with his son. Master Kenyon, of course, is at least half the property of Doris Kenyon, Mrs. Sills. And the lad surely looks like his beautiful mother, of the theater and screen!



In the meantime it was learned that Constance Bennett spends a quarter of a million dollars a year on bodily covering.

That makes Connie the best dressed woman in pictures.

The Mayfair party arrived. Alice wore the black lace dress. Constance wore a white satin gown.

A few days later an item appeared in one of the gossip papers to the effect that the most stunning and best gowned woman at the Mayfair was Constance Bennett in a black lace gown and a long bob.

"Don't you see?" Alice wailed. "That was me. That was me in the black lace dress and they thought it must be Constance because she spends so much money. It isn't fair and I'll make that paper retract that statement if it's the last thing I ever do in this life!"

NEW YORK continues to run wild with picture actors, as usual. If they are not working in the East, they're playing, or taking a last look at Broadway before sailing for foreign parts.

Gwen Lee popped into town, and did a few night clubs and saw the sights, but admitted that she liked Hollywood a lot better. (Could Jack Oakie's presence in New York have had anything to do with Gwen's flying trip? Oh, tut, tut!)

Why, in one night club these misty old eyes saw Sally O'Neil and Rudy Vallée at a table—and Rudy had more eyes for Sally than for the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices
Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Diagram showing the space between teeth. Note how ordinary, heavy toothpaste (leaving "high surface tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the danger of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (leaving low surface tension) penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush can't reach.

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces...thus cleansing teeth completely.



IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food

particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste... hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely... *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder... it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M 604, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name

Address

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]



You've heard slangsters speak of "doggy" previews, but this is the first one you've really seen! "The Dogville Murder Mystery," one of those all-barkie dog comedies, is being shown for the cast. In the first row, Charles Bickford, Karl Dane and Anita Page with their pets

girls in the revue. Buddy Rogers was at the same place—and being a very good boy, too.

When they get away from the studios they sure do like to have good, clean fun. And why not?

THE elegant Constance Bennett is reported pouting at Pathe.

Her present salary is said to be \$1,750, sloping up to \$5,000 weekly at the end of the contract.

That, thinks Connie, is not enough. Pathe thinks it is, inasmuch as they have done a lot for the girl with boosting and bonuses.

There have been rumors that Connie was going a good deal uptown since she swept into Hollywood like a queen—with her servants, her Paris clothes, and her alimony of about a million. Maybe this is the result.

WELL, "Hell's Angels" finally opened—and *how* it opened. Not in years has there been such excitement along the Boulevard.

The day was made hideous by fleets of enormous trucks tearing up and down and depositing mammoth sun arcs on every available inch of curbing. Early in the afternoon the professional onlookers began to foregather in front of Grauman's Chinese, and by evening Hollywood's main street looked like Paris on the first day of the Revolution. Griffith in his palmiest and most spectacular days couldn't have done a more thorough job.

Huge arc lights played across the sky in moving lanes of light. Airplanes swooped hither and yon, dropping flares and parachutes. The boulevard was a solid mass of cars, moving at about the speed of Howard Hughes directing a picture. Mobs milled up and down the pavements. Whole families hung out of windows.

Kenneth Harlan tries again. Ken and Miss Doris Hilda Booth, of Somerville, Mass., as they applied for a marriage license in Los Angeles. He was formerly married to Flo Hart, and later to Marie Prevost. Harlan is 34, Miss Booth 23

Mothers told their first-born in hushed voices: "Remember this night, my son." And when the stars began to draw up in front of the Chinese Theater in their limousines there was a panic the like of which hasn't been seen since the Chicago fire.

Women screamed, policemen bellowed, children were trampled under foot, strong men fainted—and a pleasant time was had by all. Many of those attending the opening had to abandon their cars several blocks from the theater and tramp the rest of the way on foot, only to find themselves blocked by the seething mob of fans in the forecourt of the Chinese. More fun!

THE showing of the picture was preceded by a Grauman 'super-prologue' that was apparently achieved by laying end to end all the

vaudeville acts, circuses and musical comedies at large in these United States. In addition to which Harry Green introduced Frank Fay, who introduced Col. Roscoe Turner, who introduced his pet lion, Gilmore. Turner, who did some of the flying in "Hell's Angels," arrived in Hollywood just in time for the opening, after setting a new one-stop flight record from New York.

Eventually they got around to showing the picture.

And at 1:30 A. M. those who had not been trampled to death during intermission were able to go forth and say they had seen "Hell's Angels."

Note—the airplane scenes in the picture were wonderful; otherwise not so hot.

BILL HART paid a visit to King Vidor during the filming of "Billy the Kid." A very gushing actress rushed up to him and said: "Why, hello, there, Mr. Hart. When I last saw you you were playing the title rôle in such and such a Broadway production."



P. and A.

Hart withered her with a look. "Yes, madame," he said. "And that was just 32 years and 10 months ago."

THEY notified Polly Moran that she should take her twelve weeks lay-off. Polly went into Mayer's office.

"Mr. Mayer," she began, "I wish you could see your way clear to lending me to another company during my lay-off. My expenses are pretty heavy and I need the money."

Mayer looked stern. "Why should I lend you to another company? We've built up your name, given you good parts and good publicity and now you want another company to cash in on that. As a matter of fact, I just wrote you a letter this morning."

Polly's face went pale and she began check-
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

"There is one item of my home treatment which never varies—the preliminary cleansing of the skin with pure soap and water at least twice a day. For this purpose I always recommend Palmolive Soap."

Antoine

5 RUE CAMBON
PARIS



"The vegetable oils of Palmolive Soap

leave the skin soft, refreshed, responsive"

says ANTOINE

celebrated beauty specialist of Paris

"SOME clients seem to think," says Antoine of Paris, "that my treatment will give them a beautiful complexion with no more effort on their part than an occasional visit to my salon. 'You compliment me too much, madame,' I say. 'It is necessary for you to do your share between visits to my salon.'"

Antoine continues by stressing the need for soap and water cleanliness . . . and he prescribes, for this purpose, "just one soap—Palmolive."

"Its delicate yet penetrating lather," he says, "is the most effective means of clearing away every trace of dust and rouge and powder from the tiny pores of the skin."

Beauty specialist to Paris society

Paris society, New York society, the better figures in the theatrical world, form Antoine's exclusive clientele. He is one of the most far-famed of all Parisian beauty specialists with a reputation which extends to both England and America.

Antoine has, of course, experimented with various home beauty methods to determine which would be best. And he is convinced that nothing is so satisfactory as Palmolive.

Palmolive is pure. Its color is the natural color of olive and palm



oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes. It contains no other fats whatever.

And more than 23,720 beauty experts recognize its special advantages. They find that it cleanses as other soaps can not—that it removes impurities *without skin irritation*. Never has any product, of any kind, had such tremendous professional endorsement. This is the kind of endorsement—and the only kind—which women can trust, because it is the recommendation of those who know.

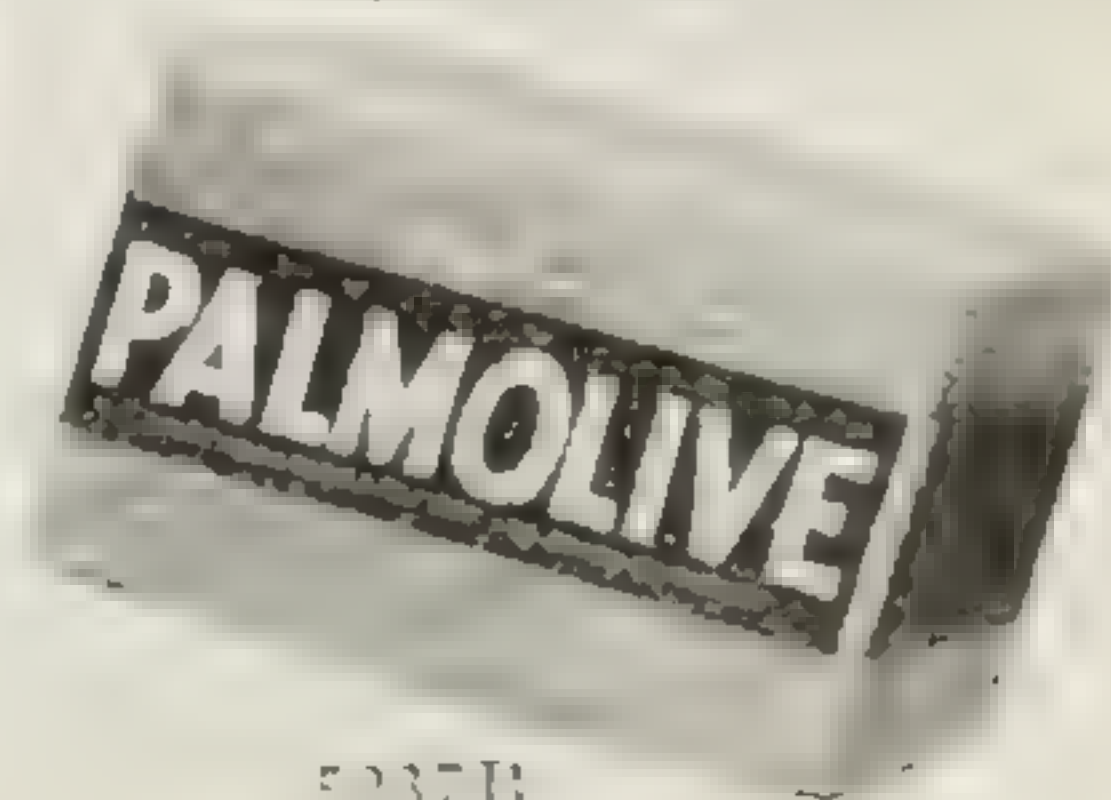
Here is the famous treatment

Massage a lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the pores for two minutes. Then rinse it away with warm water, till you can actually feel the pores being freed of impurities, dirt, make-up. Then rinse with cold water. There! Isn't that refreshing?

"I always recommend Palmolive Soap," says Antoine. And his clients find it ideal for the bath, as well. You will, too.

Olive oil, as combined with palm oil in Palmolive Soap, produces a lather which brings out natural loveliness. It protects the skin . . . is safe, soothing, delicate.

Retail Price 10c



5237B

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

ing up on option time. Mayer rang for his secretary and asked her to bring the letter he had dictated to Miss Moran.

He handed it to Polly. It read: "Enclosed please find check for \$5,000, a bonus given because of your very excellent work in 'Caught Short.'"

They carried Polly out swooning!

SVEN GUSTAFSSON is in London. Which means that Greta Garbo's brother is in the British capital, and getting quite a lot of notice. He looks like his famous sister, with the same coloring, eyes and even the eyebrows. He also acts, both on stage and screen, and he doesn't care for parties or mingling with new people. His chief enthusiasms are for languages, books, English clothes, the theater—and his sister. That can't be held against him. Do we hear any bidding in Hollywood for the handsome Sven?

IN Gary Cooper's new picture, "The Man from Wyoming," June Collyer plays the lead. She also gives one of the most ardent and sincere performances of her career and they say that there's a reason for this.

Some people are prone to pass the whole thing off like this: "June and Gary admire each other tremendously." But the fact remains that Gary's eyes light up when he sees her and they were always chatting together on the set.

"**COME** home—all is forgiven" or words to that effect. Anyhow Tom Mix's divorced wife forgave her eloping daughter, Ruth, when the seventeen-year-old girl married Douglas Gilmore.

Doug played the English army officer who treated Jean Harlow like she wanted to be treated in "Hell's Angels." Ruth's mama objected because Ruth was so young and had a promising career ahead of her. So the couple just upped and ran away to Arizona.

ERNST LUBITSCH, the director of the most sophisticated films that ever came out of Hollywood, has been sued for divorce by his wife, Helene. She charges a lot of things. Lubitsch should know about marriage and divorce. He's directed enough pictures concerning them.

AS we think sadly of the death of Rudolph Valentino four years ago, let us give a thought to his brother, Guglielmi, who is now fighting as best he can for something from Rudy's estate. Guglielmi is a pleasant, simple chap who left a comfortable government job in Italy to come to Hollywood some years ago.

After Rudy's passing someone talked the

surviving brother into letting a plastic surgeon try to remodel his nose so that it would be acceptable to the camera. He went through several such operations, until his nose was ruined and his wallet, too. Poor Guglielmi! He should have stayed in his own sunny land, working for King and Mussolini.

TWO stars of another day have been appearing in a stage show around New York. Agnes Ayres and Herbert Rawlinson have

wardrobe, and every time she appears in her new invention traffic is stopped for miles around. Reading from top to bottom the ensemble consists of a blue flannel jacket with natty brass buttons, and a pair of jaunty flannel trousers, cut fuller than a gentleman's nether covering. The sky-piece is a gob's cap, worn at a rakish angle.

BILLIE DOVE is in a fortunate position at the moment. She has a number of pictures yet to be released by First National through the summer and fall months, so she does

not feel the necessity of working during the hot weather and she is now taking the first vacation that she has had in many years.

The Caddo Productions purchased her contract from First National so that she did not have to make the remaining pictures there and she will begin her work with Caddo in the early fall. Howard Hughes, millionaire producer head of Caddo, evidently thinks a lot of Billie.

MARY LEWIS, the beautiful opera star now making her first singie for Pathe, is just getting over a big mad.

While she was making a quick trip abroad to visit her family, following the sudden death of her foster father, someone started a story that she had turned down a chance to play the lead in a French film called "La Belle Helene" because Helene was to appear wearing practically no clothes! All of which was news to Mary, who hadn't even heard of such an offer. Pathe was upset, as the rumor got about that her contract with them was off.

But it blew over, and

a slim and radiant Mary Lewis is preparing to sing merrily into the mike out at Culver City!

THIS sort of thing is bound to happen in Hollywood. Colleen Moore, who has just been divorced from John McCormick, gave a party one fine evening and among the guests were Jack Pickford, Marilyn Miller, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. Jack was once married to Marilyn.

Then he was engaged to Bebe. Ben was engaged to Marilyn after she and Jack separated and now he is married to Bebe. Just one happy family!

When Mary Pickford walked into Colleen's living room and saw the four together she burst into loud guffaws—if you can imagine Mary guffawing—and said to Colleen, "Good Lord, you haven't got Owen Moore hidden in the bushes somewhere, have you?" Owen was Mary's first husband.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Just another phase of the world-wide results of motion pictures, showing what Hollywood is doing to Tokio. It has been seventy-six years since Admiral Perry made Japan safe for Americans. Now someone will have to make Cherry Blossom land safe for the Mikados. Four little maids of Japanese motion picture studios demonstrating the broadening influence of that grand old missionary, the Rev. Mack Sennett. Now a kimono is just another mother hubbard to these four little maids

been laboring in a piece called "Jungle Love"—no doubt one of the classics.

"**THE** show must go on" theory has been rather cheapened by many maudlin movie plots, but there are many incidents to prove that the ancient adage is true.

Mary Astor, who has faced dreadful tragedy this year and bravely continued her career, fainted on the "Holiday" set at Pathe. She refused to be sent home, or have undue fuss made about her.

She knew that every effort was being made to finish the picture that day. In a few minutes she went on with her scene, as if nothing had happened at all.

BY this time we're getting worn down to the warp and woof from saying that Clara Bow isn't like other girls. But it's still true. It's a good thing, for there is always something new to say about the famous sorrel-top.

Clara has created her own summer sports



The **GODDESS** *who fell FLAT*

The Detroit papers called her one of Michigan's prettiest girls. At college they nicknamed her "The Goddess." Everybody predicted great things for her. Popularity. A career. Successful marriage. But she didn't live up to a single prediction. As the saying is, she "fell flat."

Of course she did! So would any girl *with the same trouble she had.*

The only one who doesn't realize that he or she has halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the victim. Social ostracism follows. Don't fool yourself that you are always free of this trouble. That is folly. Surveys show 1 person out of 3 is a victim—due to the fact that the mouth is the constant scene of germ activities, many of which result in bad breath.

50c-quality
LISTERINE
Shaving Cream
Now 25c

Keep yourself ever free of halitosis by the systematic and frequent use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash. Though safe and pleasant, Listerine is an active germicide* which immediately attacks the cause of odors. Then being a powerful deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves.

Keep Listerine handy and use it before any engagement, that you may appear at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Listerine kills the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time science has accurately recorded.)

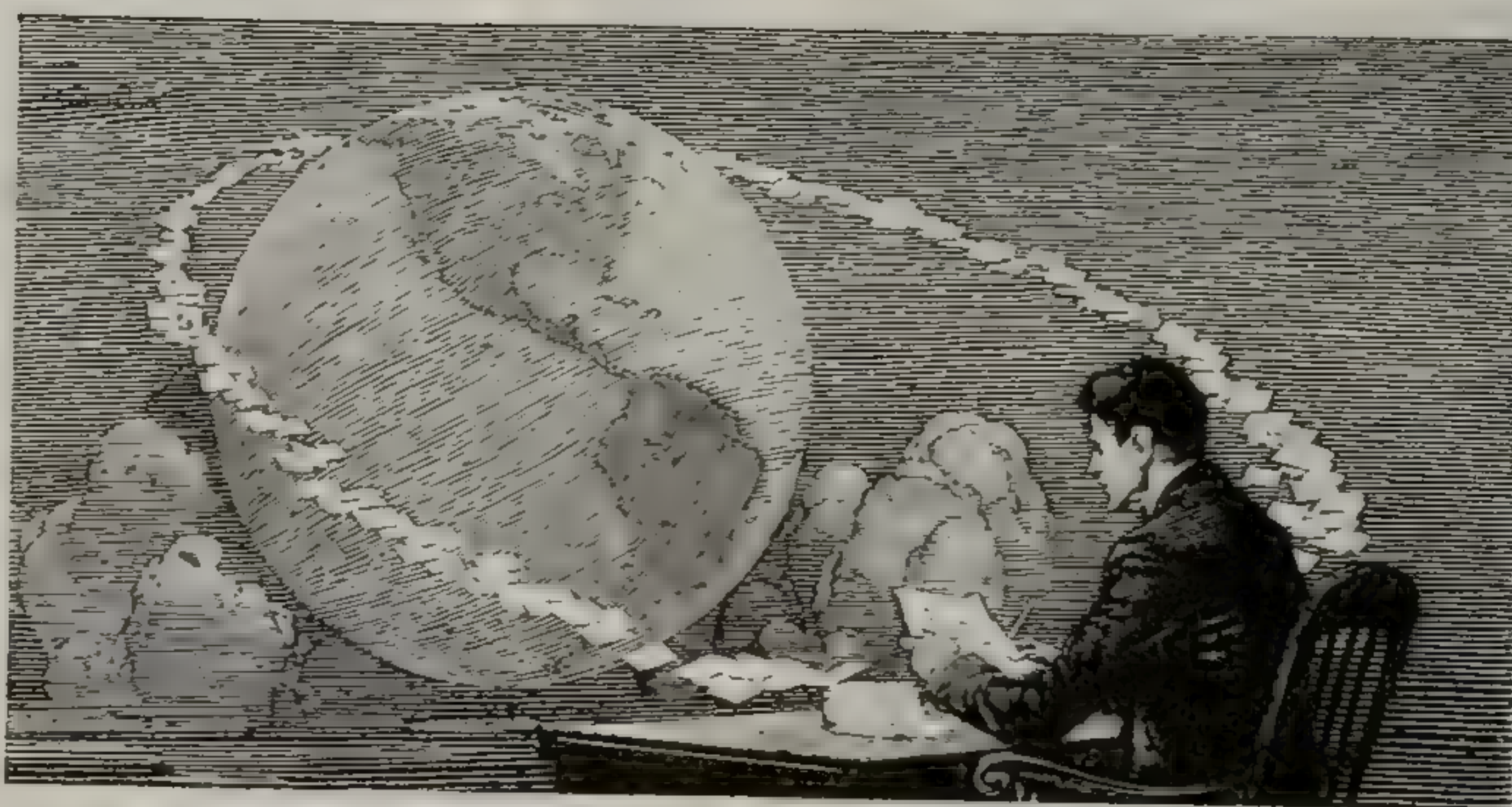
FOR HALITOSIS . . . LISTERINE . . . THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Z. H. W., LONDON, ENG.—Your favorite countryman, Ralph Forbes, made his entrance into the world September 30, 1901. He reaches 6 feet in height, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. Before joining the flicker colony, Ralph appeared on both the English and American stages. He has been married to Ruth Chatterton since 1924.

M. GORSKI, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Now to hop back to the U. S. A. That cute little vest pocket edition, Dorothy Lee, is just 5 feet short and tips the scales at 97 pounds.

E. A. K., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Why the sudden interest in the marriage license bureau? Loretta Young is married to Grant Withers; Charles Morton to Lola Medona, and James Murray to Lucille McNames. Dorothy Mackaill is divorced from Lothar Mendes. Buddy Rogers and Catherine Dale Owen are still single. Catherine hails from Kentucky, where she was born about 25 years ago. She is 5 feet, 6½ inches tall, weighs 128 and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

A DENNIS KING FAN, BROOKLINE, MASS.—A bromide would be good for a case like yours, m'dear. I never heard such raving. Dennis King, the target of your outburst, first saw light in Warwickshire, England, in November, 1897. He is almost a six footer, weighs 155 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. This may quiet your nerves a little. He is married to Edith Wright. At this writing Dennis is appearing on the stage again in London.

M. McM., NEW YORK.—Sidney Blackmer is a native of North Carolina, where he was born in 1894. He was married to Lenore Ulric in July, 1929. Buddy Rogers is 6 feet tall. Norman Kaiser is the real monicker of Norman Kerry.

T. J. C., NEWARK, N. J.—Before you and the fifty million other PHOTOPLAY readers, I salaam and beg forgiveness for saying that the beautiful Vilma Banky was a native of Sweden, when she really comes from Nagydorog, Hungary. If you fans would give me a break and not rave so much about the Glorious Garbo, I wouldn't be thinking of Sweden when my mind should be elsewhere. Greta Nissen hails from Norway.

EMP, EL CENTRO, CALIF.—You were right in two instances. Gwen Lee and Lilyan Tashman are the same height. They both reach 5 feet, 7 inches, while Sally Blane stops at 5 feet, 4. Gwen is about 24 years old. Ronald Colman is separated from his wife, Thelma Raye. You will soon see him in "Raffles" with Kay Francis. Ronny is 5 feet, 11 inches tall.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 122 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

MARY STRAUSS, CALUMET, MICH.—Little Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., November 25, 1905. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 90 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She is married to Robert Ellis.

MARIE BRYDA, WATERTOWN, CONN.—You girls have evidently come to the conclusion that as long as Janet Gaynor is in a picture, Charles Farrell must be part of the scenery too. You are wrong this time. Charles Morton and Barry Norton were the two youths who appeared with Janet in "Four Devils."

JOAN JORDAN, RHUDDLAN, WALES.—You will find Joan Bennett's address under "Addresses of the Stars," listed elsewhere in this issue. Joan is a native of Palisades, New Jersey, where she was born February 27, 1911. She is 5 feet, 5, weighs 108 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She is divorced from John M. Fox and has one daughter, Adrienne. Joan's two sisters, Constance and Barbara, are also in pictures.

S. DUDLEY, BRADENTON, FLA.—Back in 1920, Hope Hampton and Henry Woodward appeared in "The Tiger Lady." Lupe Velez' next picture will be "The Storm." Evelyn Brent boasts of Tampa, Florida, as her home town.

LOVELLA SCHMIT, DEMAREST, N. J.—I simply can't disclose my real name. After slaving all these years, I am convinced that I must have been christened "Gutta Work." William Powell, the man of your dreams, is a native of Pittsburgh, where he made his world entrance July 29, 1892. Bill is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. He is divorced from Eileen Wilson and has one son. In 1922 he entered pictures after spending several years on the stage. Leslie Fenton, who deserted the screen about a year ago, is now enjoying a hiking expedition which will take in the principal cities of Europe. Maybe when he has wearied of the scenery, he will return to the screen.

MATT, ORILLIA, WASH.—You little kiddie. Of course Clara Bow wasn't in the Duncan Sisters' picture "It's a Great Life."

GRACIELA, HAVANA, CUBA.—Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck were married October 20, 1917. Warner Oland is a native of Sweden. (I'm not quoting Garbo this trip.) The following girls were Baby Wampas Stars in 1924: Julianne Johnston, Dorothy Mackaill, Eleanor Fair, Ruth Hiatt, Lucille Ricksen, now deceased, Clara Bow, Marian Nixon, Margaret Morris, Gloria Grey, Hazel Keener, Carmelita Geraghty, Blanche Mehaffey and Alberta Vaughn.

SLIM, ARAPAHOE, NEBR.—As long as I communicated with your friend Diane last month I will give you a break this time. Lawrence Gray was born in San Francisco, July 27, 1898. He is 5 feet, 10; weighs 155 and has brown hair and green eyes. He is still a bachelor. Tell Diane that Ivan Lebedeff is a Lithuanian who came to America in October, 1925. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 148 and has black hair and dark brown eyes. He speaks eight languages, which makes him a good bet for the talkies.

TWO MOVIESQUE SOPHS, COLUMBUS, MISS.—What are the chances of my getting an introduction to the fifteen hundred members of the M. S. C. W. (Mississippi's Sweetest Collection of Women)? Although they are just too be-u-tee-ful to be true, Maurice Chevalier's pearly grinders are his own. John Boles only had to rely on a double for the German version of "Rio Rita." Jawn handled the English version himself. I'm a firm believer that one question brings on a hundred others. Beautiful Billie Dove was Jack Holt's "Light of the Western Stars" in the silent days.

EDYTHE MORTON, EAST ST. LOUIS, MO.—The theme song of "Hearts in Exile," was "Like a Breath of Springtime." Richard Arlen, whose family tag is Van Mattemore, hails from Charlottesville, Va. He is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighs 155 and has dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes. He is about 30 years old and is married to Jobyna Ralston.

A. M. BUEHRLE, DAYTON, O.—Gosh, can't you give the young folks a chance? Joan and young Doug are one of the most devoted couples in the movie colony. They have been married for over a year and there is no such thing as a separation between them.

DUDLEY DUNLOP, ANDOVER, MASS.—Ralf Harolde played the part of Mike Patello in "Officer O'Brien." Ralf seems to be a specialist in that type of rôle.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

KEEP YOUR SKIN HEALTHY IN 6 VITAL PLACES WATCH IT GROW..

Clearer, lovelier!

SAYS Frances Ingram

YOUR skin can be so clear, so satiny smooth and soft and young—if only you will use my Milkweed Cream and my special method to keep your skin *healthy*!

For Milkweed Cream is a marvelous corrective for the complexion. When you use it, you will understand my enthusiasm—you will see how its delicate oils cleanse the skin exquisitely and how its special toning ingredients help the health of skin as no other cream possibly can.

Let me show you how Milkweed Cream brings health and loveliness to your skin.

First, study carefully the six starred places on my famous mannequin—the places where lines and imperfections first appear to steal away your youth and beauty. Then, scrutinize your own skin at the same six spots. Is there a tiny, thread-like wrinkle here? A blemish there? Take steps to banish them, now!

The Milkweed Way to Loveliness

First apply Milkweed Cream generously upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if your skin is oily). Leave it on for a moment to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and lighter film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat gently into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, \$1 and \$1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A.M., (E.D.T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.



MY MANNEQUIN SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-80
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Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

INGRAM'S

Milkweed Cream

Flashing in the Pan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

that studio holds an option on her services. But Hollywood believes that Dorothy gave her best when she played "Arizona."

CERTAINLY no one is to blame for the failure of Stepin Fetchit but the gentleman of color himself. And here is a fine artist. I'm not kidding.

He had what all great artists have, the ability to be completely natural and utterly simple on the screen.

But naturalness and simplicity were not the gods of his private life. The boulevards rang with Stepin Fetchit stories.

His fleet of cars, his two footmen in red and green costumes, his disregard for speed and liquor laws.

The boy could not conform. It seemed that a stupid director insisted upon having his actors on the set at nine A. M., at which hour the rare spark of Stepin's genius did not burst into flame. If it pleased him to wander off the set and make personal appearances at a local theater he did so without consulting anybody.

Nor could he be made to realize that he was being paid to act. Stepin acted only when inspired.

Sometimes he had to wait for inspiration for days.

Fox decided to struggle along without Mr. Fetchit's services and now you can hear that tired voice and see that sloping forehead only in Hal Roach's comedies. How long this studio will put up with Step remains to be seen.

The sensation of "Hearts in Dixie" was, I'm afraid, just a flash in the pan and it was all his own fault.

THE "type" actors and actresses usually fare very badly. They appear in one rôle that suits them and then—no more.

There is Don Terry, the brilliant youngster in "Me, Gangster" who was so typed that only especially written rôles suited him, and he was not of sufficient box-office value to merit them.

There is Karl Dane, a one-rôle actor. He played the tobacco-chewing riveter in "The Big Parade." He's been playing it ever since in different costumes, but he doesn't fool anybody.

He had but one rôle to give to the screen. He gave. Dane's star has set because he was merely a type.

And there is the tragic story of Margaret Mann, who flashed into fame in "Four Sons," selected by PHOTOPLAY readers as the best picture of 1928. She achieved her remarkable success in middle life in a picture exactly suited to her talents. And then there were no more.

She was bewildered by this strange situation. Long after "Four Sons" was almost forgotten, she used to find her way to the publicity department and inquire pitifully, "Doesn't anybody want to talk to me? Doesn't anybody want to use a picture of me? Isn't anybody interested in me any more?"

They didn't have the heart to tell so elderly and so sweet a lady that she was merely a flash in the pan—a type who happened to strike her stride too late. She is an extra woman now.

ALL the old predictors got together on Sue Carol's career. She was the real thing. She had everything.

And while she was under contract to Douglas MacLean, there were more demands upon her than she could meet.

She was drawing a small salary and being loaned at an enormous one.

It wasn't right, thought Sue, so she broke her contract with MacLean and signed with Fox. But something that the psychologists can explain better than I made producers not half so anxious for her when she was free as when she had been bound to MacLean. Sue has passed the peak, and rumor has it that Fox won't renew her contract.

SEVERAL months ago her husband, Nick Stuart, was let out at the same studio. I may be wrong, but I'll bet a couple of oranges and a pineapple or two that the executives were hurt



There's a trick to this black crepe dress, worn by Betty Garde of "Queen High." When the bolero jacket is removed—there! you have a smart informal dinner gown

because Nick and Sue married secretly without telling their best friends.

Nor were their pictures made together any too successful.

They were too engrossed in young love to give much thought to careers.

The talkies have taken some of the old favorites. They have also swept aside many of the brilliant newcomers. Nils Asther leapt into fame—a brilliant actor, a heart-throb lover.

His fan mail was enormous. His following rivaled John Gilbert's.

But his accent was bad. He was a flash in the pan.

Baclanova was another. And Camilla Horn.

They may all work again. Baclanova, in fact, has a rôle in a Fox picture. But I feel sure that the golden opportunity is lost.

The public is fickle, particularly with its newer favorites.

As whimsical as Barrie himself is the fate of the Barrie heroes and heroines. Little Betty Bronson, who remains for me (and for you, too, I imagine) *Peter Pan*, has never lived up to her promise.

There's a reason for this.

Peter Pan was a foolproof rôle. It was tailor-made for Betty, but she was not wise enough to resist temperament, nor great enough as an actress to play other parts convincingly. She, too, is a one-rôle actress. And she has played that rôle.

Esther Ralston—ah, the charm of her in "Peter Pan"! On the strength of it she was starred by Paramount and they do say that Esther might still be a star had it not been for her husband, George Webb, who started to manage her career.

With few exceptions, like John McCormick, Colleen Moore's husband, and Walter Morosco, Corinne Griffith's, this is not a successful combination.

Greatest of all the Barrie players, perhaps, was Gareth Hughes. His *Sentimental Tommy* was one of the perfect gestures of the cinema world.

But he lived on the screen for one brief moment and then sank into obscurity.

MARY BRIAN, alone, seems to have survived. She played *Wendy* in "Peter Pan" and *Grizelle* in "Sentimental Tommy." She is still rated as a first-class leading woman.

Mary Duncan, she of "The Shanghai Gesture," came to the screen too late for the technique she brought it. She insisted upon wearing the absurd negligees of another era and the symbol of great emotion to her was the heaving bosom.

The picture public had long since grown tired of Theda Bara.

The short career of Ruth Elder was an experiment. Her pretty face and her world-wide publicity were not enough. And Molly O'Day, the great actress of "The Patent Leather Kid," could not combat obesity.

Lina Basquette, the victim of too much publicity before she was ready for it, is now in vaudeville with her husband, Peverell Marley, one time camera man for Cecil De Mille. Eve Southern, too tall and too much of a type, found work only at a small studio after she played in "The Gaucho."

THE flash in the pan—it is a symbol of Hollywood, a sudden, intense town that makes brief, decisive gestures. What children of the cinema now on the crest of the wave will fall heir to the title?

Winifred Westover? Will she find other work now that "Lummox" is released? Or is she merely a type?

And Raquel Torres, the brave little trouper of "White Shadows in the South Seas"? After months of inactivity she has been cast in "The Sea Beast."

It is her crucial test.

Will Edwina Booth be able to stand her ground after "Trader Horn"?

Had she remained at United Artists that vivid child, Lupe Velez, might have been a flash in the pan.

But she has signed a five-year contract with Universal and that studio is placing all their hopes upon her.

But there will be other bright young people who will rise and fall after one great picture and the critics will continue to hail new stars and insist that So and So "bears watching."

"It's like me as my shadow"

says BETTY BRONSON

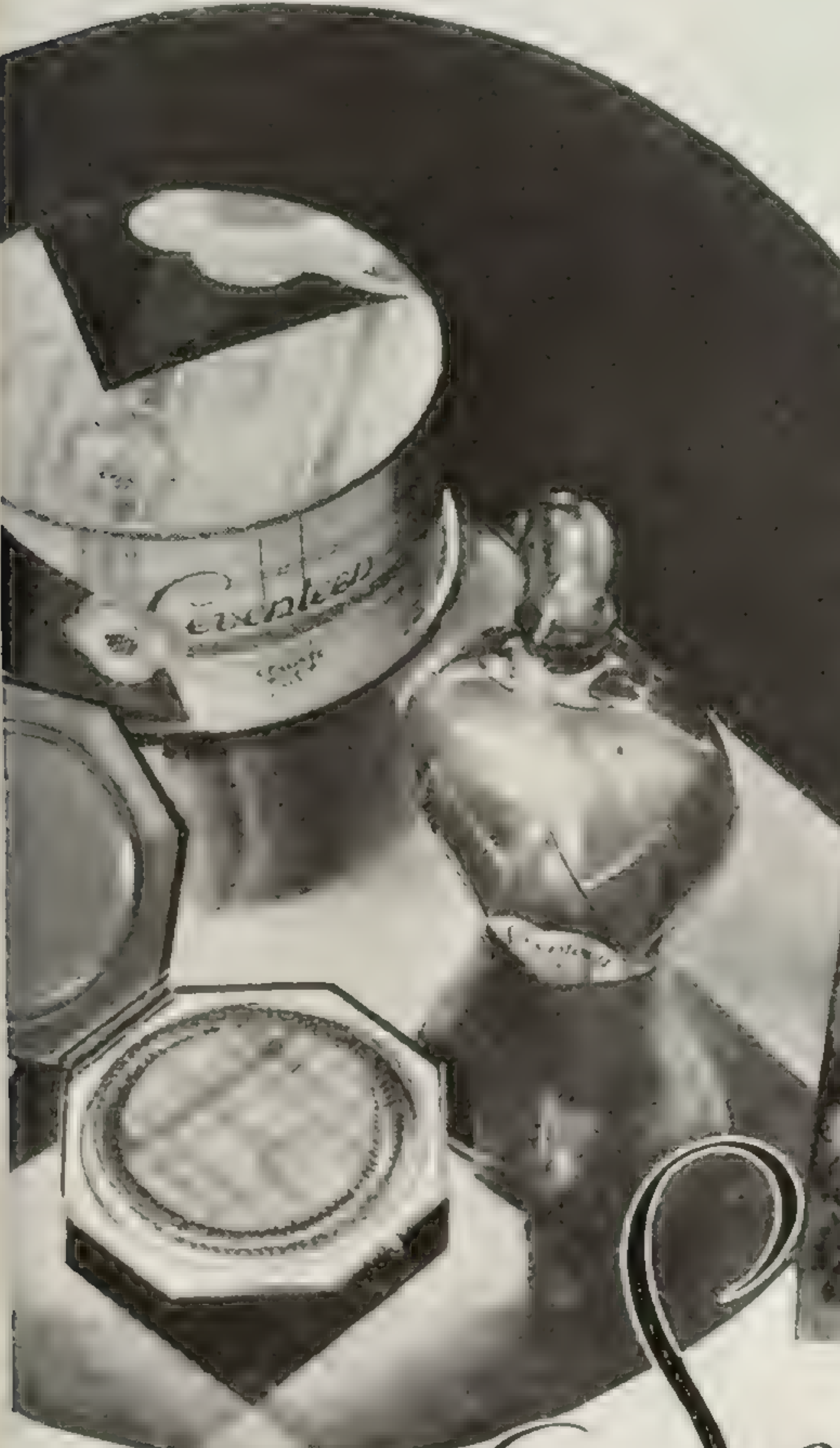
"Only, my shadow follows . . . this new perfume leads me! On and up . . . to new imaginings, to quicker thought, to lighter laughter. My new perfume commands me to keep step with Youth! Sweeps me into its glorious rhythm . . . who'd want to escape? Not I! I intend to wear this buoyant perfume always . . . to meet life under its dauntless spell. I intend to grow no older than its name, its mood . . . both are SEVENTEEN!"



Not a new idea . . . to match your perfume to yourself . . . but a new conception of you . . . is Seventeen. A modern you . . . a sparkling you . . . with sudden notes of tender meaning . . . and always, always, ever . . . a YOU whose mood, whose dreams, whose daring, can never grow older than Seventeen!

Eight Toiletries!

exquisitely scented with the fragrance of Seventeen
The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest . . . setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. *Powder* . . . to leave upon your skin . . . the tinted sheen . . . the delicate texture . . . of youth. *Dusting Powder* . . . clean, fresh, elusive as a bath powder should be. *Toilet Water* . . . like the perfume as its shadow. *Sachet* . . . to breathe into every garment the characteristic fragrance of you. *Compact* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black and gold. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing for sensitive skins. *Brilliantines* . . . to leave a shimmer and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.



Seventeen

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage

Beauty that is envied everywhere

LORETTA YOUNG
First National Pictures, Inc.

STRIKINGLY smart sports costumes, trailing evening gowns so alluringly feminine—such fashions as these were made for beautiful women. For women who possess that much-to-be-desired "rounded slimness" of youth.

Today, graceful curves and the radiant glow of health are necessary to look well in the new modes.

And most women can achieve this fashionable figure by wise dieting....

But avoid strenuous, starvation menus. They often destroy beauty. No doubt you know girls who complain of dizziness while dieting. Of headaches, of listlessness. Often they lose their color, the complexion becomes sallow and tiny lines of age appear.

The reason for this is that most reducing diets lack roughage. Without roughage, the symptoms and evils of improper elimination are inevitable.

Yet they are easy to avoid. Just add two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to the diet daily. It is not fattening—yet it is guaranteed to relieve and to prevent all danger of improper elimination.

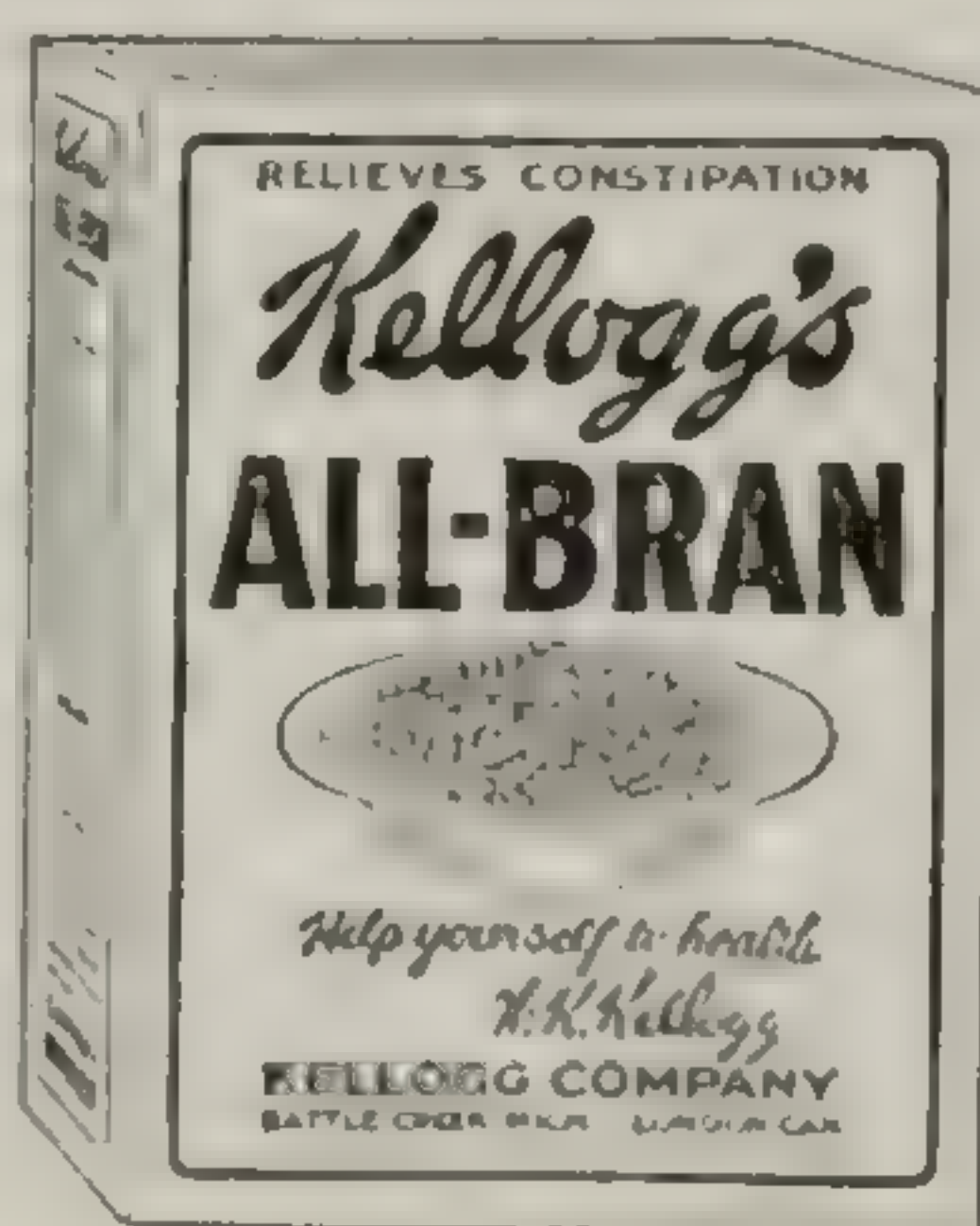
In addition, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps prevent dietary anemia. It contains iron. This



mineral restores color to the complexion, bringing the glow of radiant health. Eaten with fruit juices or milk, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

You will like the many ways Kellogg's ALL-BRAN can be eaten without adding many calories to the menu. In clear soups—in fruit juices—on salads. Cook it in muffins, breads.

Isn't this better than taking pills and drugs that only bring temporary relief—and are often harmful? Keep healthy by making Kellogg's ALL-BRAN a part of your diet every day. It is recommended by dietitians. You'll like the improvement in both texture and taste. Ask for it in the red-and-green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

*"Keep Healthy While You
Are Dieting to Reduce"*

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet
"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name _____

Address _____



"Thank goodness, I only have to think about dialogue lines and not figure lines!" says little Mitzi Green

Three Recipes *for Those Who Like* SWEETS

sweetened and flavored, between and on top. Garnish with candied cherries. As soon as cool, remove centers, and fill with whipped cream, forcing the cream through a pastry bag and tube.

Pineapple Pyramids

1 can sliced pineapple	Pinch of salt
1 cup pineapple juice	3 tablespoons granulated gelatine
2 tablespoons lemon juice	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	1 pint cream
1 glass red Bar-le-Duc currants	

Drain canned pineapple from the syrup. Chop fruit fine. To fruit pulp add pineapple juice, lemon juice, sugar, salt, and gelatine which has soaked in water fifteen minutes.

Heat mixture until gelatine has dissolved. Remove from stove, set in pan of cold water, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in cream, beaten until stiff, and currants. Turn into slightly oiled mold and chill thoroughly.

Sweet Potato Waffles

1 cup mashed sweet potatoes	1 cup bread flour
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter
	1 cup milk
	1 egg

Mix the potatoes, flour, sugar, butter and milk, in the order given. Add yolk of egg, beaten until thick, and then egg white, beaten until stiff.

The waffle iron should be well heated on both sides and thoroughly greased. Put a tablespoonful of mixture in each compartment near center of iron, then cover, and mixture will spread to just fill. Turn almost as soon as filled and covered. Serve with maple syrup.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

REMEMBER Mitzi Green and her chant of "I know a secret, I know a secret," which amused us all so in the Paramount picture, "Honey"?

Well, I've discovered one of Mitzi Green's secrets. She has a natural affinity for sweet things. Her favorite dishes are Almond Tarts, Pineapple Pyramids, and Sweet Potato Waffles!

I have found that nine-year-old prodigies aren't the only ones who like sweets, so I asked Mitzi to send along her favorite recipes.

And as the radio announcer says in introducing Amos 'n' Andy: "Here they are."

Almond Tarts

4 eggs
1 cup powdered sugar
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup grated chocolate
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched Jordan almonds, finely chopped
1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cracker dust

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, and fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Add chocolate, almonds, baking powder and cracker dust. Bake in buttered round pan, cool, split, and put whipped cream,

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Why Nils Did Not Want to Go Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"You see, I was miserable in my work. I was thoroughly discontented with every part I was given to do—except 'Sorrell and Son.' I hated being the great lover. I loathed being under contract and having to do whatever they said I was to do. I know what I can do best, and it is not what I was told to do. I'd rather never work again—never!—than to be so miserable.

"**W**ORK means everything to me. I can't be happy when I'm untrue to what I believe is the right sort of work for me. M-G-M kept giving me the wrong kind of parts. They wanted to make me a great lover. I was handed scripts that were absurd.

"Just to finish out my contract I did a part in 'The Sea Bat.' I hated it, but I wanted to leave amicably, so I took it.

"But now I'm free. Now, I can do what I choose!

"They wanted me to do a part in 'The Eyes of the World.' I thought I would like it at first.

"I read the script. I thought it was bad. It was not my type of thing. I will never again play a rôle I don't like!"

"And you mean to say that you'll wait right here until you find just what you like?"

"Can't you see?" he went on. "Can't you see that there is no happiness for me, just misery, in doing a rôle that doesn't suit me? I'd rather make a living digging ditches or running a grocery store—in fact, I might open up

one out at Malibu—than in doing something in which I'm not true to myself, not sincere."

It is the artist's attitude. I've known but a few who had it. But I have known a few. Writers who wouldn't change a comma in their copy even to have their books published by the best houses.

Musicians who would starve before they would add popular selections to their programs. Of this type is Nils Asther. The uncompromising artist.

"But how long will you wait?" I asked.

"Two years—maybe. I'm financially able to wait for two years and longer. I've turned down a lot of offers because I couldn't bear the stupid scripts."

"All right," I said. "You've answered me that. You've told me about taking out your citizenship papers, but you haven't told me why. You haven't told me the real reason that you wait in America for the rôles that you want to play to come along."

He started to answer, and just at that moment we looked up, and there was Vivian Duncan.

I had my answer!

She sat down at the table with us—vivid, laughing—a complement to the restraint that has always been a part of Nils Asther.

A strange attachment this—but one that must go much deeper than the eye can penetrate. Over a year ago their first engagement was announced and broken. Nils told me then that she was the one girl in the world for him

but that their viewpoints about life had kept them apart.

They met again and another engagement was announced.

Vivian and Rosetta are living at Malibu, too. Apparently Vivian has changed. They ride horseback together—Nils and Vivian. They swim together. They are not to be seen at the various whoopee parties around town. For there is, between these two, a deep understanding.

The mysterious Swede and the lively American comedienne. And Nils is happy.

HE wants but two things of life—so he told me two years ago—work that satisfies him and a woman who is both sweetheart and companion at the same time.

He has found the woman; and as for the work, he has the patience of a great artist. That work, he is sure, will come. In the meantime he can fill in with a vaudeville sketch that he is taking to New York shortly. And he can wait. He can wait until he finds the great things that are right for him to do. He is much happier waiting than he is making a compromise with himself and doing rôles that are hateful to him. And that is why he has stayed in America and that is why he is happy.

"But," I persisted, "when are you two going to get married?"

Nils laughed. Vivian giggled. "In 1940," she said, "so that people can say, 'Ah-ha, the Asther-Duncan romance is on again!'"

Too Many Guests

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Flintridge home a road house, had put Betty in the place where she "just couldn't bear it any longer."

Days went by when she had not a moment to herself. Hours and hours of her time were spent in entertaining the guests that overran the house.

Many of them were people she didn't know. Jim marched to bed when they became too numerous and too noisy.

And yet it was Jim's fault that they were there. They are his life. Yet he always marched off to bed when he grew tired, leaving Betty to smile and be charming.

FOR Betty knows more of real hospitality than Jim.

Before they were married, she and her mother maintained a large, comfortable home on Hollywood Boulevard. Their friends knew that dropping-in time was from five-thirty to six. Promiscuous dinner invitations were never extended. Betty entertained lavishly, but her parties were invitational and she did the inviting. She knew her guests—at least by sight.

There is, you must admit, a certain dignity in this.

It is not strange that she found herself wondering how much longer she could bear it in the house that knew no quiet. And it was she who had to cope with it all. It was she who had to order the food and pacify the servants and see that there was money in the money bowl.

And her pretty evening frocks hung dejectedly in her closet. Only sports clothes and other unconventional attire is correct at Flintridge. She did not go to theater parties. She was never seen at a Mayfair dance. They sel-

dom attended an opening. Cruze, in white duck trousers and shirt open at his dark throat, sat in his seething home waiting for parties to come to him. Which they did!

It didn't matter so much when Betty was making a young fortune in quickies. A quickie means ten days chalked off your life and no effort required. The picture people can play the parts assigned to them by Poverty Row while making the blindfold test.

But suddenly Betty staged a comeback. She was called by one big studio after another and had more real, vital parts than she could handle. The talkies presented new requirements. She had to study lines. Where was she to concentrate? In a house that harbored hundreds of roistering, idle guests?

Lines to memorize. Scenes to be thought out. And always there were people, people, people. There was laughter at breakfast. Jokes at luncheon. Gaiety at dinner. And every time Betty heard the purr of another car turning into the driveway and every time she was called upon to smile and extend a gracious hand to a new arrival, she felt she "just couldn't bear it another minute."

They talked it over calmly, Betty and Jim. At first Betty suggested a five or six months temporary separation.

"Don't you see, Jim," she said, "it's the only way. I can't stand this. I can't bear it. You and I have a perfect understanding. We know each other well. We admire and respect each other, but this can't go on."

Jim didn't think much of the idea. He tried to mend his ways. They began by stopping their Sunday "at homes." That was impossible. People came anyway. Might as well try to close down all Hollywood as put a "No Admittance" sign over the Cruze front door.

That didn't work, and they talked of divorce—always calmly and sensibly. But it seemed so wrong that these two, so compatible in most ways, should separate permanently. So Betty took an apartment in town for a month.

YOU probably remember that episode, now over a year ago.

The newspapers jumped on the story, and issued the usual form letter announcement that James Cruze and Betty Compson had separated. It wasn't so. Jimmy and Betty remained on the most friendly terms—saw each other often—soon were back together again.

And the world, following its usual habit, forgot all about it.

But the damage had been done.

Every possible solution had been tried. Every compromise that either could think of had been attempted.

But Jim must have his friends and friendly whoopee—Betty must have her hours for rest and study away from the unceasing grind of the sound stages where she is so much in demand.

And so another home smashed into smithereens—a home that was so solidly built with understanding, tolerance and good cheer. Cruel and unhappy things came out in court—there were stories for a few days—the world and its talkies marched on.

But two wonderful people are going separate ways who might have been together, save for two reasons. One—too many guests at all hours.

And second—the invention of the thing that allowed motion pictures to talk, and give an actress new and greater fame!

I Saw a Miracle of Beauty Happen in Hollywood



Photo by Clarence Bull

"She's wonderful now", cried Frank Beers, M-G-M Casting Director, to BESSIE LOVE, M-G-M star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King.

She was just like a dozen other girls, but Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Wizard, by the flattering touch of make-up, transformed her into a ravishing beauty . . . almost instantly.

As told by . . .

BESSIE LOVE

M-G-M Star

to Florence Vondelle



Revealing a Secret of how every girl may obtain New Beauty and New Personality

WE were in the casting director's office, where we had stopped for a minute on the way to the set. Faces, one by one, peered in inquisitively, apprehensively and hopefully, expressing mingled emotions as they were scrutinized by the casting director. But not one paused for more than a minute, for the director, not satisfied waved them on.

"What is the part", inquired Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, who had come in a few moments after me.

"Oh! it's just a 'bit', but she must have personality. And all the girls that answered the call this morning look the same to me. I must have some one, too . . . and quickly."

"A dozen girls are still waiting in the lobby; perhaps there's a possibility among them", suggested Max Factor. "Shall we look?"

"Okay! But I'm pessimistic."

Max Factor stepped into the lobby, and in a few minutes returned with one of the girls.

"Here's a young lady who looks like somebody else, not herself . . . if you know what I mean; and if you can see through the "off-color" make-up. Now we'll clean it all off and see if I'm a good detective."

The magic make-up box of Max Factor flew open, and in a few seconds a cream deftly manipulated had removed every speck of "paint and powder."

Then he started all over. A little foundation, a few touches of rouge; now powder, lipstick . . . all blending together beautifully with the natural colorings of the girl. Then to the eyes . . . and how he brought them out. They sparkled and danced with invitation.

"Look! Here she is herself," exclaimed Max Factor.

Like a miracle, she had been transformed into a fascinating beauty. Her allure and personality, hidden before by her own

grotesque application of cosmetics, now shone forth radiantly and vividly, emphasized and enhanced by the magic of make-up by Max Factor. The effect was electric . . . the girl herself was vibrantly aware of her new magnetism.

"She's wonderful now", cried the casting director. To the girl he said, "Report to Stage 12 at once."

* * * * *

To every girl, to everywoman, to *you* . . . Max Factor now offers to tell Hollywood's Make-Up secret. Through the courtesy of this magazine you are offered a priceless gift . . . like a screen star, you will receive your own complexion analysis, your make-up color harmony chart, personally from Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King.

In Society Make-Up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up requisites . . . Max Factor has produced an everyday make-up for everywoman based on his famous discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which is the beauty magic in Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively in every picture released from Hollywood.

Now you'll discover why your powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials must be in color harmony with your complexion. You'll discover how to individualize your make-up to accentuate your personality and magnetic attraction. You'll discover that the magic of Society Make-Up as created by Max Factor can perform a miracle of beauty for you, too. And if you mail the coupon now you'll also receive Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE.



MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars", . . . HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-8-22

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
Olive	spaces with check mark	

Would You Like a New Nose?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Perhaps you've noticed. But when you meet Dix face to face, you can discern a slight scar toward the end of the nose. He refers to it as "my bum nose," and it's reported that he's considering another operation.

Otto Lederer is beginning to think he made a mistake when he had his nose changed. Otto had been getting a lot of Jewish comedy rôles, because his nose fitted the parts so well. But Otto had aspirations toward "straight" rôles, and he felt that his nose was dooming him to play Hebrew comics forever.

So he took the nose to Dr. Ginsburg and had it trimmed.

Soon afterward, Warner Brothers called him. "Hurry over," they said, "we have a part for you."

Proudly, Otto presented his new nose to the casting executive, who forthwith howled in grief.

"What *have* you done?" he cried. "Now we can't use you. We had another Jewish comedy part, but your nose is out of character now!" And the same sort of thing has happened too many times since then for Otto to be any too happy over his new face.

LOLA TODD, who was a Wampas Baby Star in 1925, had a nose correction performed by Dr. Balsinger.

So did Duane Thompson, and Mrs. Harry Langdon, among others. And so did scores of extra girls and boys.

Here's another side of the picture. In 1914, Mrs. Syd Chaplin—Charlie's sister-in-law—went to Dr. Griffith for a nose correction. It wasn't long afterward that the newspapers told of the filing of a \$100,000 suit against the doctor. Mrs. Chaplin charged he had ruined her nose completely, instead of making it look better.

He replied that it was her own fault—that the operation had been a perfect success, but that she had picked at the bandages and caused the trouble of which she complained. The thing took up a lot of newspaper space for a while, and then was settled out of court. It is reported that Mrs. Chaplin collected some \$10,000 from an insurance company.

Then there was the case of Thais Valdemar. She had a nose-and-lip remodeling operation done by Dr. Ginsburg.

Eventually, the doctor sued for \$500 for his services.

She entered a unique defense. "I can't feel kisses any more," she claimed.

That case, too, was settled out of court.

And there's a persistent rumor, which has seen print at times, that a Hollywood girl had a tragi-comic sequel to her plastic surgery quest for beauty. She went, so the story goes, to a plastic surgeon to have dimples put in her cheeks, but something went wrong, and when the bandages were taken off, her face was set in a horrible smile. It stayed with her forever—awake or asleep, sad or happy, no matter what the circumstances, there was that everlasting grin.

IT'S a sad story—but to tell the truth, no public record can be found to shed a ray of fact on it.

Plastic surgeons insist that no such thing could have happened.

However, there are several other mishaps that did.

In 1927, William Scott, actor, sued Dr. Griffith for \$100,000, charging that the surgeon had cut away too much of his nose.

And in 1925, Lucille Woodward, actress, demanded \$25,000 from Dr. Balsinger, because, she said, in removing superfluous tissue from about her eyes, he had left her left eye with no more expression than a dead halibut's!

Aside from nasal operations, those most common among film people are the ones which have to do with remodeling of the chin and ears.

"Flop ears" sent Rudy Valentino to the plastic surgeon. Before the operation, they stuck out like a mad elephant's. The surgeon pinned them back, and Rudy became the great sheik. After his death, his brother—Alberto Guglielmo—had screen aspirations. He, too, believed that plastic surgery might help his looks, which weren't the par of Rudy's to begin with. Alberto had Dr. Balsinger do a remodeling job on his face. That was in 1927, but as yet Alberto hasn't been any second Rudy, new nose or not.

One of the most publicized cases of plastic surgery in the movies, undoubtedly, is Mollie

similarly molded with injected wax, so he looks like a he-man instead of one of those weak-chinned individuals. There are countless players who have had their "sail ears" pulled back out of the wind. And the number of facial lifts and deep peels are beyond all calculation.

THE facial lift calls for the cutting away of tissue at the ear and the sewing together of the wound, which, automatically, pulls up the flabbiness of the face and removes years from the looks.

"It's safe to say," admitted one of Hollywood's foremost plastic conjurers, "that the majority of women over thirty in pictures have had facial adjustments of some sort."

By deep peel, the plastic surgeon doesn't refer to that comparatively simple thing they call a "peel" in the beauty shops. The plastic surgeon's peel uses carbolic acid to burn away the skin on the entire face and usually the shoulders, neck and back and down a way on the chest. When this burn heals a new tissue forms—smooth, blemish-free, unscarred, unwrinkled and unmarked by freckles and discolorations.

It is called a new skin—but it isn't actually. It is scar tissue.

The suffering that is undergone in Hollywood in this endless quest for greater beauty is beyond estimation. So is the amount of money that's spent on it. The prices of the operations vary widely—depending both on the nature of the work and on the prominence and affluence of the patient. But certain it is that the plastic surgeons are making dollars while the screen shines.

And much of the work is in vain! Not that it doesn't ordinarily accomplish its object of beautification—but because plastic surgery cannot give a person talent.

"Many of our patients," confided one surgeon, "have what might be called the 'plastic surgery complex.' They come for operations again and again—always a new operation, a new change in appearance. Many of the points they ask to have corrected are such infinitesimal blemishes that they really don't matter at all. The truth is that these persons have made of plastic surgery a subconscious excuse or alibi for their failure in the films, for their continuance of the effort to land in the movies.

"Unfitted for pictures, they won't admit it to themselves or to others. Instead, they offer the excuse that they have some facial defect that keeps them out—and they go to have it corrected.

"When they still can't make the grade, they pretend to discover a new, hitherto overlooked blemish, and go to the surgeon again and again.

WHY, directors have stopped telling aspirants that it is because of a poor nose, or bad chin that they can't use them. They used to do that.

"Say it was a girl, and the casting director, too tender-hearted to tell her she was no actress, told her instead that she had a nose that wouldn't photograph.

"The same girl would come back, two weeks later, with a remodeled nose.

"I've spent lots of money, and suffered much pain to have my nose corrected," she'd say. "Now, where's my job?" That left the director in a tough spot.

"But even though the directors have stopped using that excuse, I notice that the screen aspirants themselves use mirror-analysis—try to find their facial shortcomings, and then come to us and buy our services in the hope that, beautified, they may attain screen fame."



William Harrigan of Fox pictures. But just twelve years ago he was Capt. Bill Harrigan, commanding the third battalion of New York's 307th Infantry. It was Bill's battalion that went to the rescue of "The Lost Battalion." And one of his company commanders was Capt. Eddie Grant, third baseman of the New York Giants, who was killed during the Argonne fighting. Think of this when you see Bill the Actor

O'Day's effort to lose poundage. In 1928 she announced she was going to have her appendix out—and added that she hoped the ordeal would also take off some of the fat about which producers were shaking their heads. She went to the hospital, and people wondered.

A little later, Mollie admitted to the world that she had had pounds of excess tissue carved from her hips and legs! This is one of the most difficult and dangerous operations in plastic surgery. Many of the best surgeons will not undertake it, holding it non-effective as well as perilous. "The fat comes back almost immediately after this sort of operation," one explained.

The instances of facial remodeling wherein names cannot be mentioned, in Hollywood, are innumerable. There is, for instance, the handsome male leading light who has a nose built up with paraffin!—and another who has a chin

VACATION

SPECIAL



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Most women have found that their requirements are best satisfied by regular Modess for ordinary use, with a smaller supply of Modess Compact for special occasions.

This offer enables every woman who acts promptly to learn at our expense the convenience and desirability of Modess and Modess Compact.

*This new TRAVEL PACKAGE FREE to
acquaint every woman with the sensa-
tionally popular MODESS COMPACT*

AS you probably know, we announced early in the year a thinner Modess suitable for sheer, closely fitting gowns, but having the same high absorbency as regular Modess. It is called Modess Compact. Three Modess Compacts were packed in each box of regular Modess.

This refinement has been so appreciated and the demand for Modess Compacts so overwhelming that we are introducing a new Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts. During July and August, this new twenty-five-cent box will be given absolutely free to purchasers of regular Modess.

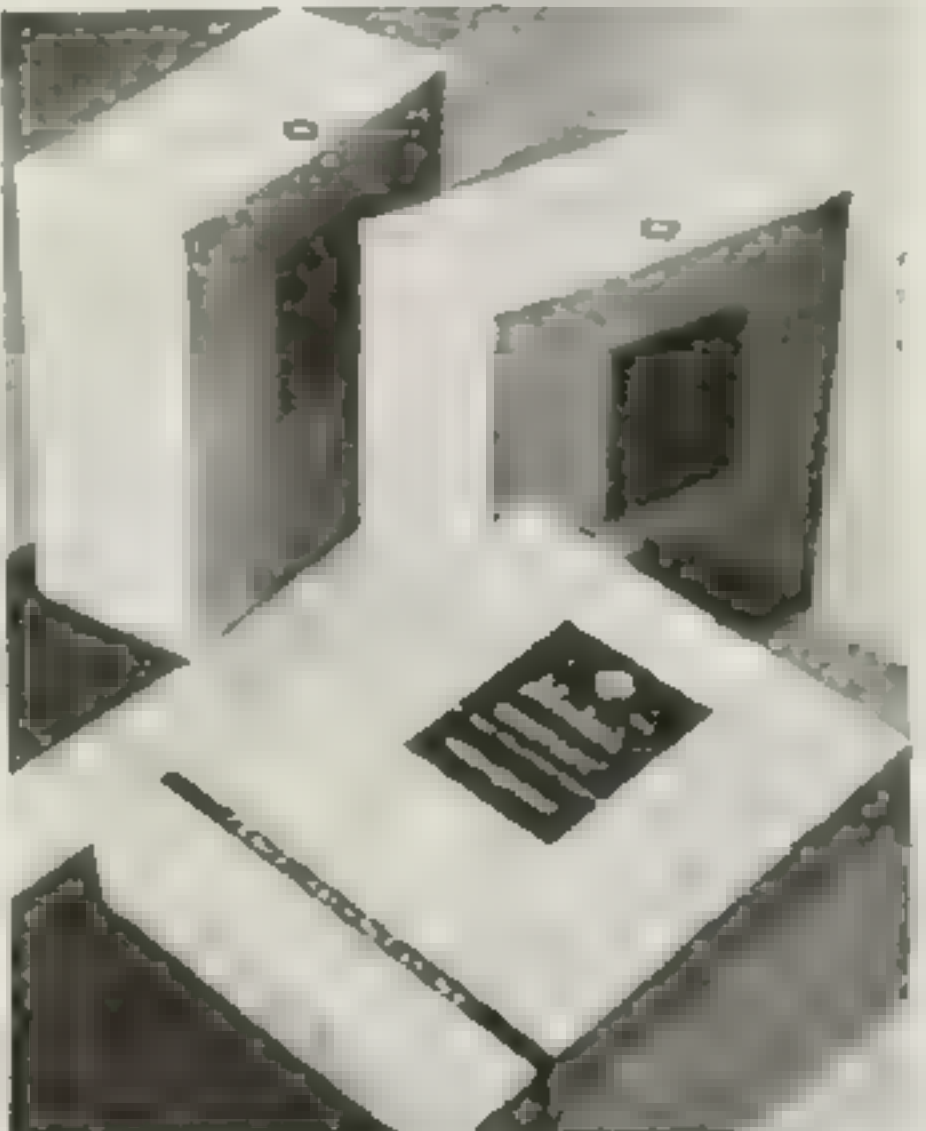
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Buy two boxes of regular Modess, value forty-five cents each, at the special price of 79 cents. You will receive free, the twenty-five-cent Travel Package

containing six Modess Compacts.

You will find this small, thin box admirably suited to go in your traveling case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation or brief visits. That is why we call this unusual offer "Vacation Special."

These three packages, two box-



VACATION SPECIAL

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12 in each Box	
1 Travel Package	25¢
6 Modess Compacts	
	\$1.15

ALL for **79¢**

es of regular Modess—considered by those who use it the finest, most comfortable and efficient product available—and the useful Travel Package, will be particularly appreciated this summer.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



Don't **DODGE**

Summer.. love it!



SO MUCH... to do
outdoors....
under summer skies!
So much to miss...
if you're afraid of
water, wind, sun...
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Play... but play safe... use Frostilla! A few
fragrant drops... then dismiss all fears...
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Elmira, New York.

The Best Records from New Pictures

By

Maurice Fenton

The Best Sellers of the Month: "It Happened in Monterey," from "The King of Jazz," "Sweepin' the Clouds Away," from "Paramount on Parade," and "The Moon is Low," from "Montana Moon."

HELEN KANE fans will be glad to know that the pouting baby singer has crashed through with another double-faced record for their delight.

Both songs are from Helen's new picture—

DANGEROUS NAN McGREW

Dangerous Nan

McGrew	Helen Kane	Victor
I Owe You	Helen Kane	Victor

Those who like to hear Buddy Rogers' young voice give off a song or so—and those who are just Rogers' crushes and like a record of his for company—can get two new ones.

This time America's Boy Friend records two of his songs from the picture—

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

I'd Like to Be (A

Bee in Your

Boudoir)

Buddy Rogers Columbia

My Future Just

Passed

Buddy Rogers Columbia

THAT "HONEY" SONG

Two new recordings have been made of "Sing, You Sinners," that sensationally effective spiritual that Lillian Roth gave off in "Honey."

The records are

Sing, You Sinners	The Revellers	Victor
	Belle Baker	Columbia

The Revellers' recording is especially fine.

THE KING OF JAZZ

It Happened in Monterey

Organ

Victor

Regent Club

Orchestra

Brunswick

Song of the Dawn

Burnett's

Biltmore

Orchestra

Brunswick

Ragamuffin

Paul Whiteman

and Band

Columbia

I Like to Do

Paul Whiteman

and Band

Columbia

Things for You

and Band

Columbia

Here are some excellent recordings from the Whiteman-Universal picture. Particularly those by the old master himself—who begins where all other modern bandmasters leave off in the matter of arrangements.

UNDER A TEXAS MOON

Under a Texas Moon

Gene Austin

(vocal)

Victor

Nawahi's

Hawaiians

Columbia

This record marks the first use of Hawaiian



Helen Kane Records
Two More!

instruments in recording motion picture music as we know it at present—via the talkies.

And it's very effective. The number, of course, is the very sweet piece used all the way through Frank Fay's first starring picture.

THE BIG POND

You Brought a

New Kind of

Love to Me

Ben Bernie's

Band

Brunswick

The High Hatters

Belle Baker

(Vocal)

Brunswick

Paul Whiteman's

Band

Columbia

Livin' in the

Sunlight

Ben Bernie's

Band

Brunswick

Lovin' in the

Moonlight

Paul Whiteman's

Band

Columbia

Bernie Cummins'

New Yorker

Orchestra

Victor

How the companies rush to get the Maurice Chevalier song hits on the wax! They just can't wait. All these recordings are orchestral fox trots with the exception of Belle Baker's warbling. Maurice's recordings will probably be along by next month.

IN GAY MADRID

Into My Heart

Nat Shilkret's

Orchestra

Victor

Paul Specht's

Orchestra

Columbia

Santiago

Paul Specht's

Orchestra

Columbia

Dark Night

Nat Shilkret's

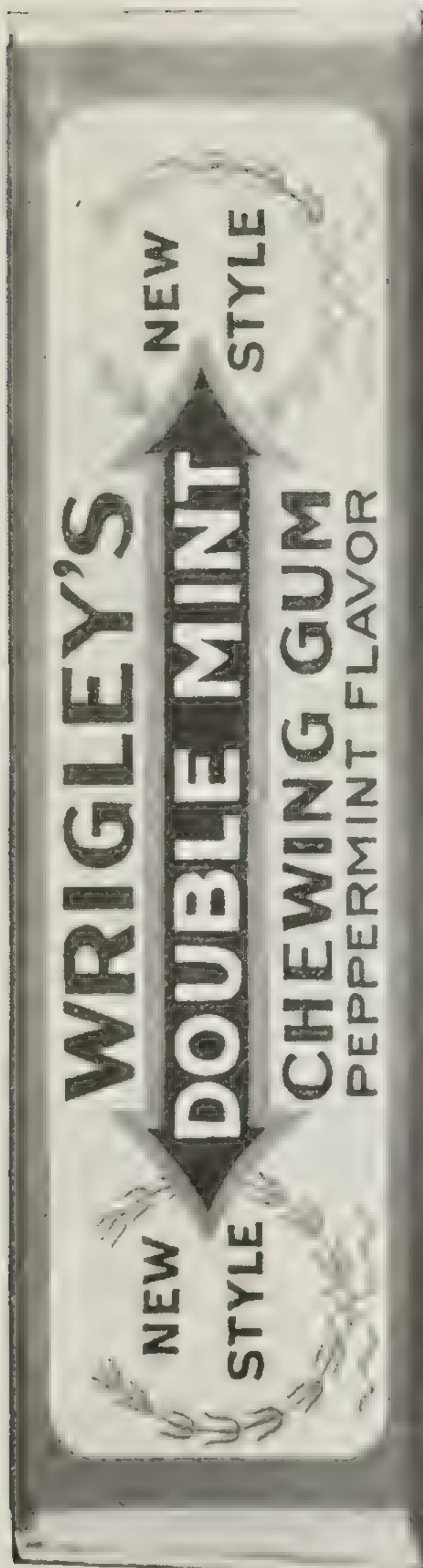
Orchestra

Victor

The boys hop right after Ramon Novarro numbers, too. They remember the enormous success of "Pagan Love Song," one of the great early theme song hits.

These three are from the latest Novarro romance, played by two big-league recording bands. Maybe Ramon will sing for us soon.

AN OLD
BEAUTY
SECRET



EVERYONE knows that the real fascination of any charming woman centers in her possession of a pair of pretty lips. Keep lips young and you keep them pretty. And here's just about the easiest and most inexpensive way yet discovered. All there is to it is to chew Wrigley's—oh, say, about ten minutes a day. Note the added elegance in texture and charm of contour that find their alluring way to your lips. It's all based on the simple theory that the ordinary daily diet does not furnish a sufficient amount of chewing and that Wrigley's supplies this need. Without this your lips become dry and old, and heavy furrows creep about the mouth stealing your youth. Enjoy Double Mint—it's a delicious new style peppermint.

Chew WRIGLEY'S every day —FOR LOVELY LIPS

"Now I can stand the Public Gaze"



Can You?

When you slip your beach coat from your shoulders and your bathing suit seems all too brief... When you tee off in front of a watchful gallery and the sunlight glances on your stockingless legs... When you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock and your dress is sleeveless...

You can meet such moments with nonchalant poise if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair.

The Secret of Charm

It's so easy to keep your under-arm, fore-arm and legs free of fuzzy growth when you use faintly fragrant Del-a-tone Cream. (Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.)



Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the first and only white cream hair-remover

Easy to apply as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair safely in 3 minutes or less. When you see how smooth and clean it leaves your skin you will understand why actresses and society women, who are constantly in the public gaze, consider it an indispensable aid to loveliness.

DELA-TONE

The Only White Cream Hair-remover



Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908). Department 88, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

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Dept. 88, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Postal.....

City.....

Clip and Mail
TO-DAY

Charming—
self-confident

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

INEZ COURTNEY



(First National) peeped from the screen in a tiny rôle in "Song of the Flame," and was immediately liked. She has had and is to have more and better parts. Inez has long been known as one of the very best of Broadway's dancing comedienues. She did two comedy dances with Gus Shy in "Good News" that were famous. Pictures were sure to get her.

FRED SCOTT



("Swing High," Pathe) is a newcomer who'll go far, with his fine tenor voice. While he was studying with Bebe Daniels' singing teacher, Bebe liked his voice and got him a small part in "Rio Rita." On the strength of that, and tests, he got the lead opposite Helen Twelvetrees in Pathe's big circus film. A good contract was his reward for that.

FRANCES DADE



("Raffles," United Artists) was a young stock actress—twenty-two, blonde and pretty—when Samuel Goldwyn signed her up for the new Colman picture. Regular Cinderella story. She was picked from a class of over 300 girls. After finishing in "Raffles," she went into "He Knew Women," Radio picture. Goldwyn then renewed her contract.

DAVID MANNERS



("He Knew Women," Radio Pictures) is one of the screen's buddingest juvenile actors, having done grand work in that masterly Tiffany, "Journey's End." Born in Nova Scotia in 1902, David was a successful stage juvenile for some years. He was on the way to a Honolulu honeymoon when hired for "Journey's End." Now he's made in films.

MARY LAWLOR



("Good News," M-G-M) is another Broadway musical comedy lead to strike out for the Gold Coast to catch some of the talkie money. She has for some time been in great demand for girly plays in New York, and created the "Good News" lead she is now playing on the screen. You'll like Mary—she is one of the stage's prettiest and very best.

ROBERT WOOLSEY



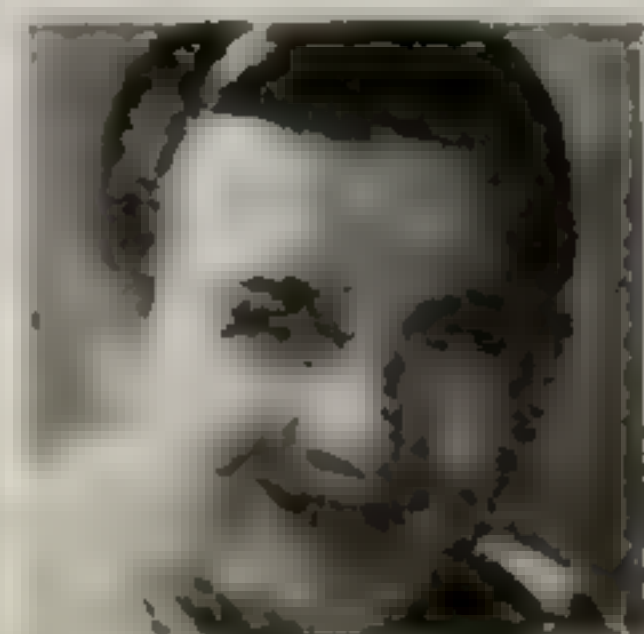
("The Cuckoos," Radio Pictures) has been teamed with Bert Wheeler in all his Radio Picture appearances. They clicked in "Rio Rita," did "The Cuckoos," and will next be seen in "Dixiana." Bobby, like his partner, Bert, is a veteran young comic of the Broadway stage. He has appeared in innumerable musicals, last with Wheeler in "Rio Rita."

IRENE DUNNE



(Radio Pictures) is slated for big parts at this studio. She is mentioned for the feminine singing lead in "Babes in Toyland" and "Present Arms." Irene is another of New York's favorite musical comedy prima donnas. Golden haired and blue eyed, she has had many Broadway successes. One of her first hits was in "Sweetheart Time."

GUS SHY



("Good News," M-G-M) is another graduate of the stage production of "Good News." This seems to be their month in this department. Gus has been clowning around for a long time, but he scored sensationally in this success, and followed it with another wow in the comedy rôle in "New Moon," the beautiful operetta. Then films nabbed him.

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Just turn this knob to bring in programs your way—with any one of these four tone values. At last you control station tone. You can listen to music as you like it. Speech can be more distinct. Interference noises almost vanish. And for the first time in your radio, you can control the tone of the music.

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FAMOUS for its own perfect tone, Philco now adds perfection of tone from the radio station—subject to your control simply by the turn of a knob on the front of the set.

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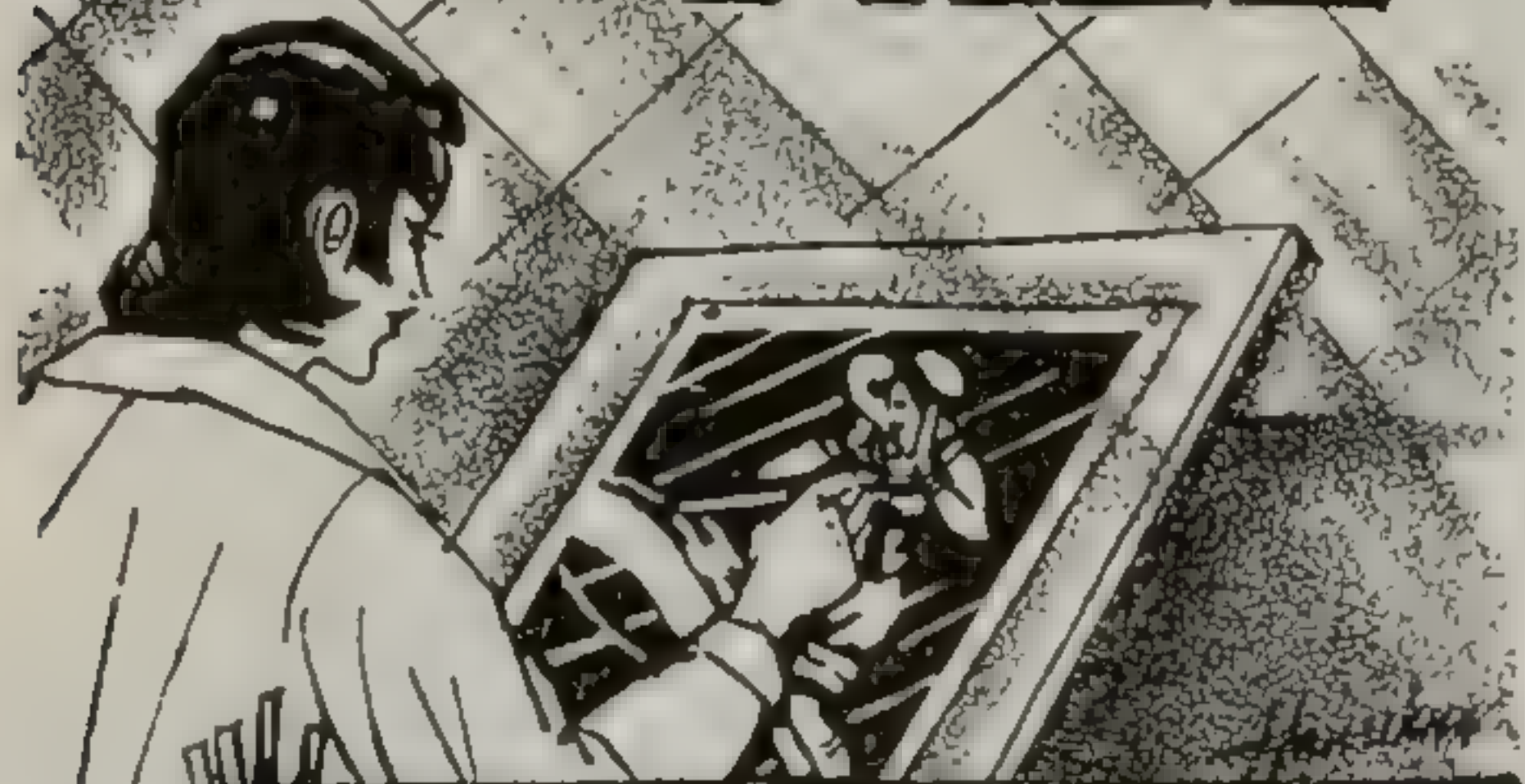
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Short Subjects of the Month

IT is becoming more and more evident that one of the chief functions of the short subject in the talkies is to discover new talents for longer pictures—chiefly comic.

This month Helen Broderick, comedienne, is "discovered" in a picture way, though she has long delighted stage audiences.

NILE GREEN

Warners-Vitaphone

This eight-minute comedy serves to show that Helen Broderick, a tall comedienne who gets off excruciating sarcasms from a solemn face, is a great picture bet. She's well known in vaudeville and musical comedy. This short concerns her adventures seeing Egypt with a helpless guide.

THE CHUMPS

Sennett-Educational

A laugh-crammed story of honeymooners from the country who get square with city slickers who cheat them at cards. Marjorie Beebe, now Sennett's ace comedienne, is fine as the bride, and Andy Clyde—he'll kill you!—and Franklin Pangborn are fine. And unusually good recording.

HAY WIRE

Metro-Roach

Laurel and Hardy, whatever other comics do, keep up the old tradition of slapstick, knockabout comedy with sound. To them, a kick in the pants is still the funniest thing in the world—and maybe they're right. At any rate, they have a lot of grief putting up a radio aerial.

HIS BASHFUL BEAU

Universal

This is about the best of Arthur Lake's comedies to date. Arthur is a bashful adolescent who tries feebly to make love to his sweetie in the face of papa's opposition. Jealousy enters, and there is a big ruckus in an ice cream parlor that is funny. If you like kid stuff, here it is.

HEARTS AND HOOFES

Pathe

This is a Rodeo Comedy—with less comedy, and more attention paid to romance, song and dance. Cornelius Keefe, Mona Rico and Fred Warren have the featured rôles. Miss Rico, as a gypsy, gives off a bit of singing and dancing that pleases, but the short is not too good.

COLLEGE CRUSHES

Sennett-Educational

Nick Stuart, who's developing into a full-fledged Sennett comedian, collaborates with Marjorie Beebe to give much-needed medicine to the college bully. Funny, fast moving and not offensively "collegiate." Lincoln Steadman and Andy Clyde round out a snappy and talented cast.

MICKY THE ROMEO

Radio Pictures

The Toonerville Kids are at it again. This time, headed by Micky McGuire, they indulge in the oldest of comedy situations—the chase. What a chase it turns out to be! Just

'round and 'round an amusement park. Although it is not as funny as the last few, kids will like it.

FAST WORK

Metro-Roach

One of the best two-reel talking comedies yet turned out! Charlie Chase has a certain hit in this baby. It is a rip-roaring, cleverly turned comedy of mistaken identities, with Charlie doing splendid work, and June Marlowe opposite. This is a credit to Roach.

THE STILL ALARM

Warners-Vitaphone

This howling short was made from the best comedy scene in the famous "Little Show," Broadway revue, and has the original leading comedians, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb. It's a silly piece of business, with all being nonchalant while the building burns. You'll enjoy it.

RESOLUTIONS

Paramount

The star of this two-reel comedy is Billy House, the huge singing comic well known in vaudeville. This picture has to do with adventures while trying to two-time his wife on New Year's Eve. Billy is tremendously funny, and if he sings too loudly stop your ears.

PEACE AND HARMONY

Jack White-Educational

The good old domestic squabble is trotted out again to make laughter in this two-reeler. Most of the way it is kitchen slapstick, with a few good dialogue laughs by the plump little Eddie Lambert. Each member of the cast gets at least one good sock in the nose.

A BATTERY OF SONGS

Warners-Vitaphone

This is interesting because of its two personalities—Waite Hoyt, the Detroit baseball pitcher, singing—J. Fred Coots, composer of many popular song hits at the piano. And in the short is one Miss Questelle, a boop-a-dooper who won a prize imitating Helen Kane.

SHE'S A HE

Universal

A fairly pleasant number in the Sunny Jim series, featuring that awfully funny little kid with the top-knot. Jim is forced to pretend he's a girl because his visiting auntie likes little girls better than little boys. He gets great fun out of the notion.

PALOOKA FLYING SCHOOL

Radio Pictures

Presenting Russ Brown—and keep an eye on this fast-cracking lad for pictures! Russ is a former member of the vaudeville team of Brown and Whittaker, and is now in "Flying High," Broadway musical comedy. In this he plays a comic instructor in a big flying school.

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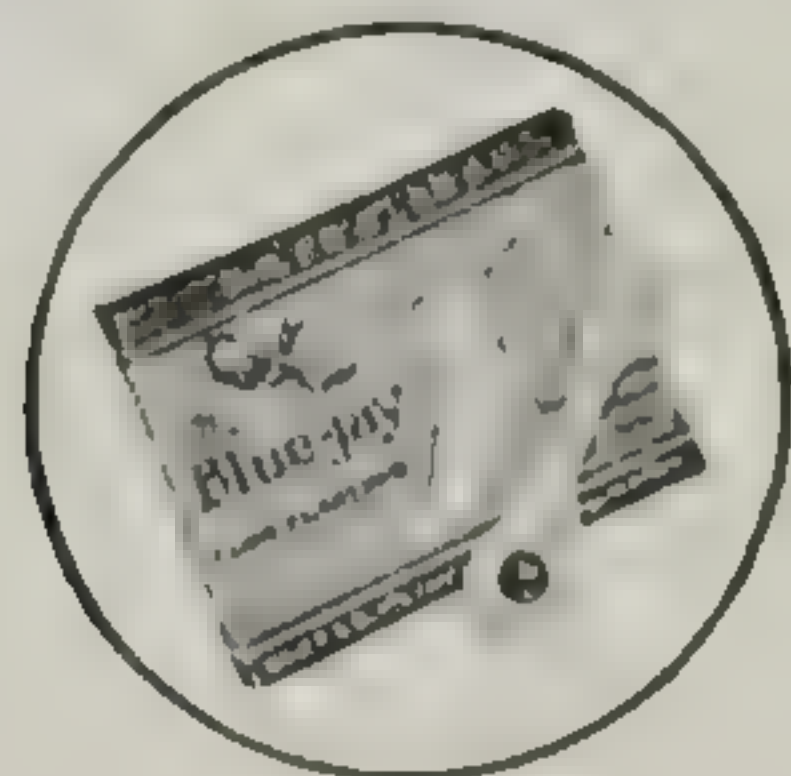
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Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

IT certainly pays to have an idea of what you want to do before you start doing it! Edmund Goulding's work directing Nancy Carroll in "The Devil's Holiday" proves that all over again. He was just eighteen days shooting that excellent talkie, and went only slightly over the budgeted cost—\$250,000.

The first cut version was ready just two days after the last scene was shot—and a final cutting only snipped 100 feet from that footage. Also, there were no retakes, nor added scenes.

That, friends, is some kind of a record! Gus, will you kindly have some sort of medal struck off for Eddie Goulding?

THAT "bon homme," Maurice Chevalier, had Hollywood standing on its ears during his one man show in a Los Angeles downtown theater.

Ben Bernie's band, no less, provided the music. The opening night had been set for a Sunday evening, and film society arrived in full evening regalia. Emily Post could have told them that it isn't quite the thing to wear evening duds on a Sunday night, but Hollywood, the old insurgents, wore 'em anyhow.

NO more wisecracks!

That is the basis on which Mary Nolan and Universal made up.

Mary promised to be a better girl, the story says. Deference to Junior Laemmle, and no harsh kidding behind the backs of the bosses. So Universal opened its arms, and all was merry and bright!

SOMETIMES an overzealous friend may accomplish more harm than good. When the studio was getting ready to cast "Journey's End," Barry Norton had a great yearning to play the part of the young juvenile in that picture.

He learned all of the dialogue and he talked to all of his friends about it. One woman, who has some connection with a fan club, conceived the idea of having all of Barry's admirers write to the director about casting him for the part.

This they did by the hundreds and the result was that Barry was not even given a chance for a test.

LITTLE Renee Adoree is back home from the sanatorium where she has been for the past few months.

She is still confined to her bed, however, and sees only a very few visitors.

GRETA GARBO may be surprised to hear it but she is the leading woman in a picture called "When Lights Are Red," which isn't nearly as exciting as its title.

S. S. Millarde, a firm believing in pepping up the screen, bought one of the Swedish star's very old European pictures, originally titled something else entirely. Greta's supporting cast consists of Einar Hansen, the young actor who met an accidental death in Hollywood several years ago, and Werner Kraus. Garbo was exotic in those days, too, but not the calm, poised woman of the world she is today.

But the combination of Greta Garbo and "When Lights Are Red" attracted considerable attention on Main Street, Los Angeles, where people are looking for sensations, anyhow.

CUPID has sneaked up on Catherine Dale Owen, beautiful blonde leading woman of "The Rogue Song" and other pictures.

She is expected to announce her engagement soon to a young New York bond salesman.

During her Hollywood sojourn she was seen places often with Prince Youcca Troubetskoy—who may now be "carrying a torch," as old Broadwayites say about a lover left out in the cold.

A GOOD many of the more delicate ladies of filmdom were not able to sit through the entire filming of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

But we hardly thought that a big he-man like Grant Withers would have to be led out gently but firmly.

There is something to be said in extenuation of Grant. He had been flying all afternoon—stunting with a friend. He had gotten home late and did not have time to eat dinner before going to the theater.

NEW YORK has been a few per cent agog over the strange case of one Gina Malo.

When Lily Damita decided to step out of the musical hit, "Sons o' Guns," and go to Paris for a rest, a hunt for her successor was started. In Paris a beauteous young lady named Gino Malo was found and signed for the Damita rôle.

When she arrived in New York, with great trumpeting by the press agents, Broadway watchdogs were greatly struck with her resemblance to one Janet Flynn, who had been an obscure New York show girl of a couple of seasons back.

They tried to trap La Belle Malo in all sorts of ways and they all failed. She just rattled French and looked imploringly for her manager for relief from these impossible Americans!

Yet a large percentage of Broadway says Gina Malo is the former Janet Flynn. Gina Malo says she is Gina Malo, Paris born.

Her managers say nothing. But, oh, how broadly they do grin!

WILL persistence win?

Blanche Mehaffey had an idea.

Film luck hasn't been any too hot for her. So she thought it over. She decided some things were wrong.

So she dyed her hair and changed her name to Joan Alden. She figures the two changes will change her luck.

A NOTHER dream shattered!

Fred Kohler, when he gets his "heavy" make-up on, may throw all sorts of fears and terrors into the hearts of the heroes he menaces on the screen, but to Hollywood burglars he's just another householder.

The other night, for the third time in a few months, his house was robbed!

OF course there is nothing unusual about a movie star wanting to take a trip around the world.

It's quite a simple matter. You just engage the royal suite on the Berengaria and have forty cameramen at the docks.

Claudette Colbert and her husband, Norman Foster, who has been playing in "June Moon" in New York, are going about it in a different way. No fuss and feathers about this trip. They are sailing on a freighter. Long, lazy days on the water, plenty of time to rest and think.

Hollywood is pretty upset over such informality!

Beauty, Brains or Luck?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

Gilbert Miller, Henry Miller's son, was stopping at the Seymour. He wired his father he had found the actress to play the daughter in "Rainbow." Henry Miller met Ruth and approved his son's judgment.

If her part in that play was comparatively small, it was, nevertheless, her voice and her face and her little gestures that audiences remembered after they had left the theater.

FAME wooed her. She played in "Daddy Long Legs." She played in "Come Out of the Kitchen." The powerful bulbs that spelt out her name over the marquee of the theater spilled their light on the dark pavements of Broadway.

There were those who said Ruth Chatterton was "upstage." They're likely to say that on Broadway unless you qualify as their idea of a good sport. And Ruth never did. While she was under the Miller management, she never was seen along Broadway or in any public place.

Furthermore, she was busy. She studied voice culture. She continued with her music. She translated many plays from the French and helped rewrite many of her greatest successes.

Also, having accumulated her fortune in the theater, she helped finance some plays. One play, into which she put forty thousand dollars, failed. But no one ever heard her utter one word of complaint. She is a thoroughbred.

And now the screen is richer because of her coming, because of such brilliant portraits as her "Madame X," her "Laughing Lady," and her "Sarah Storm."

But perhaps, after all, they are right when they say of Ruth Chatterton, "she got a lucky break!" For it is a great deal to be born with such a high spirit that no matter what life holds, you are not found wanting.

THE bogy-man of the Gish girls' childhood was the Gerry Society. In the wings of strange theaters, in the long, dark corridors of cheap hotels, Lillian and Dorothy looked fearfully behind them. The Gerry Society would get them if they didn't watch out. It was a very real bogy that easily might have interfered with earning their living.

Undoubtedly it would have been difficult for Mrs. Gish to satisfy the authorities that the lessons she taught her daughters between matinee and evening performances and on trains were enough.

It would have been difficult for anyone to believe that they could grow up as they have, as intelligent and well informed as though they had attended regular classes in the best schools of the country.

Even as very little girls, Lillian and Dorothy dreamed of a future when they would be leading ladies, able to keep their mother in a gracious home. But they more than just dreamed.

When Dorothy was only four she knew the meaning of responsibility.

She stood alone on the drafty stage and the shadows made terrifying shapes. She was homesick. And it was evident from the way the stage manager pulled at his braces that she wasn't saying her lines to suit him.

Her hair was like spring sunshine and hurt pride trembled at the corners of her baby mouth.

"Please," she said, and her voice was a whisper, "let me alone for a little while and then I can do it."

She knew her mother hadn't let her go off on tour with their roomer, who was leading lady in this "East Lynne" company, because she had any choice in the matter. And cer-



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tainly she knew that, hard as her mother worked as demonstrator in a department store, leaving a dorky to look after her and Lillian and the flat in which they took roomers, there never was enough money to pay all the bills.

Later, Mrs. Gish and Lillian and Dorothy all travelled together, playing parts in the same company.

Then sometimes Lillian would be left somewhere in school for a few months. Or Dorothy would be left behind in a classroom, depending upon the plays in their repertoire.

IT was when Lillian was in Ohio at school and Mrs. Gish and Dorothy were on tour together that Dorothy awoke one night to find her mother raving in delirium. They took Mrs. Gish to the hospital, very ill with intermittent fever. Late the following night the company moved on to the next town. Dorothy had to go, too.

There was no one to play her part and, with hospital expenses to be met, her salary was doubly needed.

"Go back . . . go back . . . go back," the wheels of the train seemed to roar that night. Dorothy could not sleep. Fear laid cold fingers on her heart. And she had to go on and on, always further away from her mother. In the weeks that elapsed, before Mrs. Gish recovered sufficiently to join her, Dorothy learned more about emotions than little girls of nine are supposed to know.

The young poet, John V. A. Weaver, has written a poem about one of Dorothy's experiences, which has been included in his book of verse, "To Youth." For those who haven't read it, it follows:

Bowl-and-Pitcher Holiday
(For Dorothy Gish)

No more troupin' with kids for me, that's final.
God knows the life is tough enough, anyways . . .

You see, I'm out with a turkey*—"Her First False Step."

This little Dorothy, she's six years old,
And talk about your troupers! There she is,
Sleepin' on day-coach seats, or in hotels
Cockroaches wouldn't live in. And for dinner

Many's the time only one dry ham sandwich
And maybe a couple of apples . . . and the theaters! . . .

Honest, the lousiest route of one-night stands
Anywheres in the sticks . . . and Christmas week

Twelve shows . . . But all the while never a yip

Outa the kid. Brother, that's troupin', that is!

Now, in the last act, it's supposed to be Christmas, and the kid enters—you remember?

Of course, we never carried a Christmas tree, But she was supposed to act like it was there. Well, then, we get to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin,

And, bein' it's really Christmas, the rest of the troupe

They get a bright idea. They're goin' to give

The kid a celebration, to make her happy. So then, Dorothy's goin' along, as usual, Doin' her stuff real good. And the third act, She starts to gallop on in her big scene—

And there's a real tree standin' on the stage, Lit up with candles, and hung with all the fixin's!

She takes three steps—and her eyes starts to pop.

She stops dead in her tracks, tries to go on Sayin' her words—and gives a couple of gulps,

And busts out cryin'. And she cries, and cries,

Watchin' the tree. And the audience all laughin',

And me dried up, with lumps stuck in my throat . . .

Finally, they have to ring the curtain down. I tell you, it ain't fair to have a little Yellow-haired kid puttin' things in your head,—

Things you gave up many's the year ago. You got to be hard-boiled to stand the gaff!

Next time, by God, they got to use a midgett!

*Third- or fourth-rate road company.

DOROTHY GISH says that whenever household budgets are mentioned she remembers that summer, not so very long ago, when the Gishes and the Pickfords (only in those days the Pickfords were the Smiths) lived together in order to reduce their overhead and pull through the slack season on the little they had been able to lay by.

Both Mrs. Pickford and Mrs. Gish used to listen to Mary's advice. For even when Mary was ten years old it was evident she knew what she was about. A little pucker between her eyes, the stump of a pencil grasped in her stubby fingers, Mary would sit for hours over the kitchen table, computing how much could be spent on this and how much on that. Excellent training for a girl who was one day to be one of the richest self-made women in all the world.

And, poor as they were that summer, Lillian and Dorothy and Mary and Lottie managed to see every worthwhile play in New York. Mary's efficiency and aggressiveness again . . .

They would go to the box-office of the theaters, all four of them blonde and one a trifle taller than the others, and Mary, presenting her card, would ask if the management recognized professionals.

Her card read:

GLADYS SMITH

Little Red Schoolhouse Company

Needless to say, if the house was crowded to capacity that day the man in the box-office told them to come around another time.

A native business sense, combined with the personality Mary always has possessed—plus the responsibility she knew as man of the family, Jack being considerably younger—might have been expected to bring her outstanding success even without her divine spark. No wonder her name has a place in every language and her image a place in many hearts.

GLORIA SWANSON remains a brilliant star, not only because she is a great actress but because she is the stuff of which big business men are made, a streak of the gambler running through her make-up like the streak of lean in bacon.

Years ago, with keen vision, Gloria realized that she must stake her claim to continued popularity on firmer ground than as a mannequin for bizarre costumes. It isn't exaggerating to say Gloria would have been all through if she had failed in her first dramatic rôle. She risked her half loaf to prove herself an artist.

And she made good. Today her early posturings have been obliterated by memories of her *Subway Sadie*, *Madame Sans Gene*, *Sadie Thompson*, and her work in "The Trespasser."

It appeared Gloria was to be rewarded for the chances she had taken to make herself truly great. Paramount offered her a new contract at an enormous sum.

Gloria refused to sign that contract. She was ambitious to produce her own pictures. She signed with United Artists, although she received only a fraction of the sum Paramount would have paid her, plus a percentage on her profits.

Almost everyone felt she had made a serious mistake. They said no woman could shoulder a financial responsibility that would irk a high financier, worry about the thousand and one details of production and, at the same time, do justice to herself as an artist.

Gloria, in the last few years, has worked

unendingly. She has conferred with her executives while still wearing her greasepaint between scenes, or over luncheon at her suite in the studios. She has spent her week-ends at her country place with directors and authors as house guests, and the talk has been of the picture in the making and the one to follow. Immediately after "The Loves of Sunya," it looked as if the calamity howlers were right. Certainly the picture was not the expected success. Rumor said Gloria was heavily in debt.

It was likely enough. It was necessary for her to maintain a high scale of living and her overhead was tremendous. Furthermore, she is naturally extravagant.

She sold her country estate. She disposed of her pent-house twenty odd stories above Fifth Avenue. With dogs and baggage, children and servants, she departed for California. And her detail worry and financial responsibility were exaggerated by the urgent necessity of her next picture being an unusual success—and a talkie.

If you've seen "The Trespasser" you know how magnificently she has come through. And you may well marvel, as I do, that in spite of the countless and ceaseless demands made upon her energy and time, not the least of which have been her two children to whom she is devoted, Gloria somehow, some way, found time to study singing.

There seems no limit to her prowess. Yet she is small and softly spoken, and more often than not a little wistful and sad.

IN Canada, Norma Shearer must have spent a good part of her time reading success articles. They always emphasize the importance of grasping opportunity. And that's exactly what Norma did when a post-war depression sapped her father's business, and she and her mother and sister, Athole, landed in New York to pave their own way to success.

All three lived in one small, furnished room and every mouthful they ate brought them nearer the end of their little bank account.

Norma haunted agencies and earned some money posing for advertisements. But she had to pick her way carefully. There are as many unscrupulous agents as there are scrupulous ones. Only a girl with a good head on her shoulders runs this gamut unscathed. Some of the agents insist the girls take lessons in modeling from them, and for these lessons they charge a comparatively exorbitant sum. Other agents are far too interested in the girls personally.

Through the agent Norma had chosen as decent and honest, she heard that a director in one of the motion picture studios was to pick twelve girls for a day's work. With Athole she hurried to this studio. As usual, a call for a dozen girls found hundreds waiting. Norma and Athole stood lost in the shuffle.

The director began to make his selection, pointing out one girl after another and counting as he did so "one . . . two . . . three . . ." and so on to "eleven" . . .

And in that crowd he well might have chosen twelve girls without even seeing the Shearers. One chance remained.

NORMA coughed. Loudly. Deliberately. The director looked in her direction. His finger shot out. "Twelve," he said.

Norma grasped her opportunity. Nor was she satisfied with that coup, either. She convinced the director he needed Athole, too.

However, don't let any inspirational success story tell you Norma Shearer coughed her way to fame. Before she came to the day of signing her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she needed every ounce of pluck, perseverance and ambition she possessed.

Even after she had made her first success in "The Stealers," Norma had plenty of hardships. Her agent, overestimating her success, placed too high a price on her services.

"Thumbs down on Shearer," said the resentful producers. "She's holding out for a helluva lot of money. Who does she think she is?"



You'll enjoy the Kleenex way to remove cold cream

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never

think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads!

Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is injurious. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and premature wrinkles.

Kleenex just can't irritate in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It *blots* up every bit of surplus cream, and lifts impurities from the pores.

More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name _____

City _____

Address _____



"I USE KLEENEX for removing cold cream because the tissues are so very absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary."

Leand Boardman

FRECKLES



A Simple, Safe Way to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There is no longer the slightest need of being ashamed of your freckles, since it is now an easy matter to fade out these homely, rusty-brown spots with Othine and gain a clear, beautiful complexion.

After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will find that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It's seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these unsightly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove every last freckle and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

OTHINE

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EARN \$60-\$250
A WEEK

PREPARE NOW to enter the BIG, UN-CROWDED FIELD of Motion Picture Photography—opportunities everywhere in moviestudios, newsfilms, educational or industrial work.

YOU CAN QUALIFY QUICKLY AT HOME!

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NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. P-1220, 10 West 33rd Street, New York City

To have success almost within your grasp and then have it elude you, leaving you in the same hall bedroom and wearing the same little tailored suit growing more and more shabby at the seams and elbows, is an acidic test for your metal. But Norma Shearer managed to live through this experience and keep inviolate her *élan* and her fresh youth.

WHEN Betty Compson was a little girl in Salt Lake City the neighbors used to borrow her as often as her parents would let them. There was something about her heart-shaped face, her silver blonde curls, her bottomless blue eyes and her little girl hands upon the bow of her violin, not to mention her music, that made her the neighborhood darling. Her days were happy and carefree. Her home was typical of thousands of comfortable homes scattered all over the country. And Betty was her parents' star of hope. They planned and saved for the day when she would study at the Conservatory.

Then Mr. Compson fell ill. Whatever money had been saved dwindled alarmingly. Doctor bills and druggist bills. Betty watched her mother grow old. There were no more violin lessons. And when Betty picked up her violin, only the sad little tunes seemed to have survived.

"You'll have to be brave," neighbors told her the day she stood beside her mother in the parlor, heavy and sweet from the funeral flowers. "You'll have to be the man of the family now." Betty only nodded. She couldn't get her voice over the great ache in her throat.

Little did those well meaning neighbors know how truly they spoke. At fourteen, Betty was literally "the man of the family"—the breadwinner.

She was too young to leave school. Whatever she did she had to do after three o'clock. So she played her violin in an orchestra. And when acts that needed no accompaniment were on she managed to do her homework.

The little money in the bank was almost gone. Every month, perforce, inroads had been made upon it. Even Betty's musical scores were scribbled with her frantic calculations. So much for the butcher and grocer, so much for rent, so much for light and heat, a mere pittance for clothes . . . but it wouldn't prove.

As a child Betty had learned the old proverb, "One door never closes but another opens." So she waited, and sharpened her eyes for the opening of another door.

An act that had been booked at the theater where she played failed to materialize. Betty begged to go on in its place. It was her chance to make more money. It was the opening of that other door she always had heard about.

Without enthusiasm the manager agreed.

"You'll have to fix yourself up with different clothes," he said, looking over her little black dress, shabby these days even for the school-room.

Fix herself up with different clothes! Of course! But how? Her one other dress was even shabbier. Ever since she had been playing in that theater Betty had envied the actresses their sparkling gowns. And she had listened, down there in the orchestra pit, for the swish of their fine silk skirts.

Word got about that Betty was to appear in an act that night. Betty's schoolmates attended in an enthusiastic body. The "Standing Room Only" sign hung beside the box-office. The manager rubbed his hands appreciatively.

Two page boys changed the announcements at the corners of the stage. *The Vagabond Violinist* read the placards.

The theater darkened. The curtain rose. There, in a pool of golden light, stood Betty in rags and tatters, a gay scarf tied about her soft hair, her violin beneath her chin. Without benefit of silk or satin, without benefit of jewels or paste, she had achieved a becoming costume.

She smiled like a frightened doe. But her fingers were firm on her bow. Her violin sang of her heartaches . . . of her young wisdom . . . of her shining dreams. And when she had finished the applause boomed like the waves of the sea.

She received a contract to go on tour, but she was inexperienced about such things and agreed to pay her own travelling expenses. With her mother she sat up all night in day coaches. They snatched what sleep they could. They cooked scanty meals in hotel rooms except when there wasn't money for any dinner at all. No sacrifice was too great if they could continue together. But jumps between towns became longer and engagements became shorter. The little salary could not be stretched any further. Mrs. Compson had to go back home. And, lonely, Betty had to travel on.

SHE reached Seattle. Outside of the station the bright sunshine suddenly revealed how shabby her dress had become. It was gritty from the dirt of trains and there were little threadbare spots where her valise and violin case had been carried against it. However, a new dress was out of the question. From her last stop Betty had sent her mother a money order and she wouldn't receive her money for the Seattle engagement until the end of the week. In the meantime she had to live.

Then, in a shop window, she saw a necklace of blue beads. They were the blue of the sea when it lies beneath azure skies. Without any thought of the meals they would deny her, Betty went in the shop and bought them.

NEXT MONTH—Still More Remarkable Stories of Five Picture Stars of Today

HOW Betty Compson became a nursemaid to save up for her fare home, and what happened when a rich man's son fell in love with her. How Ann Harding quit the home of her army colonel father and became an obscure typist, and how she broke into pictures reading current novels to make extra money to live on. How Clara Bow has fought to make up for the lean years, and had to borrow clothes from her relatives. How Alice Joyce, now of Park Avenue, supported herself from early girlhood. How Estelle Taylor posed as a hat model so she wouldn't have to return to a small-town home, and then got down to her last nickel, which she spent for an apple and a bottle of milk.

In the Sept. Issue—Out Aug. 15

They did help her eyes. They did help her dress. What if her purse was lighter? It had been a long, long time since she had owned a trinket.

Whatever economies she had to practice until pay-day, she would practice willingly.

It was with a lighter step she proceeded to the theater.

"Compson?" queried the doorman "Betty Compson?"

She nodded, elated. She was beginning to be known.

He handed her a telegram.

She slashed at the terrifying yellow envelope. It was from the booking office. They were sorry, but times were bad and they would be obliged to cancel all bookings.

She stood alone in the maelstrom of that strange street. There was nowhere she could go. The fare to Salt Lake City was sixty dollars. And, opening her purse, her trembling fingers counted three single bills and less than a dollar in change. . .

Valentino's Memory

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

place. He cancelled his appointment and hurried around London all afternoon.

Then trucks and wagons began to arrive at the hospital and unload bundles and boxes, the drivers insisting to the bewildered sisters that all this was really meant for them. Finally, Valentino himself arrived to assure them that everything was all right. All the baskets and crates and packages belonged there. He explained he had sent them.

It was a wonderful time, especially for the Sheik who played Santa Claus for the children and brought them toys. There were presents for everybody.

"Whom do we thank for all this happiness?" one of the sisters asked.

"I would like to do all this without a name," the star said.

"But we want to pray for you," the nuns persisted.

Valentino smiled his gratitude but shook his head.

THEN, suddenly, a young nun recognized him from his picture, which was on all the billboards in London.

"It's Rodolpho Valentino," she cried.

Valentino looked dismayed and disappointed.

He begged them not to let any word of it get into the papers. He explained, earnestly, a little sadly, that he was able to do so little as a private person and that he would enjoy the memory of all this so much more if it remained just a personal thing.

It would have made a wonderful publicity story, but it never appeared.

The Valentino Association heard about it for the first time when they went to the hospital to see what they could do in his memory. Now the answer was easy. They created a children's ward and dedicated it in honor of *St. Theresa de Lisieux*, the little Carmelite nun.

The Valentino Association is now flourishing. It stresses the more spiritual side of his character, his generosity and kind-heartedness. In order to preserve his art and maintain his vivid personality before the public, his pictures are shown every year under their auspices, and great crowds flock to see them.

The lady who founded it with her gallant defense of his name and reputation has a small place in her house set apart in his memory. There she keeps the pale blue silk shirt and sash he wore in one of his pictures. His make-up box is there, just as he left it the last day on the set, with a bit of pipe tobacco still in the pouch in one of its compartments. These were bought at auction when the things he once owned and used brought fabulous prices.



A LADY and her BEAUTY *are soon parted*

IT doesn't take long for delicate skin to develop large, conspicuous pores. And enlarged pores make the loveliest complexion look coarse, old.

But now it's easy to avoid enlarged pores. Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion will keep your skin delicately textured, fine and fresh. And if the pores are already large, Texture Lotion will gradually reduce them to their normal size.

But that isn't all. Texture Lotion cleanses your skin thoroughly, and, unlike many liquid cleansers, it *does not dry even a sensitive skin*. Texture Lotion picks up every imperceptible particle of dust or grease. It removes the last suggestion of stickiness after any sort of facial cream has been used, leaving your skin exquisitely clean, gloriously cool, refreshed, tingling with life.

Ask for Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion at your favorite drug or department store. There are two sizes: \$1.00 and \$2.00.

DOROTHY GRAY

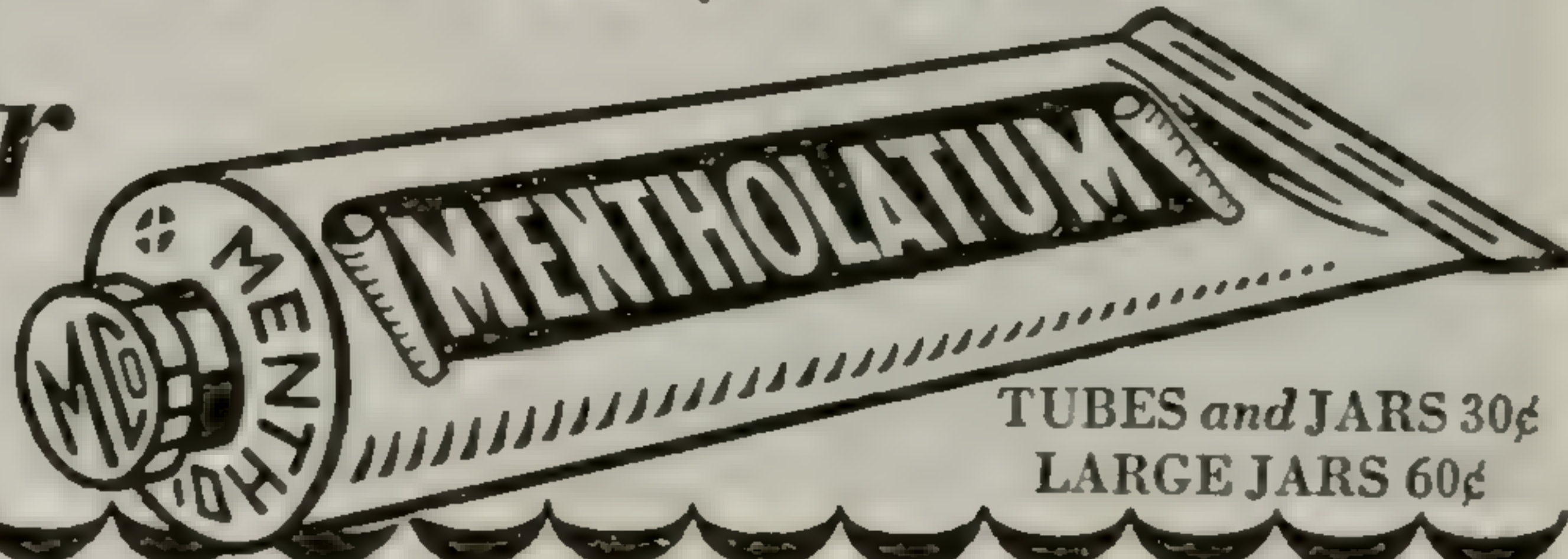
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When SUNBURNT run for

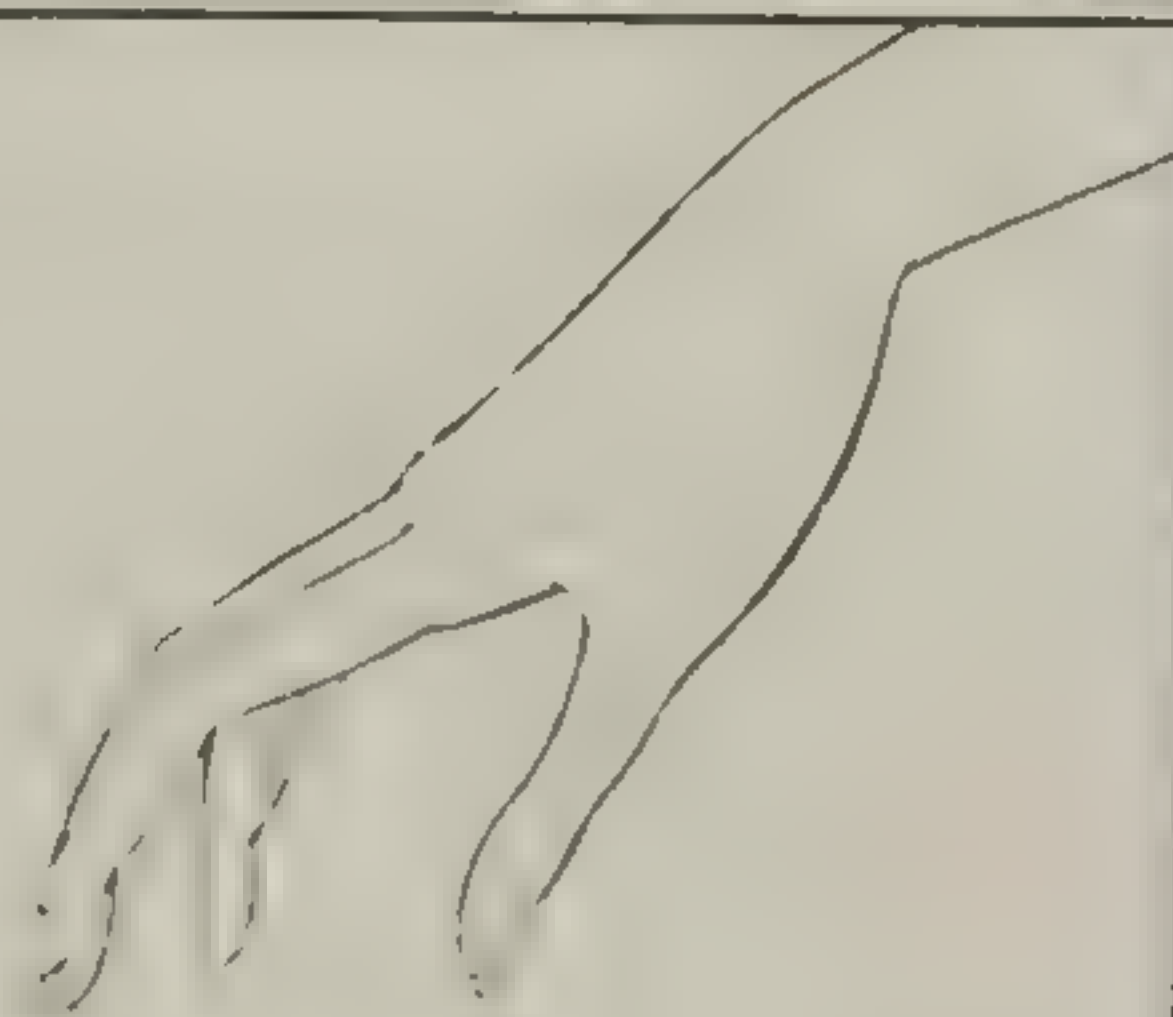


TUBES and JARS 30¢
LARGE JARS 60¢

It is NOT TOO LATE to Enter PHOTOPLAY'S \$5000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. See Page 124 for Special 6 Months Contest Subscription Rate and Handy Blank.

You never lose Ivory
in your bath —
it floats!

99 44/100 % PURE



Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

this season. So many of us are wearing brighter colors and gayer patterns that our skins must be made to glow in harmony. We aren't willing to let our clothes pale us out of the picture.

But it's nice to know that if we get tired of glowing brightly, we can turn about and make ourselves just as interestingly subdued as we want to be.

Because we girls of 1930 have waked up to make-up!

BARBARA JOAN:

Your blackhead treatment does not sound very effective. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, repeating your request, and I'll forward my leaflet on treatment of blackheads and acne. For stubborn cases there are a number of excellent blackhead preparations on the market. The advertising columns of PHOTOPLAY are always your safe guide in selecting toilet preparations and cosmetics.

Pearl or light champagne face powder is a better choice for you than rachel. A medium carmine rouge, applied lightly, ought to strike the right balance between the too-bright color you dislike and the paler shades you find inadequate. There is such a comprehensive range of rouge shades that you will have no trouble in finding the right one.

FREDDY:

I think you are making a mistake in refusing invitations to go swimming. That is the very exercise you need to improve your figure, although judging by your height and weight it seems to me you are exaggerating this fault. Select a plain, dark bathing suit that will make you look and feel inconspicuous. Then get out on the beach and have a good time.

JULIE G.:

I can't advise you to go to New York without sufficient money to tide you over the first few months, in addition to railroad fare and tuition fees. After you have become acquainted with the city and properly established, you could probably find some part-time work, but I doubt if you could earn enough in that way to pay for your entire maintenance. Since you are alone and have no one to consider but yourself, you may be willing to take the chance of living on what you can earn in your free time and of going back to stenography full time if the need arises.

I like your courage and ambition, but I want to warn you that, like all big cities, New York is a difficult place for a young girl with inadequate means. I suggest you consult your local Y. W. C. A. or similar organization for advice on living quarters and employment opportunities in New York before making any definite plans.

UNHAPPY:

There's no reason for you to remain unhappy. All you want right now is a chance to go to parties and dances, to mingle with young people and make friends. Then you are foolish not to accept the invitations of this boy who likes you and wants you to meet his friends, just because he is a year younger than you are. You say that his friends are older, but you hesitate to accept the attentions of a boy who seems so young. I certainly don't think you should overlook this opportunity to meet young people who interest you. If there is no other reason for refusing this boy's invitations, start right now to accept them.

EVELYN:

In addition to blues and greens, these colors should be becoming to you: pale pink and rose, clear yellows, orchid, black, white, black and white combinations, pale gray, bronze and dark browns.

A professional water wave occasionally, aided by your own efforts, should result in a soft, natural ripple in hair that is already inclined to wave.

ALICE M.:

You don't have to "make conversation," Alice. Let the boys do most of the talking. They like to, as a rule! The reason you can't forget yourself when you are with boys is because you are trying to be a different person, one you think will appeal more to a boy. And of course, you have to keep concentrating on that girl you are trying to be.

Talk about the movies you have seen, the book you just finished, the tennis match you are going to. Be natural, and then you will enjoy your "dates." And, what is equally important, so will the boy. Just try it.

JOAN T.:

From your description, Joan, these are the colors you can wear: pale green, dark greens that are not olive in tone, pale blue and all clear blues, black of high lustre, rose taupe, dark brown, flesh pink, very pale yellow. White will be most becoming when trimmed with a color, or worn with jewelry that adds the color note.

Your proportions and measurements are splendid for a growing girl.

EMILY N.:

Yes, pale blue is a favored color this season, and one made-to-order for a blue-eyed blonde like yourself. And why shouldn't you wear all-white? As long as we have summer weather the all-white costume will always be popular. The white pique hat you describe is just the right one for a white crepe sports dress. It sounds like a most attractive ensemble.

Give Me Moore!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

emerald necklace, and more bracelets than Margaret Livingston wore the night we went slumming in Los Angeles.

We had dinner at 8:30 in the rather baronial dining room. Everything that is served in that house is raised right on the ranch. Grace brought her own chef from Italy, and Hollywood has never tasted such food. There was an avocado cocktail, a bortsch soup, squab, peas and escalloped egg-plant, cold asparagus and coffee. No dessert. Some concession has to be made to diet, although the secret of the Moore lissomeness is exercise and sun baths.

From the dining room we could see a circle of lights, Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

"We're not in America tonight," said Grace. "Let's have a toast to Paris. That's Montmartre below us, and that lighted spire you see is really the Eiffel Tower."

Well, a young lady with imagination!

OVER the dinner table she told me of her early life in a little Tennessee town, and her boarding school days at Chevy Chase, in Washington, and how she had run away from school to go to New York.

"I couldn't imagine staying in Tennessee and marrying one of the local beaux. So I left Washington for New York with exactly ten dollars. I went to the Martha Washington Hotel and from there to the apartment of a girl I knew. All the time they were searching the town for me. In a short time I had a job at seventy-five dollars a week."

Her first smashing triumph was at the Music Box. She was the sensation of New York, but she had her eyes on the Metropolitan. And then her voice began to fail her because she had sung the same songs in the same voice for so long. Dr. Marafioti, now at M-G-M to train stellar throats, and a famous teacher in

Unchanging Beauty for your Fingertips

GLAZO POLISHES, which never vary their tones, are the smartest colors you can wear

IN a less active generation, lovely nails and fingertips signified a woman with very little to do. Today, thank goodness, women are busy—at sports and at work. Hands are exposed to this and that. And Glazo, with its unique virtue of looking as well in evening as in day, helps the busy woman to guard her beauty and her time.



1
The delicate sheath of Glazo that gives your fingertips loveliness by day . . .



2
... retains the same charming tone by evening light. Glazo's smart colors . . .



3
... never vary with a change of light. The beauty it brings is constant, and lasts for a week or more.



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Only with Glazo will your fingertips be constantly smart

Glazo liquid nail polish, in a few moments' time, brings to your nails a lovely delicate sheen that lasts a week or more. It never peels, and it never verges on artificiality.

And Glazo's smart colors never change their tone, regardless of varying lighting conditions. Other polishes, pleasing by daylight, take on a different and disappointing cast by candlelight or electricity. Glazo alone, because scientifically made so, remains unaffected.

With Glazo on your nails, your fingertips will always be lovely, will always be admired.

Be sure to see Glazo's Lipstick Reds—Flame, Geranium and Crimson—three new nail polishes that harmonize with the popular lipstick shades. With a "light" lipstick, use Glazo Flame. Use Geranium with a "medium." And with a "dark" lipstick, use Glazo Crimson.

These Lipstick Reds, as well as the standard Glazo shades, may be found at all toilet-goods counters.

GLAZO Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ80
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands." (If you live in Canada, address P.O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

"I'd no more carry a lipstick than a hair brush"



Says
MYRNA LOY

"I don't have to carry a lipstick with me," explains the charming actress whose lovely lips fascinate countless film fans. "Before going on the lot or out for the evening, I simply make up my lips with Kissproof. That's my assurance that they will look their best—and keep looking their best—all day or evening long."

"See the Kissproof lips of Miss Loy in 'The Great Divide,' and remember that she is but one of the 5,000,000 women who have found that they can leave their lipsticks at home—free themselves from constant 'making up'—if they use Kissproof.

Follow their example and you'll find that this lasting waterproof lipstick will do more than stay on—it will flatter your lips tremendously, making them glow with natural beauty.

Kissproof is available at toilet counters everywhere. *Black and Gold Case, 50c; Swivel Case, 75c.*

Kissproof

BUNIONS GO QUICKLY!

PEDODYNE the new scientific solvent process stops the torturing pain of the most sensitive bunion almost instantly, and reduces the enlarged, disfiguring growth so quickly you'll soon have shapely feet and wear smaller, trimmer shoes with ease and comfort.

MAKE THIS TEST AND PROVE IT!

Just mail the coupon below—Try Pedodyne on your own bunion and prove the quick, sure, amazing results.

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. 342-H
180 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

"I want to try Pedodyne." There is no obligation. Address—

Name.....

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TURN YOUR SPARE OR FULL TIME INTO MONEY

With our Christmas Box Assortments which contain 21 Cards and Folders in dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing, tipped-on illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and deckle-edged folders—every card and folder with an artistic harmonizing envelope. SELL FOR \$1.00—COSTS YOU 50c. WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.

If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and FREE SAMPLES.

Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 66, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough Pimply Skin?

Then Use **CUTICURA**

And Have a Clear Skin!

Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 8B, Malden, Mass.

New York, brought back her voice. She feels that she owes him a debt that can never be repaid.

Then two years of study in Europe, and a debut at the *Opera Comique*, where Mary Garden had scintillated before. Garden, by the way, is one of her closest friends. And both believe that there is nothing like a sun bath to keep a prima donna looking like a Follies queen. Then, at last, the Metropolitan, the night of nights when she sang *Mimi* in "La Boheme."

GRACE didn't want to come to Hollywood. She was to sing "Louise" in Paris this spring. She has a villa on the Riviera, but she is practical, too. Why not make a lot of money? France is always there.

Her first picture will be "Jenny Lind." Then "The New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett as her co-star. After that, "The Merry Widow." A whole basketful of talkie plums is showered in her lap.

At ten o'clock we started for the Montmartre. We went in Grace's limousine, driven by an imported French chauffeur who in some uncanny way learned all the roads but can speak no English. Another chauffeur followed, driving my car. It was like leading a parade. Grace was going on to Malibu Beach later on, and didn't want to return to the ranch. She couldn't very well take me to Malibu, and she couldn't gracefully ask me to walk back for my car.

Over her light wrap she wore an ermine coat. I didn't like to mention it, but that was a bit insulting. Most girls realize that it is a sort of affront to a gentleman to take two coats—even if it is a cold night.

At Montmartre we had a couple of dances to Ben Bernie's marvelous music. Ben came over and spoke to Grace. She had known him in New York. By that time she was in a mood to see the town. We paid something like \$4.75 at Montmartre for something or other, and started for George Olsen's Night Club.

"About once a year I feel like this," she said. "I want to go touring, and stay about half an

hour in each place. My chauffeur will think he is driving me about Paris."

It was nearly midnight when we reached the Olsen Club. The place was packed. People were almost hanging from the chandeliers. It was an impressive entrance we had. If the orchestra had just been tipped off I'm sure it would have played "Pomp and Circumstance."

Grace was easily the most stunning woman in the place. We ordered. I know you won't believe this, but Grace ate an apple. A friend of mine who has been places and seen things says that this is quite the thing in Europe. I had chicken salad, which I didn't want, but it was the first thing I thought of. I don't like apples, and two people at the same table eating apples would have started a riot.

"I like this place," she confessed. "It's gay. It makes me think of New York."

Under the mellowing influence of a good dinner, gay music, and, of course, the apple, we became very good friends. In fact, an hour after I had first met the lady I felt as if I had known her always.

At two o'clock Grace had to leave for her cottage at Malibu. A photographer was coming down at ten in the morning, and a new star in pictures can't meet the "birdie" with circles under her eyes. The bill was \$5.50. In other words the whole evening cost just \$10.25.

Now anyone can afford to step out with a Metropolitan opera star at these bargain rates. Sometimes it's nice to live in Hollywood where pleasures are simple and you can have a big evening on a ten-spot.

MAYBE it isn't sporting to mention this, but an operatic songbird is a most glamorous person. In fact the whole evening was the most exciting I've had. With that I apologize to Sally, June, Anita, Lupe, Jetta, Margaret, Polly and Helen.

Gosh, I didn't realize that I had been around so much until that summing up. Pretty soon I can write my memoirs and retire to a villa at Tia Juana.

Gloria, Connie and the Marquis

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

along. And as they talked, something began developing. They called it "The Trespasser." Eddie wrote it. Laura Crews coached Gloria for it, giving her the benefit of all a brilliant stage career had taught her. Gloria starred in it.

It took just eight weeks from paper to cutting room. At the end of it, Gloria had lost twenty pounds and was close to a mental and physical wreck.

Now, when the average husband returns home to the average wife, after a hard day at the office, she has the house ready for him, his slippers before the radiator and a good, hot dinner steaming on the table. After dinner, she takes time out to tell him how wonderful he is and then, if possible, packs him off to bed with the rest of the children.

Gloria, when she finished "The Trespasser," was, metaphorically, a man coming home from a hard day at the office. She dashed for Europe and Henri. She told the ship's news reporters, "I'm going abroad to bring my husband back. No more of these uncompanionate marriages for me. I want Hank to be with me, not separated from me."

She was even more tired when she reached Paris. She needed rest and quiet. But Henri was full of ideas for her entertainment. He proposed a trip to Deauville. It was the racing season. They ate dinner at midnight and breakfast at four p. m. From Deauville they rushed back to Paris and Gloria endured days of fittings. Then word came that Pathe was to open "The Trespasser" in London and that Gloria was to broadcast one of her songs.

Gloria just made the boat train and landed exhausted. The officials of her company say that they have never seen anyone in such a state of nerves as Gloria after that B. B. C. broadcast in London.

You know, of course, what "The Trespasser" did, what an outstanding hit it still is at the box-office. You know that Gloria was the first of the genuine made-in-Hollywood dramatic stars to triumph in the new medium of sound.

But what did it all really matter? Gloria came back from Europe without the thing she had gone after—Henri.

Which brings us down to what undoubtedly created this triangle in the first place—and to a problem that confronts every working wife, whether she works as a stenographer or as a movie star.

An idle wife can, as a rule, appreciate her husband's tiredness. She can realize the expenditure of mental and physical energy even the easiest day demands. She can subdue her own energy to attune with her husband's weariness. But a man can't reverse that situation.

An idle husband doesn't appreciate a weary wife. He doesn't want a weary wife, no matter how famous or beautiful or rich she may be. He resents a tired wife. He wants an amusing, feminine companion.

And to this rule Henri de Bailly de la Falaise, Marquis though he may be, is no exception. Henri married the gay, debonaire Swanson of 1925. He trailed the paths of her glory. He was her manager. He was her agent. He tried being an actor, a dealer in manuscripts, even a

writer. Somehow, he and work never got along.

He began finding out, too, how Gloria worked—how serious she is about her work—how it excludes everything from her mind, save her children—when she is engaged in it. And so when things began being a little less delightful around the home, when Gloria's luck wasn't holding out and she was forced to be more serious, Henri began going more often to France and returning less.

I am not accusing Henri of shirking. I think it was inevitable that he should act this way. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of leisure and laughter. It was natural that he should hate the atmosphere of stress and struggle that is artistic creation in the most fluctuating medium known.

YET the tragedy of it is that Gloria cannot give up working, since her greatest piece of art is the creation she has made of herself.

With Connie Bennett it is altogether different. Connie is acting. That's true enough. But Connie started with much more than Gloria and so the struggle will never be so severe on her.

Connie was always a personality. She never had to overcome shyness and plain features as Gloria did. Connie was beautiful even as a baby. Learning came easily to her and she had a perfect background of it, schools on the Continent, finishing schools here. When she was sixteen she was so exquisite it stabbed you to look at her and so sophisticated you couldn't believe it.

She eloped with a college kid that year. His parents had it annulled. She went into ball-room dancing and met Phil Plant. He was a difficult lad and got engaged and nearly married several times while Connie knew him—but Connie finally got her heart's desire and became Mrs. Plant. A couple of blissful years passed and then Connie came back from Europe, with her divorce, her million, her Continental mind and the figure of a growing boy. Hollywood held out open arms to her and that was that.

But Connie says, "Between working all the time and drifting all the time, I'd far rather work. But I'd give up either work or idling if the right man came along, without waiting five minutes to think it over and renounce fame for a first choice at a home and romance. I believe any kind of a career comes secondary to happiness in love. This is as true for a man as for a woman, as I see it."

That is the voice of the romantic speaking.

WHEN Gloria talks, she mentions her home, her children, and her career.

And that is the voice of the artist.

What the end will be no one cares to forecast.

It may be that Gloria will discover Henri is worth giving up all her career for.

It may be that Connie will start working very, very hard.

At any rate, they will continue, for a while, to provide Hollywood with its choicest gossip—Gloria, the glorious; Connie, the exotic, and the charming and genial Marquis known as Hank.

Janet Goes to War

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

She says she refused to return because she had no definite assurance from the studio that they would not ask her to make another "High Society Blues" after "Liliom." Perhaps she thought that by holding up "Liliom" she could bring the studio to her point of view.

But "Liliom" was not held up. Fox imported Rose Hobart, Broadway stage actress, to play the part Janet was to have played. The picture went into production.

And Janet came back without having won her point. She came back, she says, because

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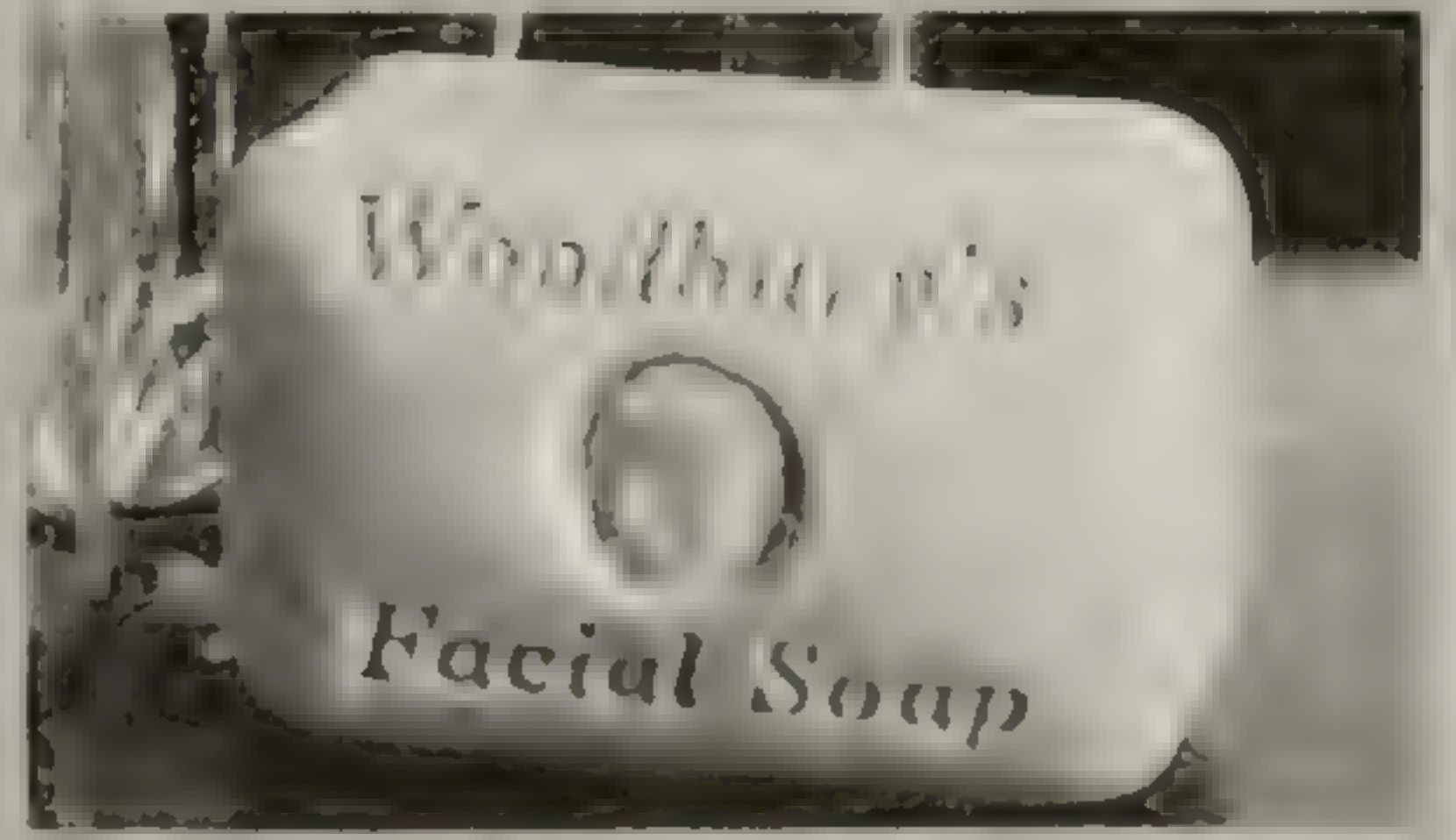
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DOROTHY DWAN,
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she felt it was unfair to her husband, Lydell Peck, to stay away any longer. They had been married only five months.

On her return to Hollywood the battle took on the aspect of a deadlock. She did not go near the studio. The publicity department had great difficulty in reaching her and when they did get her on the phone she was far from confidential.

The studio stopped her salary.

Had she been dependent on her weekly check for a living the battle would probably have ended then and there. But Janet didn't turn a hair.

She took a year's lease on a house at Playa del Rey and with her husband moved down, bag and baggage.

I WENT to see her the day she moved to the beach. She had not called the studio since her return from Honolulu three weeks before, nor had studio officials made any attempt to get in touch with her. I asked her what she was going to do.

"Nothing," she said calmly. She looked healthier and happier than she had looked in months.

"It's their move. They know exactly how I feel about the situation. They must come to me now."

Her contract with Fox has four more years to run. Unless she comes to an agreement with them or finds a legal means to dissolve her contract she must remain off the screen for the next four years.

Lydell Peck is in sympathy with his wife's attitude, but says he would not want to see her retire from the screen. "Janet is emotional—she needs that outlet." But Mrs. Lydell Peck says she is in no hurry to get back to work. If it becomes necessary to give up her film career for the next few years she will turn her energies to something else. She wants to write. And to travel.

And for the time being she is quite content to lie on the sand, resting, reading, and doing a little mental house-cleaning.

It is hard to tell just what the Fox studio will do about the situation. Their attitude is that Janet Gaynor is getting too hard to handle, and that unless she comes around they will put someone else in the pictures slated for her on next year's program. There is so much talent in the world, they feel, that no one individual is indispensable.

Much time and money have been spent by the Fox organization, which gave her her chance, in order to build the name of Janet Gaynor to its present drawing power. It is going to take more time and more money to groom someone for her place. The public adores Janet both in her wistful, emotional characteriza-

tions and in lighter musical comedy rôles. There is no question about that.

Janet says: "Just because I am holding out for what I know to be best, the studio thinks I am getting arty. In 'High Society Blues' I went back almost to the starting point of my career. I played an ingénue lead which any beginner could have handled. Surely I've worked myself out of the beginner class by now."

Perhaps it will clarify Janet's conception of a "suitable rôle" to know that she was eager to play the lead in "Common Clay." The rôle, which fell to Constance Bennett, was that of a sophisticated young woman, possessing obvious sex attraction. But Janet says she would have played her as a girl irresistible to men not through any frankly sophisticated appeal, but by virtue of her helplessness and ingenuous charm.

A type, certainly, which attracts big, strong men both on and off the screen!

"I know that I can play emotional rôles. I've proved that—and I feel that I have something a little out of the ordinary to offer on the screen. I'm at my best playing character rôles in foreign settings, as in '7th Heaven' and 'Christina'—not doing straight American leads. A 'Sunny Side Up' every four or five pictures would be fine—but not all the time."

Janet seems to forget that Fox offered her "Liliom" after "High Society Blues"—not another musical comedy.

That is the chief flaw in an otherwise convincing argument.

While the Fox situation continues to become more involved, rumors of domestic difficulties in the Gaynor-Peck household grow increasingly persistent.

NOT long ago Janet and Lydell quarreled publicly at a large party. Lydell went home, but Janet remained at the party. It may have been only a spat.

In the face of all reports, however, Janet and Lydell both maintain steadfastly that they are happy, and that there is no possibility of a split.

Certainly the fact that they have taken a year's lease on a house bears out their statement. Still, leases can be broken.

What is more to the point is the fact that they look happy.

Any way you figure it, Janet Gaynor is sitting on a keg of dynamite at present. By her own admission her professional life is in a turmoil.

And, by the admission of those close to her, her domestic life is in the same state. Either or both may have blown up by the time this is in print.

But then, maybe Janet likes dynamite!

What Garbo Thinks of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

about her strikes her as strangely funny. When she once read a very high-brow treatise about herself in a national magazine she closed the book and said:

"But what does it all mean?"

She cannot, you see, reconcile herself to the illusions that people have about her. She does not believe herself mysterious.

Hollywood, I think, amuses her ironically more than anything in her life.

She will break out into a loud guffaw at upset dignity.

One very pompous actor who played in a picture of hers walked across the set one day, tripped on a wire and fell sprawling. She could not control her mirth.

She shows her feeling for the average Hollywood party by not attending them. One of the reasons is that she is truly terrified of people en masse.

And another reason is that she knows the

stories that are always circulated about her when she makes an appearance.

SHE has, by now, acclimated herself to California, a gesture that was difficult. She adores the sun—is, in reality, a sun worshipper and loves to have it pour over her lithe, long body. But she likes cold days best. Somehow the driving heat of Hollywood enervates her and always has.

And, although she loves the ocean and lived at the beach when she first came to California, the constant roll of the ocean gets on her nerves.

She has, however, decided to move back to the beach. She lived for a time in a rented house in Beverly Hills, but moved from there to a house of Marie Prevost.

She discovered that the noise of the electric cars passing close by annoyed her, so she is leaving that place.

Certainly she must have a profound contempt for all of the exhibitionist qualities she finds in Hollywood.

Howard Greer, the dressmaker, says that she is the only star customer he has who insists upon selecting her clothes in a closed fitting room, away from the prying eyes of even the people she knows.

Garbo is not one to dissemble. She shows plainly what she feels and is the most deeply temperamental woman in Hollywood. That does not mean that she flies into tantrums. She has never been known to do that, but she is subject to a thousand moods. When she is in dark spirits she sits apart and will not inflict her misery on others. She simply makes herself miserable. She either talks not at all or a great deal.

SHE has no place in the life of Hollywood. She has never adapted herself to it. When she thought she was in love with Jack Gilbert she was more social than ever before, because Jack is such a social person. Then, she went out occasionally, learned to play tennis and made some of the conventional gestures. She doesn't even do that now.

But Hollywood has been kind to her and I think she appreciates this. It has brought her wealth and fame. The wealth doesn't mean a great deal to her, since she lives as simply as a hermit, and I believe that she is afraid of the fame. She feels that it is a Frankenstein that will some day destroy her. She reads all of the stories that are written about her and one day she remarked to a friend:

"See, they say nice things about me now. But if I some time make a bad picture and if I am no longer popular you will see they will say I am not a good actress, and other bad things as well."

She is like a caged lioness on the set, and before she does an emotional scene she walks up and down the stage.

Between scenes she sits hunched over in a chair with an old sweater thrown about her shoulders, like a prize fighter ready to go into the ring.

Garbo will continue to remain an enigma in Hollywood.

But she is really no enigma at all.

She will continue to go her way alone, for she is essentially an alone person, an introvert and a neurotic, a woman not at all amazing to herself but amazing to those who watch her.

There is almost as much hysteria about her in Hollywood as there is in the rest of the world. Stars beg to meet her. Hostesses try to lure her to their parties. But Garbo does not like parties.

Nobody is kidding Garbo. She does not overlook the fact that the reason she is so desired is because she is so inaccessible.

She may be bewildered over the men and women who do not know her but who clamor to add her to other social lions in their drawing rooms.

But she understands it better now.

Ever the onlooker at life, she sits back and smiles a sophisticated smile at the irony and smallness of it all.

IT is probable that in her heart Garbo despises Hollywood.

How can it fit into her ambition to be a stage star in Berlin, Paris and Vienna? She does not say much about her own Stockholm—probably because there she is not considered truly great, lacking, as she does, years of stage training in her own land.

What part can Hollywood have—save as a gold mine—in Garbo's greatest dream? That is the house she is going to build at Sallsgon—beautiful island-dotted lake near the Swedish capital.

There, on a cliff high above the blue water, she'll rear her castle, and from its doorway she can look down upon the world.

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Addresses of the Stars

At Paramount Publix Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Stuart Erwin
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets" Gallagher
Harry Green
Mitzi Green

Neil Hamilton
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Jack Luder
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Jeanette MacDonald
Frederic March
David Newell
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Marion Harris
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
El Brendel
Warren Burke
Helen Chandler
Marguerite Churchill
Mae Clark
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Stepin Fetchit
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan
Richard Keene
Lola Lane

Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Kenneth McKenna
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Mojica
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Tom Patricola
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Norma Terris
Don Terry
Marjorie White

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray

Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Marilyn Miller
Antonio Moreno
Donald Reed
Alice White
Loretta Young

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Lorayne DuVal
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Scott Kolk
Natalie Kingston
Beth Laemmle

Allen Lane
Laura La Plante
Jeanette Loff
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard
James Murray
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Sisters G
Glenn Tryon
Lupe Velez
Paul Whiteman
Barbara Worth

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Sue Carol
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Jack Mulhall
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Alan Hale

Ann Harding
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

James Hall
Al Jolson
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Fannie Brice
Charles Chaplin
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Lillian Gish
O. P. Heggie
John Holland

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Harry Richman
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Louis Wolheim

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Jack Egan
Ralph Graves
Sam Hardy
Jack Holt

Ralph Ince
Margaret Livingston
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Revier
Marie Saxon
Johnnie Walker

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Roland Drew
Rita Carewe

LeRoy Mason

At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Charley Chase
Oliver Hardy
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Our Gang
Thelma Todd

At Sono Art-World Wide, care of Metropolitan Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Reginald Denry
Eddie Dowling

Jacqueline Logan
Ruth Roland

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Just a Cute Trick

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

until the next two weeks. From eight to ten every morning she danced. Roger hired the best dancing teacher in Hollywood, some said in America, at the rate of twenty-five dollars an hour. Eva had natural grace. Then from ten to twelve there was the best dramatic teacher the colony afforded, who taught Eva to read and pronounce words all over again. Then there was lunch with Roger. Milk, graham crackers, and vegetables, to which Eva submitted with hungry zest. Then the entire afternoon with Roger—in which he taught her all he knew about putting oneself over.

ROGER wasn't conceited, but he told Eva that he had never had a day's failure. His career had been a steady climb upward, culminating in last season's triumph. He couldn't remember a performance from his days touring the sticks to these glorious later days when his audience hadn't been all his. Sometimes it seemed rather futile to tell Eva his secrets of success—when she was such a delicate, feminine little person, and he so completely masculine.

He was touched and flattered when she begged him to do his numbers—the numbers that had brought him such tremendous ovations—just for her.

And Roger, being not so different from other actors, performed with as much zest as if there had been an audience of thousands, instead of one small girl with a rapt expression on her face.

The two weeks sped to a close, and the morning came on which the picture was scheduled to begin. When Roger came on the set Eva was already there, looking contented as a kitten, snuggled in her chair; with Eva Moore in big, black letters on the back. He stood there for some moments watching her, until he became conscious of the snickers of two burly electricians, the true cynics of any studio lot.

Roger himself couldn't get over it. But he supposed this was what real love was. He had known hundreds of beautiful women—and then this little blonde person walked into his life, and everything was changed. Permanently.

The cameras were lined up for the first scene. But before that there must be a rehearsal. The director, Emil Dirk, looked at Roger with a triumphant, now-we-shall-see expression. Of course, there had been voice tests and screen tests of Eva—but this was the real test.

Eva went through the scene with the poise of a veteran and a certain dainty charm. Roger was not in this scene. Just Eva, the heavy, and a character woman. Even Emil Dirk could find no fault. "All right, this is a take," were his only words.

Eva fled to her make-up box, and dabbed at her nose. She swished the long skirt of the evening gown she was wearing, and the make-up woman powdered her neck and arms. "I'm scared to death, honey," she whispered to Roger, and rewarded his, "You needn't be, darling," with an affectionate little smile.

THE door of the sound stage was locked, the orders to "lock 'em up" were given, and the picture had started. It was a long scene. At the close Emil Dirk said, "Very nice." Eva was evidently all right.

Eva loved the respect and adulation she commanded as the recognized object of Roger Blake's devotion. There was a property boy always ready with her coat or robe after every "take." A closed studio car called for her whenever she was needed at the studio, if Roger was unable to call himself or to send his coffee-colored Rolls-Royce.

He passed on her costumes, and scrutinized her make-up before she stepped before the

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(See page 60 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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camera, and was constantly paying her elaborate compliments, to the infinite disgust of Emil Dirk. Roger Blake playing lady's maid to a babyish little blonde whose only distinction was to call one "honey" in dulcet tones oftener than anyone else could manage to! Roger was "honey." The electricians were "honeys." (They could do wonders in lighting if they like a girl.)

The assistant who had raged at her on the day she met Roger was also "honey," and once she even "honeys" Emil Dirk. But only once!

To please Eva, Roger insisted that they work in the little dance she had learned, and she sang or rather talked a delicately risqué little song.

ROGER and Eva lunched *tête-à-tête* every day to the accompaniment of Eva's frantic questioning. "How did I look this morning?" "Did I say that line about 'never wanting to see you again' all right?" "Oh, Roger, do you think I'll make good? What do you really think, Roger?" "Shall I put on an all-new make-up?"

Such fretting was very amusing to Roger. With a featured comedian, the girl's part was a negligible thing at best. It was her first little fling and he was glad she was getting such a kick out of it.

After the picture was finished they would be married, and if Eva still wanted to play about in the movies he was powerful enough to get her the rôles.

But not a word of this to Eva. Her small worries were very tender things to him, so he contented her with fervent assurance that she would be a knockout. But sometimes the tense expression on her face as she studied her lines surprised him.

She was taking it seriously, that is, as seriously as anyone as little and young and cute as Eva could.

At last the picture was finished, and to celebrate the return of Albert Chamberlain, president of the company, from a long European trip, there was to be a special preview of the picture at a neighborhood theater.

Eva was frantic with excitement. "Oh, Roger, I can hardly wait. You know what previews are! What if I should be terrible and they would laugh at me?"

However, she recovered herself sufficiently to make elaborate preparations for the occasion.

She purchased a very youthful sports dress of soft white wool, a powder blue coat of nautical design, and a tiny white hat. She liked the respect of the salesladies in the smart shops, but she liked better the substantial discount that professional people were accorded.

She spent the remainder of the afternoon in a beauty parlor, and when Roger called to take her to dinner she was dazzlingly pretty.

On the way to the restaurant he told her to close her eyes, and when she obediently held them shut, he fastened something on her wrist, and pressed a kiss on puckered red lips. He loved to kiss Eva—even before the cameras. She was so warm and fragrant and young—although almost distressingly matter-of-fact. She would sigh with what he hoped and believed was ecstasy for a fraction of a second, and then push him aside to return to her petty discussions of the picture. It was cute in her, though. She was just a kid.

EVA was emitting small shrieks of pleasure. A diamond bracelet, and a gorgeous one, encircled her wrist.

"It's to celebrate the picture, dear."

"Oh, the picture—now I'm frightened again. How can you be so terribly calm, honey?"

"Oh, I've lived through a hundred moments like this."

Eva loved the craning of necks as they entered the theater, and took their seats in the section reserved for studio people. At last the regular feature was over. There was a buzz of excitement. A feature preview will follow immediately. Then—ROGER BLAKE in MANHATTAN MANNERS. Eva clutched his arm.

Thunderous applause greeted the first appearance of Roger Blake. Then Eva appeared. No applause, but a buzz that sounded like "Isn't she cute?"

The picture unfolded. Who was this girl Eva Moore? Eva with her pretty little mouth all askew. Eva with one hand stroking her head behind her ear, one eyebrow arched. A quizzical, half-humorous, half-pathetic expression. A taunting inflection in her voice.

Roger leaned forward in his chair. What had the child done? She was unconsciously using all his tricks. But in her they were entrancingly feminine. They gave her a naive sophistication that was charming. Unique. And when she did her little song and dance number, with the self-deprecatory little gestures, the house burst into long and loud applause led by none other than Albert Chamberlain.

THEN Chamberlain's none too gentle voice boomed out—"Where is this fellow Blake's famous personality? That little girl takes the picture right from under his nose. Have we got her under contract?"

Eva watched herself on the screen with no small amount of satisfaction. How well she photographed, and how neatly she got her lines over. Roger didn't look so well. She wondered how old he was. Why, on the screen he was really quite mediocre. When the audience laughed at her, and when they applauded her little song and dance, she could scarcely control the tears of pride and joy.

And she, with no previous experience—why, she really deserved all the praise and credit in the world!

The picture was over. Roger and Eva picked their way through the crowd packed tightly outside the theater. Eva was soon busy signing autograph books for children, and everyone seemed to be crowding nearer for a closer look. She was sweet and shyly gracious, and acknowledged their compliments modestly. Emil Dirk approached.

"Mr. Chamberlain is waiting to meet you, Eva. Hello, Blake."

It was the first time Emil Dirk had called her "Eva." He usually pretended to forget her name completely, and addressed her as "you." A few times he had been gracious enough to remember she was "Miss Moore."

Eva approached the great man with her most tremulous smile. "You're a wonderful little girl, Miss Moore, and a great little actress. I think we'll be having a little talk tomorrow."

A little talk. Of course, that meant a contract! Roger had no contract. He had been brought out from New York for one picture. You had to be good to get a contract these days.

The ride home was very quiet. "Well, Eva, they didn't laugh at you," said Roger at parting.

Roger didn't see Eva until three o'clock the next day. She was in the publicity office waiting to be interviewed.

"Well, Roger, I've a contract. And, furthermore, I am to be co-starred with Paul Luverne in his next picture, and I'm to have my name in the billing of 'Manhattan Manners.' What are you doing next?"

"OH, I think I'll take a little trip to New York. I can't stay away from Broadway very long. I've a new show lined up."

"Well, maybe you're right, honey. You know you don't photograph any too well. I'll miss you an awful lot—but I expect I'll be very busy. When are you leaving?"

"Tonight. Will you have dinner with me? There is something I want to tell you."

"Oh, honey. I can't. I'm having dinner with Mr. Dirk. You know he's going to direct my next picture, and can do so much for me. I wouldn't dare offend him. Besides," dimpling prettily, "I just know I'd cry if I said goodbye to you, Roger. I always cry when I say goodbye. Here comes Mr. Smythe from 'The Times' to interview me—so we'd better say goodbye right now when there is no time

for me to be silly. It was perfectly sweet of you, Roger, to give me this lovely bracelet."

Roger turned for one farewell look. She was greeting the long and lanky Mr. Smythe. She was wearing the little powder blue coat that had the nautical look.

And his bracelet. He sighed as he went his way.

"Gee, but she's a cute trick!"

Will Norma Shearer Retire?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

"But the point is that the very fact that I have worked and that I have, in a small way, accomplished something, has made him love me more.

"Oh, I'm quite sure of that.

"He is so thrilled by what successes I have. To him, I'm really surrounded by glamour because I have done a good job on a picture. It is true that I thought for a moment that he was going to be jealous of my work. And I loved him for that. I loved him when he was sometimes jealous of my leading men. But that is only a little thing.

"The real point is that he glories in me for the things I've done.

"The career has made our love bigger than it would otherwise have been.

"When I'm between pictures I'm bothered with a thousand petty details about the house, about clothes, about servants. I get lines between my eyebrows from worrying over those little things and I think, 'Why, I can't start a picture now.

"How will all of these little things get done if I'm not here to see that they do?"

"But when I start a picture they do get done and they get done well, too. And I shut them all out of my mind and plunge headlong into my work.

"I KNOW that I'm a nicer person when I work than when I don't. I always dread a new picture. I dread the worry of it, the anxiety, and I sometimes wish that I were a secretary who gets to the office in the morning at nine o'clock and leaves at five-thirty. Then I wouldn't have those haunting fears, 'Will I be good in this picture? Will my scenes get over? Will I not be an absolute flop?"

"Now, while I'm waiting for the baby, I'm studying French and Spanish. I wish I didn't have to do it. I wish I could just rest and relax, but I must do these things. I cannot waste my precious time.

"I have so many interests when I work. Any woman who works does. She is kept alive and keen and ready for emergencies.

"Of course, I love fame; what man or woman doesn't? But more important than the fame and infinitely more beautiful, is the light of appreciation that I see in Irving's eyes when I've done a good job. And that is why I say, 'Take up a career for the sake of love.'

"The other day a friend of mine was talking of his little girl and wondering where to send her to college, which school would be best for her, and I suddenly wondered how would it be to have somebody plan your life for you. I sometimes miss a good education, but I'm glad I didn't have it, if I had had to sacrifice the work I've done for it."

Norma has never looked so lovely before. She has never been so radiant, so filled with the joy of living.

And I feel very sure that if her own child is a girl she will be taught the glory of a good job well done.

In the meantime, there is no chance of Norma's retiring from the screen. At least not for many, many years to come. It's all too glorious to have her love and her career each so definitely a part of the other!



summer!

YET YOUR POWDER CLINGS, ROUGE STAYS ON AND YOU LOOK ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

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gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And of course Princess Pat's wonderful new lip rouge!

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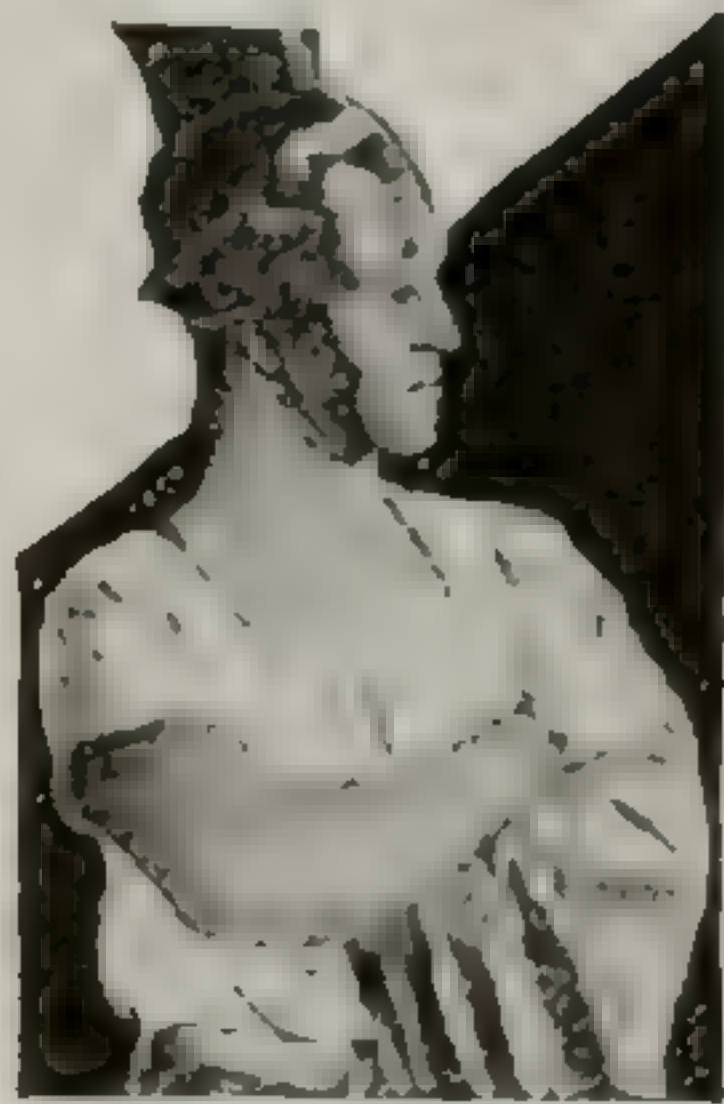
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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Sez Mr. Graham!

Winnipeg, Man., Can.

I am a "Garbo-Maniac," first, last and always. And how I would like to have Thomas A. Willington here right now! Of all the rot I ever read, his opinion of Garbo was the silliest.

"Flat-chested, anaemic, goldfish out of water" indeed! Why, I've seen every picture of Garbo's since "The Torrent," and she's the most beautiful, fascinating, versatile, accomplished and gorgeous woman who ever appeared on the silver screen!

A great, big bouquet to William Powell for his enjoyable villains, his perfect detectives, and all his splendid, unforgettable acting in "Street of Chance."

B. GRAHAM.

But That's Life, Lady

Geneva, N. Y.

At last I have found someone who agrees with me. Irene Freeman, of Dallas, whose letter was printed in the May PHOTOPLAY, is a lady after my own heart.

"Anna Christie" was a terrible disappointment—not Garbo, but the picture. It was like a slap in the face to hear that fascinating, enchanting voice uttering the coarse expressions she was compelled to use. Please don't ever let us see Greta in a saloon again.

C. FEGLEY.

Telling It to Connie!

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Didn't the article in June PHOTOPLAY by Constance Bennett on "How I Would Manage Six Famous Husbands" strike you as funny? With all that knowledge, surely she should have been able to make a success of managing the one she had. But such is human nature!

MARY MILTON ELLIOTT.

Uh Huh, You're Right

Santa Barbara, Calif.

I have read every issue of your magazine for ten years. I have always enjoyed the articles written about the various stars, because they were chronicled in a newsy, sane manner, and not full of the over-sweet drivel that I note some of your readers seem to prefer. I refer to the recent protests that came to you because writers told the truth (and truth is usually more interesting than syrupy fiction)—that Greta Garbo does not dress fashionably, Clara Bow was getting too plump, Rudy Vallee did not "click" so loud in Hollywood, and John Gilbert's outlook in the talking picture is not so rosy.

None of those bits of news reflects on the character of these stars, and, personally, I don't like to have our stars written up as such gods and goddesses. It is more human to know they are real people like you and me. Please don't allow those protesting letters to "cramp your style," and disintegrate into a periodical full of sweet little fairy stories.

MURIEL WHELAN.

We're Boycotted!

Belle Court, N. J.

Your magazine shall not enter our club, and any of the twenty-five girls making up this club found with one in her possession is fined fifty cents (mere trifle, but I don't want to be fined). So I "sneaked" 'round to a friend and read this month's issue. It's all because of Cal York's insulting remarks about Vallee, that the girls refuse to buy PHOTOPLAY. Of course that's only twenty-five here, but ten of my girls belong to larger clubs in Pennsylv-

vania and they are going to broadcast the ban there. I looked over your articles and told the girls you printed some "grand" ones about Vallee this month—but no use, they're off you for life. Really it is laughable. And your star slammer, Cal York, will be minus a scalp if he ever happens this way.

How can an actor affect girls "that way"—it's positively silly to older folks like myself. But I'll have to admit I fell a little myself when Rudy carried off the honor of the year—singing for Mrs. Hoover at her request.

ADELE GORDON.

Talkies That Speak For Peace

Minneapolis, Minn.

"Young Eagles," although the photography was good and the story entertaining, did leave the impression that the Great War was a kind of community picnic, composed largely of young men with curly hair and engaging smiles, while "Journey's End" made an honest attempt to show the war as it was, emphasizing not so much its physical aspects as its slow, disintegrating mental torture.

If the motion picture can force on the general public even a faint conception of what war really means, without the drums and heroics, they will have done a great service to humanity.

MARCHETTE CHUTE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" will receive its brickbats, for many will think it too real, too horrible. In saying that, although they may not realize it, they are condemning *not* the picture, but what it represents—war stripped of its romance and glory.

HENRY HINDS.

But Some Like 'Em Light

Riverside, R. I.

"Men Without Women" made such an impression upon my mind that I cannot seem to forget it. It certainly is a splendid piece of work, both on the part of the director and the actors, especially Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson.

Let us have more of these stirring dramas and less meaningless revues which do not give the players a chance to show what they really can do.

MARY LOUISE CROSS.

What Price Laughter?

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Don't "cut the comedy." Life is short and cruel enough without having tragedy fed to you for an evening's entertainment. I would willingly pay twice any admission price to laugh my troubles away.

MRS. JAMES F. MCCARTHY.

Less Bloodshed, More Romance

Hillsboro, Ore.

Please cut out the wholesale killings. After a hard day at the office I like a good laugh, a new idea for my wardrobe, or better yet, a palpitating romance.

MILDRED MCLEOD.

We Thank You, Johnny

Your tribute to Mabel Normand was one of the nicest, kindest stories we have ever read.

I reach out and take your hand in appreciation for putting into words that which I am certain thousands of your readers feel in their hearts, even though we never knew Mabel Normand except upon the screen.

JOHNNY GRUELLE.

And Heaven Did!

Freeport, L. I.

The gayest, gladdest, happiest news I've heard in years is that Marie Dressler is to become a star in talkies. Goodness knows she's been a star since I first laid eyes on her, when she was firing apples, plucked from her hat, at the musical director at Weber & Fields' Music Hall.

BOB HALL.

Will Starring Spoil 'Em?

Flushing, L. I.

I hear they are going to make Marie Dressler a star. Oh Lordy, there's another great character actress gone wrong! Why not let her just go along with the fine work she's been doing? And this goes for George Bancroft, too.

FRANCES DENTON.

Maybe They'll Laugh at the Law

La Crescenta, Calif.

I saw the hilarious comedy, "Caught Short," recently but missed some of the best parts of the dialogue, because of the resounding laughs that filled the theater after a wise-crack from Marie Dressler or Polly Moran. Can't we do something?

GLADYS D. MYERS.



Laura La Plante, like many another film star, found that a vacation spent in New York City may be mentally stimulating but it isn't exactly a rest. So she went to Battle Creek, Michigan, to recuperate from her vacation. Her visit to the Kellogg company at Battle Creek demoralized the entire working staff to the extent that production was a little below par that day. Laura finally went back to Hollywood for a real rest



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A Chevalier of France

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]



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D. J. MAHLER,
268-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

English, Russian and French—he was destined to spend twenty-six long, disheartening months. The discipline was rigid. Despite his discharge from the hospital, he felt weak and unsteady most of the time, and his physical state aggravated the natural depression induced by the months of dreary prison routine. But his captivity yielded him one priceless boon—the best piece of good fortune, he says, that ever came his way. That piece of good fortune was a British prisoner who happened to be a school teacher. He and the French actor agreed to exchange lessons in their respective languages, but Chevalier maintains that it was a one-sided bargain.

"That fellow, he could *teach*!" he declares admiringly. "Me—I told him the French word—this is a table—this is a chair—this is a music hall singer—but he could have found it as well in the book without me."

THOSE lessons, providing him with a regular task and giving his mind something to chew upon, did more than anything else to bolster his drooping spirits, and by the time he was released he could speak and write English correctly and easily—a knowledge that proved invaluable in his brilliant post-war career.

Apart from his family, the one person from whom he heard regularly during those months was an English performer named Tom Hearn, whose *Lazy Juggler* act had placed him at the head of his profession, not only in England and on the continent, but in America as well. Their friendship had been born of a curious accident. For no good reason but simply because he liked the sound of it, Hearn's brother had adopted the name of Chevalier for professional purposes, and Hearn was interested to see that a man with the same name was booked to play at the *Folies Bergères* while he was playing there.

He made a point of looking the man up to tell him of the coincidence, and they soon found they had many things in common, among them a love of sport and a distaste for hard drinking. Hearn would go home with Maurice after the show, to share the suppers that his mother delighted in preparing for them, and before long the two had formed a fast friendship.

During the war, Hearn joined the air service, and after eight weeks in France, was shot down in his plane. Lying flat on a hospital cot for six months, he still found the means of sending to the German prison camp letters of encouragement and packages of food and cigarettes.

THE friendship, formed in lightheartedness and strengthened by adversity, endured through all the years during which the Frenchman rose to fame and the *Lazy Juggler* gave up his juggling to become a producer. So that when Chevalier needed a manager for his American undertaking, it was to Tom Hearn he turned, the drawling, genial English-Irishman who now receives so kindly the ever-growing mob of promoters, song-writers, interviewers, unrecognized geniuses and ordinary pests camping on Chevalier's trail, and turns them away so courteously that it takes them a minute or two to realize that they haven't got what they came for.

The war dragged on, the months stretched into years, and the gray monotony of prison life—unrelieved by a hint of what was going on outside—made each year a century. Chevalier suddenly resolved on a desperate scheme. There was to be an exchange between France and Germany of imprisoned Red Cross workers, and he decided to pose as one of them.

He was taking a long chance. He would have to falsify his papers in the first place,

and then he would have to pass an examination in something that he knew nothing whatever about. If his trick was discovered, the life he had led hitherto would be paradise compared with what would follow. Nevertheless, he sent in his application. Nothing happened. For weeks he waited in dread, not knowing whether the next day would find him before a court martial or in solitary confinement, when suddenly there came the news that Red Cross applicants for repatriation would be examined the following morning. And on the list Chevalier's name appeared.

That night he didn't sleep. In twenty-four hours he tried to stuff his head with as much as it would hold of wounds and dressings, of the position of the heart and the function of the liver, with the natural result that when he faced the German officer next morning his mind was so confused that if his life had depended on it, he couldn't have told whether his lungs were for breathing and his stomach for digesting, or vice versa. He stood in line in the same fatalistic mood in which he had climbed out of the ditch, and steeled himself to meet what the Lord would send.

The German examiner threw him a sharp glance. This face was familiar to him as the face of a man who sang for the prisoners at Sunday night concerts. He turned to the French doctor standing beside him, who knew exactly what Chevalier was trying to do.

"BUT this one isn't a Red Cross man!" said the German, while the actor's dramatic talents deserted him, and he turned red and white and red again, and wondered how long his trembling legs would hold him.

The French doctor eyed him inscrutably. "Oh, yes," he answered, "he is a Red Cross man. He's been in the prison hospital and I know him well."

The German slowly nodded his head, but what the nod was intended to convey it would have been impossible to guess. He examined his list of questions, selected one and opened his mouth to put it to the stony-faced applicant who was praying for the earth to open and swallow him up. What happened was hardly less amazing. Whether there was something in Chevalier's expression that stirred his sympathy, whether the Sunday night performances had inspired in him that benevolent glow that it is Chevalier's peculiar gift to inspire or whether he was acting on a moment's impulse, is a matter for conjecture. The fact remains that, with his mouth open to ask the question, the officer suddenly changed his mind, cried: "Applicant passed! Next!" and waved his hand in a gesture that sent a shaky but happy young man back to his own country.

Arrived in France, Chevalier was given three months' leave in which to recuperate. There were two things he was bent on discovering—the truth about his physical condition and the possibility of continuing his professional career.

The French doctors could give him little satisfaction—to operate now would be a ticklish business—"better let it sleep while it sleeps," they advised him. His loss of appetite and vitality, his constant fatigue and his fits of dizziness might be due to the wound, or they might as readily be due to the long confinement and the nervous strain he had undergone. Time alone would show.

HE accepted an engagement. Hardly had he opened his mouth to sing when he was overwhelmed by such a wave of giddiness that he had to stop. He made a fresh start, but couldn't get any air into his lungs, and his voice sounded choked and smothered, as if it were struggling vainly to force its way beyond the barrier of his own throat. Shaking uncon-

trollably, somehow he got to the end of the song and walked off the stage and didn't go back again.

As far as the theater was concerned, it looked as though he were through. As far as the war was concerned, he undoubtedly was. When his leave was over and he reported for duty, he was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* and discharged from the army as unfit for military service.

He traveled on the advice of one doctor, and rested on the advice of another. He tried mountain climates and he tried mineral baths, he forced himself to eat, though all food tasted like a dish of wooden shavings, but nothing helped. He returned to Paris where he met a wise man who said to him: "Go back to the theater. Never mind if you're rotten—never mind if they give you the razz. Make a fool of yourself once, twice, a dozen times if necessary—but the only way you'll ever find out if you *can* get back is to go back—and the sooner you go, the sooner you'll find out."

He followed his friend's advice literally. He went back to the theater and he was rotten. He went through his paces without enthusiasm and he was received without enthusiasm. But he stuck it out. Little by little, he improved. His voice began to grow stronger and surer, and with his voice came returning hope and returning confidence.

ONE day he noticed that something he ate had the taste of food again instead of sawdust, and it is that day that he marks as the turning point in his illness. Still it took him two years to regain what he had lost, and it was his newly acquired command of English that helped him more than anything else to regain it.

Paris was crowded just then with English and American soldiers and war workers, and Chevalier conceived the idea that it would be a friendly gesture as well as a stroke of good business to include in his repertoire songs they would understand. His war audiences were sympathetically disposed to begin with, for in the program appeared a straightforward little note to the effect that Mr. Chevalier had been a soldier, had been wounded and honorably discharged, and that if he was playing while they were fighting, it was because he had done his job.

And when he stood before them and, with his endearing grin, his captivating accent, his radiant friendliness and sly humor, sang to those homesick boys that war classic: "How're you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm?" the ensuing riot was something to listen to. The word was passed along, and among the few indispensable forms of entertainment that marked the Parisian sojourns of Tommy and doughboy were the songs of Maurice Chevalier.

At first he played in revues with Mistinguette—that perennially youthful lady whose illustrious legs still twinkle for the delight of Parisian theater goers. To her Chevalier feels he owes a debt of deep gratitude. Open-handed and open-hearted, with a man's forthrightness and a man's loyalty, she is affectionately known to the entire stage fraternity as the "best of good sports," and to Chevalier she proved herself a staunch friend.

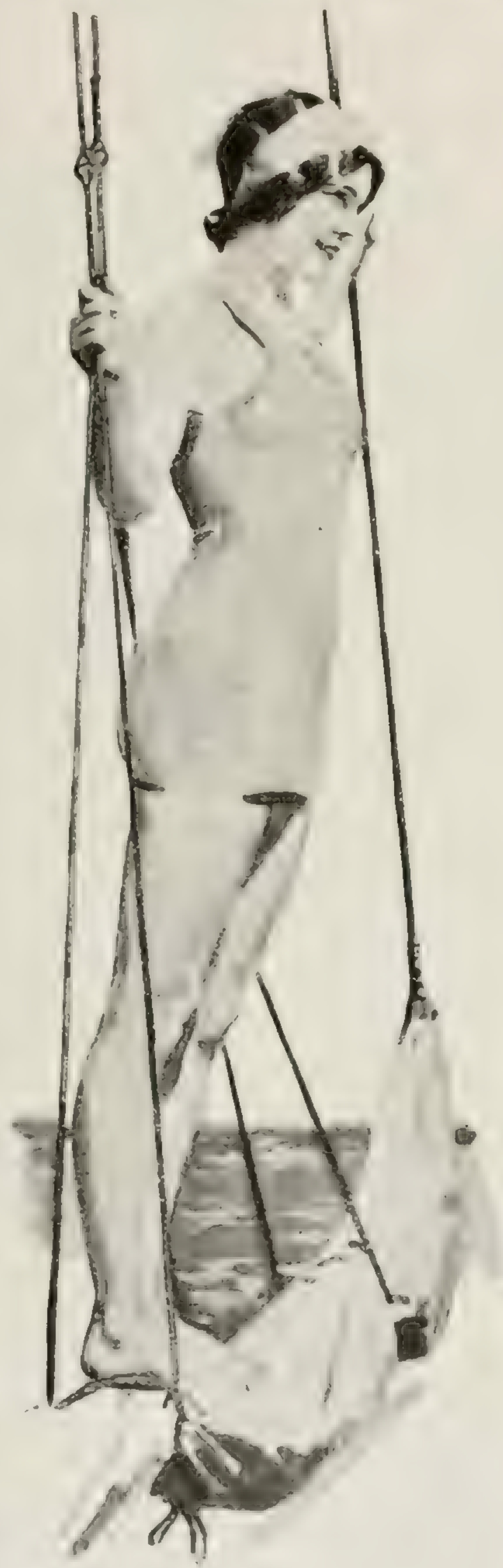
WHILE he was making his laborious climb to favor before the war, she was riding the crest of the wave, and her recognition of his unusual talents and her choice of him as her dancing partner were in those days like a royal seal of ratification upon his career.

When he returned, a very tired man, from captivity, she not only helped him with advice and encouragement but, as soon as he was ready, made a place for him in her revue lending him the support of her prestige until he should feel steadier and surer of himself. It was only after Chevalier's drawing power grew too great for co-starring that this famous theatrical partnership was terminated.

The success of his English songs turned his thoughts, once the war was over, to America.

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SPREAD Unguentine on your burning skin. Suave and soothing, it cools the fiery pain—quicker than anything else you could use. And it *heals—gently, safely!*

Lotions and toilet creams only reach the outer surface of the skin. But Unguentine penetrates right down to the inflamed tissue in the dermis, or *inner* layer of the skin.

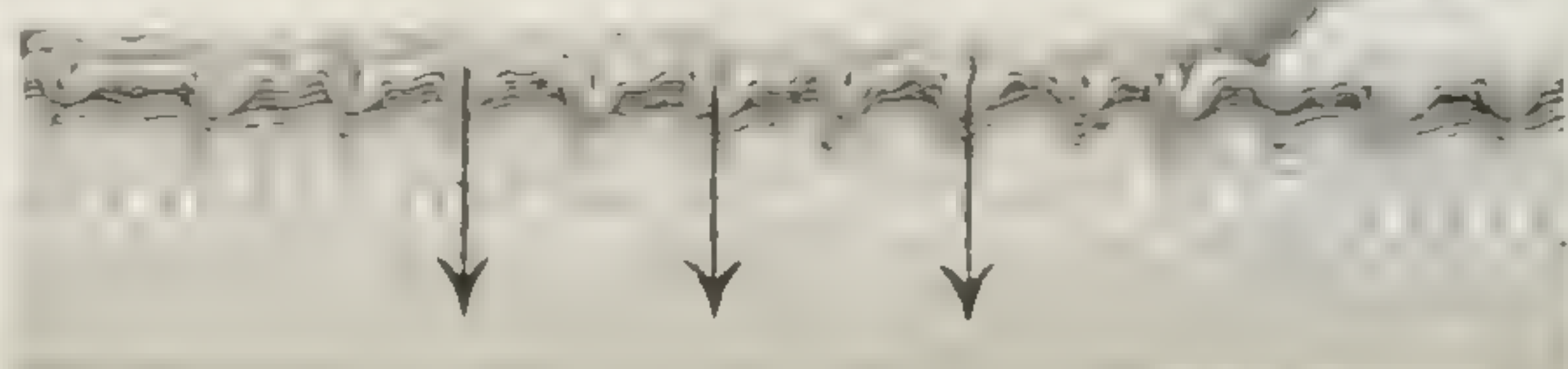
Here Unguentine eases the inflammation—takes out the sting. And being *antiseptic*—it guards against the dangerous infection which any burn invites.

Sunburn is no different from any other kind of burn. It's just as dangerous. So be sure to use Unguentine, the famous remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for burns and scalds.

Unguentine will quickly change smarting red sunburn to a glorious tan. 50 cents for the long-lasting tube. At your druggist's. Use Unguentine for any kind of burn or scald, and for cuts, scratches, insect-bites, etc. Take it on your vacation trips.

Unguentine

*goes as deep
as the burn*



{ epidermis, or upper skin.

{ dermis, or inner layer of skin,
where sunburn does its damage
and where Unguentine goes.



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Pimples, Freckles
Blackheads, Whiteheads
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IMPROVE
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You can try all of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—absolutely without risking a penny. I want you to make me prove that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart beauty instead... or take some prettiness and impart stunning good looks. I will send you everything to try my beauty aids full two weeks. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the sole judge. If not delighted, you just say so—and your word is final.

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Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of fascination. I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a lifetime. You will learn how the world's sirens make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman with her free trial of my beauty aids. Remember, you have everything to gain—absolutely nothing to lose. So TODAY—

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Don't fear the sun this summer. Revel in it. Swim, motor, golf, ride—expose yourself as much as you please, acquiring a healthy, becoming tan without the penalty of ugly, painful sunburn or freckles. Simply apply Rose Laird's Special Lotion before exposure and your skin won't burn or freckle. Or apply it afterward and the sting and disfiguring redness vanish as if by magic. This soothing lotion, heretofore available only to the exclusive patrons of Rose Laird's Fifth Avenue salon, is a quick drying liquid that leaves a protective powder—no dusting powder necessary. No grease or oil to mar your appearance or harm your clothes.

Send dollar bill for a full 4-ounce bottle and Rose Laird's book on care of the skin. Specify shade—white flesh, Rachel, brunette, peach and Beach Tan



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Comfort For Shoppers!

Out of one shop and into another—stores, counters, elevators, crowds and packages—shopping can be a torture if you're troubled with a corn.

No need any longer to suffer! Any druggist has this sure, old remedy in convenient, modern 35c packages.



KOHLER

ONE NIGHT

CORN CURE

"Removes - not only relieves pain"

An American triumph is to a European performer the crown of his career. It surrounds him with the kind of glamour he can acquire in no other way, by stamping him as an entertainer of international quality. But to fail in America is, by the same reckoning, a calamity. However popular you may be in your own country, the stigma can never quite be lived down.

SO, though he dreamed of trying for the prize, Chevalier was frankly afraid to take the chance—especially after playing a London engagement with Elsie Janis in 1919. Not that the Londoners didn't respond to him—they did. But he didn't respond to them. He didn't, to use a graphic expression of his own, "feel in his shoes." For once his work was really work instead of fun and he wasn't happy doing it. Suppose, with much more at stake, he should feel the same way in America!

He turned down the numerous offers made him to stay in England, and when he went back to Paris, it was with the idea of giving up his more ambitious plans and contenting himself with the plaudits of his countrymen.

He still made occasional tours of the provinces, and there is a story of one of these tours that he likes to tell on himself. His brother—the one who had formed the other half of the acrobatic partnership of CHEVALIER BROS.—was ambitious to follow in Maurice's footsteps, and though his brief career trailed no clouds of glory, he did manage to get some engagements, largely—one may be excused for suspecting—on the strength of the relationship.

It happened that the brothers were once playing the same town, and it also happened that Maurice was lying one morning in a barber's chair, lathered beyond recognition, while two citizens, awaiting their turn, discussed the affairs of the day. Having exhausted the weightier topics, one inquired of the other: "Have you seen this fellow Chevalier that they're all raving about?"

"Yes," answered his neighbor, "I've seen him. And what's more, I've seen his brother—the one that's playing in the little theater at the end of town—and it's my opinion that they're all crazy. The other's worth a dozen of this one—sings better, acts better, dances better. This Maurice has a reputation and that's all he's got! Mark my words, friend"—and he wagged an emphatic finger under his companion's nose—"that bird won't last a year."

THERE was nothing left for that bird to do but gather up the shreds of his self-esteem and sidle out of the shop to avoid the severe gaze of his brother's admirer.

Among the applicants for the 1923 Chevalier revue was a shy little dancer, with magnificent dark eyes, named Yvonne Vallée. She had begun dancing at the age of eight, not with the idea of making it her profession, but because she had been a frail child and the doctor had told her mother it would do her good. But her talent had been so apparent that she had been encouraged to study for the stage—with happy results. Not only was she engaged for Chevalier's show, but her dancing pleased him so well that he chose her as his partner for an important number.

The choice proved a popular one—she was so tiny beside his height and so demure that she gave the effect of a small charming bird fluttering about him—and she danced like a fairy and she had a sense of comedy that supplemented his own.

The following season she became his official dancing partner, and the comradeship between them developed into something warmer. They might have married long before they were, except that they had a feeling against combining the personal with the professional, and Yvonne wasn't ready to give up her work. For two more seasons they danced and played together, and then Chevalier's dancing partner disappeared to make way for Chevalier's wife.

Her charm, quieter than his, is equally unmistakable. She combines a woman's graciousness with a child's appeal, and her fine

eyes look out on the world with a child's friendliness, eager and reserved at the same time.

Beneath the gravity of her expression, as she talks to a stranger, lurks a hint of that sparkling vitality that is characteristically French, and every now and then one corner of her mouth quirks upward in an enchanting smile. She apologizes for her English and promises earnestly that she will soon improve. She thinks America is a wonderland and gasps in dismay at the thought of what she would have missed if she hadn't come here.

She would like to dance on the stage again if a favorable opportunity offered—since, she hastens to add, Maurice has no objection—but that's a matter that will have to take care of itself. Her husband's career interests her far more than her own, and she is his unofficial but respected adviser in all things that concern him. Except for the demands of his work, all their time is spent together and it is only necessary to see them, unobtrusively but serenely happy in each other's company, to understand why their marriage has been called one of the most successful in the theatrical world.

WHEN Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks made their first trip to Paris together, they went to see Chevalier's show, and were so impressed that they made it their business to meet the star and urge upon him the advisability of a visit to the United States. They took to each other at once, and became, as Chevalier says, such "big friends" that when he and his wife took their first trip to Hollywood, their natural stopping place was Pickfair.

On their return from France, Fairbanks told Charles Dillingham, the producer, what he thought of Chevalier, with the result that Dillingham sent an agent to Paris to sign him up, sight unseen. Chevalier, still timid, but encouraged by his friends' enthusiasm, signed a contract to appear in New York the following fall in *Dédé*—his current revue that had then been running in Paris for two years.

That summer he went to New York for a three weeks' visit. He attended American revues, listened to American songs, watched American singers, and each day his heart sank lower. Each day he grew more and more firmly convinced that Paris couldn't compete with New York, and that Maurice Chevalier wasn't good enough to cut any real figure among the outstanding Broadway favorites. He thought their songs were catchier, he knew their voices were better, he even, by some strange reasoning, came to the conclusion that their humor was funnier than his. Having signed a contract, he'd have to go through with it, but he could already taste on his tongue the bitterness of defeat.

Returning to Paris to wind up his season there, he was stricken with appendicitis and intestinal trouble, and the run of *Dédé* had to be brought to an abrupt close. He came successfully through his operation, but whatever fighting spirit he had managed to hang on to up to then was left behind in the hospital. He makes no bones about it—he was plainly and simply frightened—far too frightened to face even the thought of a New York appearance and the possible disaster in which it might end. He asked Mr. Dillingham to release him, and he has never forgotten the prompt generosity of Mr. Dillingham's response. "If you won't be happy," he cabled, "don't come."

IN April of this year Chevalier played a phenomenally successful New York engagement under Dillingham's management in partial fulfillment of that old contract, and he has made the statement that Dillingham will always have the first call on his services for any future appearances, not only because he was the first producer to invite him to this country, but because he is the kind of gentleman with whom business relations are a pleasure.

The following year Mary Pickford asked him to play the male lead in one of her pictures—an invitation he was obliged regretfully to decline

because of his French contracts. He was now emerging as France's bright particular star, and mounting steadily to a pinnacle occupied by no one before him.

It isn't enough to say that he was the popular favorite—the people loved him, highbrow and lowbrow alike. He had his own show, and so long as he was in it, it didn't much matter what was left out. He had his own theater, the *Casino de Paris*—or at least people called it his, because to them its only reason for existence was Maurice Chevalier—and it became the Mecca for natives and foreigners in search of the most piquant and ingratiating dish the French stage had to offer. He was doing the thing he had been born to do, and in creating pleasure for others, he was creating the maximum amount for himself.

"If by some impossible chance," said one of his friends, "it should happen that Maurice couldn't make money doing his stuff, he'd probably pay everything he has to be allowed to do it. Else life wouldn't be worth living."

And so things might have continued indefinitely if the talkies hadn't come to change the whole face of the motion picture industry, and sent its leaders scurrying through Europe in search of new material for the new art. That was how it happened that after the performance one night a callboy knocked at Chevalier's dressing-room door to announce Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg of Hollywood!

(In Part III, to appear in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, Miss Zeitlin tells of Chevalier's conquest of the new world, and his swift climb to the height he now occupies in the interest and affection of America.)

How About Mary and Doug?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

of "It has been wonderful, it has been beautiful, it has been rich in happiness—but there is still so much to do, and so little time to do it in!"

And you may ask your psychologist about that, too!

Ten years of close companionship—blessed with wealth, friends, adulation and eternal sunshine. Is that enough, lovely as it is? Or is there so much more to do, and so little of vigorous time left to do it in? I tell you, we do not know what battles of the spirit may have been fought out at *Pickfair!*

Or have other personalities come into the picture that is still unfinished? Time only will tell us that.

Ten happy and fairly fruitful years have passed for Doug and Mary.

It was just ten years ago that the couple came out from under the passing cloud of their marriage into the sunshine of full public favor again. Mary's millions of fans had been more than a little shocked by her Nevada divorce from Owen Moore, and opinion had rather veered to the first Mrs. Fairbanks.

But ten years ago, this very month, in the pages of PHOTOPLAY, appeared a story saying that fans everywhere had decided to smile on the happy couple—to wish them joy, and a warm welcome back to pictures and their admirers' hearts.

Ten years have passed, and again there seem to be clouds in the Pickford-Fairbanks sky.

And yet, surely they have their reward. Still holding a place in the hearts of the people—those millions who have paid nightly to see them on the screen, and to whom they have brought so much of romance and beauty and laughter. Their every word reported and quoted—their welfare still wished by so many unknown friends.

Whatever happens, it seems to me that Doug and Mary have won!

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FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cu' Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and easy to finger-wave. It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cu' Waveset—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cu' Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cu' Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cu' Brilliantine—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cu' Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cu' Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cu' Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10 cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

FIRST PRIZE
\$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women
SECOND PRIZE \$100.00
2 Prizes \$50.00 each 10 Prizes \$10.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each 70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you proud of your lovely hair—its beautiful finger-wave—its becoming arrangement? Of course you are! And the beauty of your hair may mean real money to you in the Jo-cu' Hair Beauty Contest. Think of it! You may win the money for a whole new outfit—a trip—or some other luxury you have always wanted. One thousand dollars in prizes will be given in this search for beautiful hair. Will you be one of the fortunate winners? Why not? Your chance is as good as anyone's. Read the simple rules that follow—then enter the contest.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cu', Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cu' Shampoo and Jo-cu' Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial.



Alice White, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions.



Charles B. Ross, famous painter of lovely women.

Hazel Kozlay, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.



If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cu' Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps. Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

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Clear and
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NOW you can have a new skin if you wish it, on any part of face, neck, arms, hands or body, and a beautiful, clear, youth-like complexion, if you simply do as this expert instructs you to do, at home. Surprise your friends who called you "pimples," "freckles," and other ugly names behind your back. Make them envy you.

This new discovery actually peels them off harmlessly, and they're gone, not covered up as with paint and powder. It's the most amazing, yet simple, way of removing skin blemishes and making yourself look years younger you ever read of, and all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which is being mailed to readers of this magazine **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. Send no money, just name and address and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell your friends who may wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Address the author, William Witol, Dept. P-31, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now.

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MISS C. TULL, 6208 Winthrop, CHICAGO, ILL.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

R. A. N., COLD SPRING, MINN.—Ten bucks is a lot of money for a young lady to gamble with, and what a heartbreak when you have to kiss it goodbye. Al Jolson was born in Kovno, Russia, a small town near St. Petersburg. He spent his boyhood in Washington, D. C. Al is not of the dark race. That's just a black make-up he uses. In his next picture, "Big Boy," he will be a dusky hero all through the picture.

W. T. JONES, JR.—Here's hoping I make 100 per cent on the exam. Mae Murray appeared in the leading rôle in both the silent and talkie versions of "Peacock Alley." The leading players in "The Golden Bed" were Lillian Rich, Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds and Theodore Kosloff. "The Crowded Hour" was the name of the war picture Bebe Daniels appeared in several years ago. The "punch in the jaw" you described was a Richard Dix picture titled "The Sock Punch." Anita Page and Laura La Plante both have hair of the "preferred" shade, while Loretta Young's is of a light brown hue.

KATHERINE FAIRBANKS, FILLMORE, CALIF.—Just to show you what a good scout I am, I got the low-down on Perry Askam for you. To begin with, Perry was born in Seattle, Wash., August 31. (I'll get the year later.) He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. In college he was a gridiron star and attained distinction in tennis and swimming as well as taking part in the campus theater. After trying various occupations, among them ranching and prospecting for gold in Alaska, he turned his attention to singing and before long was trying out for a musical show. His first rôle was in "The Passing Show of 1921," which was followed by "Blossom Time," "Castles in the Air," "Music Box Revue," and as star in "The Desert Song" and "The New Moon." He will make his movie début in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

PEGGY McDERMOTT, VANCOUVER, CANADA.—As a newcomer I hand you the "Key to the City." Charles Bickford is a native of Cambridge, Mass., and speaks with a typical Boston accent. Gavin Gordon is Greta Garbo's leading man in "Romance." In other words the four "G's" will be featured. Get it? Leila Hyams was born in New York City, May 1, 1905. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 118 and has blonde hair and gray eyes. Phil J. Berg is her husband. Ramon Novarro, christened Ramon Samaniegos, first saw light February 6, 1899, in Durango, Mexico. He is 5 feet, 10; weighs 160 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He is still a bachelor.

E. M. PRICE, FREEPORT, N. Y.—Roland Young is a native of London, England, and is married. His latest release is "Her Private Life." Jackie Coogan is coming back to the talking screen in "Tom Sawyer." Dorothy Mackaill heroined in "Shore Leave."

A. R. C., OTTAWA, CANADA.—Anita Louise was born in New York City about 15 years ago and was christened Anita Louise Fremault. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Both her parents were born in Alsace-Lorraine. Her grandparents on her mother's side are still living there. Anita is a gifted pianist and has been awarded five cups for her playing. She is adept at tennis, fencing and riding and speaks several languages, including French, German and Spanish. Tiffany Productions has just signed this talented young lady to a five-year contract. Her first picture under their banner will be "Just Like Heaven."

MRS. JAMES SCHULTZ, LIMA, O.—After holding a consultation with my color chart, I

find that Tony, Tom Mix's horse, is sorrell. Whether you believe it or not, Tony is over 20 years old.

DIMPLES, ALBION, NEB.—It was the handsome "Bool" Montana who sang "You Were Meant for Me," with Winnie Lightner in the "Show of Shows." The other little fellow you refer to was Sid Silvers. Lon Chaney, whose original tag is Alonzo Chaney, is married and has one son. H. B. Warner is 53 years old and is not related to the Warners of Warner Bros. Corporation.

EDITH, G. A.—For a long time, Bob Montgomery just wouldn't come across with the truth. Now he tells us that he has been married to Elizabeth Allen for two years. William Janney played the part of George O'Brien's younger brother in "Salute." Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893.

AN INTERESTED PHOTOPLAY READER, PACIFIC, MO.—Mona Maris, your latest favorite, is 5 feet, 5 inches tall; weighs 118 and has black hair and brown eyes. Cliff Edwards is the name of the little chap you keep raving about. Ramon Novarro is a native of Durango, Mexico, where he was born February 6, 1899. He is 5 feet, 10; weighs 160 and is still single. Thanx for including a bouquet for me. I'm flattered.

LEONARD BANGE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Cheer up, Len, Mary Brian will be working herself into a starring contract one of these days. Mary began life as Louise Dantzler, 22 years ago in Corsicana, Texas. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 109 and has brown hair and blue eyes.

BARBARA C.—Among the female stars reaching the altitude of 5 feet, 7 inches, we have: Alice Joyce, Gwen Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alma Rubens and Lilyan Tashman. Gary Cooper is 29 years old and celebrates the event every May 7th.

A. M. G., LAUREL SPRINGS, N. J.—As far back as 1911, Ruth Roland was appearing on the silent screen in serials. After deserting the films for a time, she came back and made her talking début in "Reno." John Mack Brown is married and has one small daughter. Corbin, Kentucky, was the birthplace of Arthur Lake, about 25 years ago. Jack Oakie's next offering will be "The Sap from Syracuse," but why pick on Syracuse?

RUTH LEFFINGWELL, CLAREMONT, CALIF.—In "The Man from Blankley's" Loretta Young rendered a piano selection called "Just an Hour of Love."

JEAN L. VANIER, VALOIS, CANADA.—I am busy, Jean, but never too busy to write to all my friends. Huntley Gordon is a countryman of yours. He was born in Montreal. You will see him in "The Fox Movietone Follies of 1930." Wallace Reid died just seven years ago last January, the 18th to be exact.

C. S., NEW YORK CITY.—I will try to make amends by telling you all I know about Ruth Chatterton. To begin with, Ruth was born in New York, December 24, 1893. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall; weighs 112 and has brown hair and grey eyes. She is the daughter of Walter and Lillian Chatterton and is married to Ralph Forbes. Ruth made her first stage appearance in Washington, D. C., in 1909. She is very fond of music, riding, swimming and all outdoor sports. John Loder is one of London's gifts to the talking screen. He was born March 1, 1898, is 6 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs

168 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. PHOTOPLAY ran three articles on Ruth Chatterton. They appeared in May, 1929, February and July, 1930. An article on Clive Brook ap-

peared in March, 1928. You can get back issues by writing to Photoplay Magazine, 919 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, enclosing 25c for each copy.

"Hol'wood She Cookoo"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

government, which controls the Kenya colony, assigned one P. H. Rifkin, British agent at Nairobi, to accompany them. Rifkin has been acting as their interpreter, business agent, adviser and guardian.

The first trouble that entered the lives of the two blacks was the matter of clothing.

"Too much. Feel much ashamed," they complained when they had to don enough clothes to satisfy their fellow-travellers' sense of the proprieties.

They landed in New York. It was snowing.

"White things fall on us. New York too much devils," they complained. They were convinced that New York is a good place to get away from. Those high buildings, they were certain, would fall down on them any minute. They breathed great sighs of relief when they started West.

Trains were not new to them. They'd seen them and ridden in them in Africa.

AND then Hollywood!

Everything they had learned, they had to unlearn.

"We go in house and we are outside again," they complained. They meant the movie sets. Now, even when they go downtown in Los Angeles, they occasionally stop and punch a wall or stamp on a floor to see whether they're in a house or not.

It was on one of their first days at the M-G-M lot that Mutia pulled the crack which set all Hollywood agiggle. He and Riano were shown a Greta Garbo picture. When it was over Mutia was asked what he thought of the great Garbo.

"Uh," grunted Mutia, "stomach too thin." At least, that's how Rifkin translated it literally. "Husband does not feed her enough," elaborated Mutia, five minutes later. They talk that way. Long pauses between observations.

"What do you think of Hollywood's women?" Mutia was asked, months later.

"Make too much boss over man," he decided. "Have on too many clothes. Stomach too thin."

The Swahili vocabulary is very limited. There are only about two hundred words in it. That's why Mutia and Riano are so blunt. They haven't the wealth of words wherewith we English-speakers commit euphemisms and disguise our thoughts.

M-G-M wanted the two to be happy. They were sent to the wardrobe room to choose their own clothes.

Everybody expected them to choose something like Jack Gilbert would wear. Instead, they returned wearing heavy shoes, no hosiery, shorts instead of trousers, flannel shirts and turbans.

"Why didn't you choose clothes like the stars wear?" Rifkin asked them in Swahili and sign-talk.

"Too hot. Too much. Cannot move arms. Make feel ashamed to wear so much clothes," they criticized.

Rifkin has been taking Mutia and Riano out to show them Hollywood. At the Brown Derby café, they punched the wall because they thought it was a movie set. They thought Grauman's Chinese Theater was the finest building they had ever seen because it had so many colors and things. Inside, they heard Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue Song." Now Tibbett is, in their minds, Hollywood's most wonderful actor.

"He makes fine b'g noise," they explained. "He opens mouth and waves arms and makes good sound."

When they first heard talkies, they didn't believe it.

"MAN in back making sound with *cananda*," they insisted. "*Cananda*" is the native term for gramophone. Then they took Mutia into the projection room and showed him some rushes in which one of his wives appeared. She wiggled a native dance, and then opened her mouth and talked.

Mutia's hands flew to his mouth. He clapped his palm over his lips and grunted—"Uh! Uh! Uh!" Then he went to the cabin he lives in and moped the rest of the day. Homesick, he confessed.

Mutia and Riano, both, have long since ceased to be impressed with any of moviedom's wonders. Surprise ceased after the first few days. They saw too much for their limited mentalities to grasp. Now they'll believe anything. But when they go back to Africa, they won't dare to tell anything of what they've seen.

"Our friends will not believe us. They will think we are *kufanu*. They will think white men's devils have stolen our minds." And so they will not tell their tribespeople of what they have seen.

The biggest laugh they got was over Leo, the famous M-G-M lion.

"Fur no good. Belly too fat. Too old. No good teeth. In Africa, he would die of hunger," was how they dismissed old Leo.

Mutia and Riano are lonely. They don't mingle with the Los Angeles negro colony. Not even with the negro extras who are working in "Trader Horn" with them. Mutia and Riano call them "*shenzi*." That's Swahili again, and Rifkin refused to translate it.

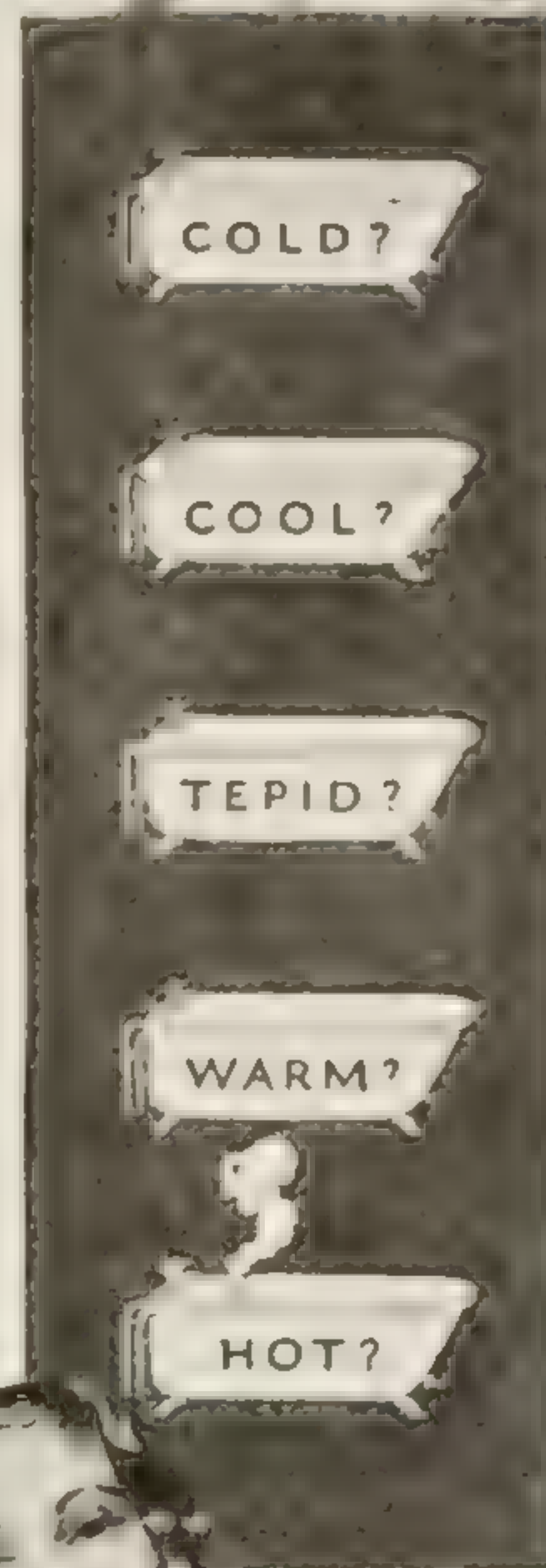
RIANO, however, makes an occasional concession. He has struck up a passing acquaintance with one of the colored bootblacks at the studio. Sometimes he sits there for two hours at a stretch, letting the boy shine his shoes. The boy gets paid for it, plenty. In return, he takes Riano downtown to Central Avenue once in a while, and introduces him to some of the girls. Of course, they'd rather meet Stepin Fetchit, but Stepin is temperamental and important, and anyway, Riano is a movie star in a way, even if he can't talk much English.

But Rifkin sees to it that Riano gets no gin. Riano likes it, but Rifkin isn't taking any chances. One day, back in the compound in Africa, Riano got a load of gin. He decided that he wanted the compound to himself. So he cleaned it out. The casualties were terrific. Rifkin can't make Riano understand that similar tactics aren't allowed in Los Angeles, so he just keeps Riano and gin apart.

But even with these occasional expeditions, Riano is lonely. Mutia is even more so, because he doesn't play. He just stays in the shack they occupy on the lot, sewing. Sometimes, when they get very homesick, they wander around the African set on the M-G-M lot and try to imagine the tame alligators are real crocodiles. Or they visit the monkey farm down the road a way from the studio. They'd rather watch the monkeys than Chaney or Gilbert or Garbo or Crawford.

And they wish Director Van Dyke would hurry up and finish "Trader Horn." Because Hollywood makes them feel *natchaka*.

And "*natchaka*" means tired.

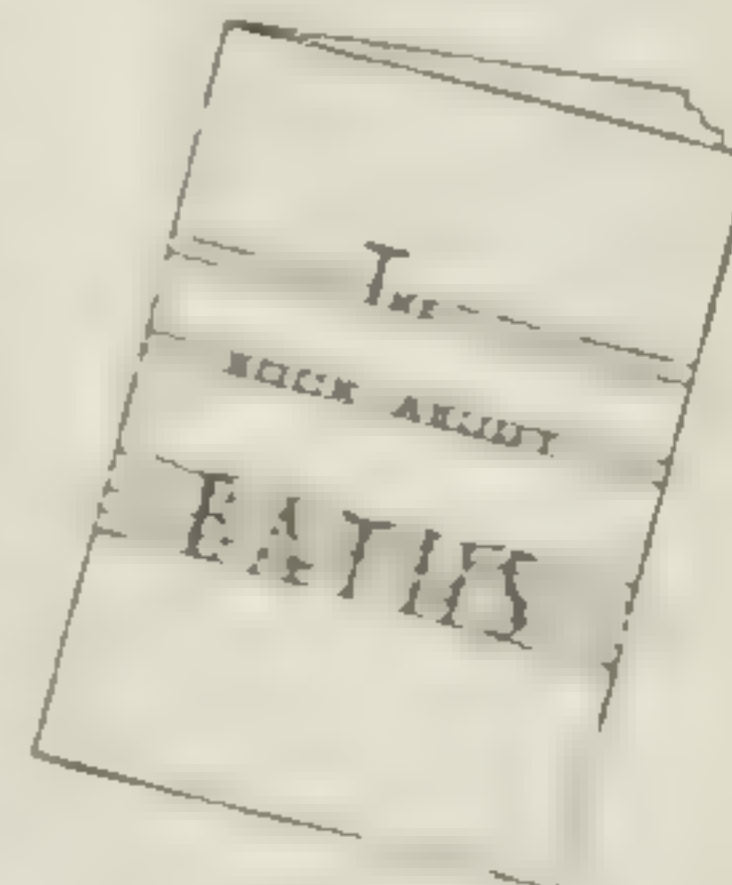


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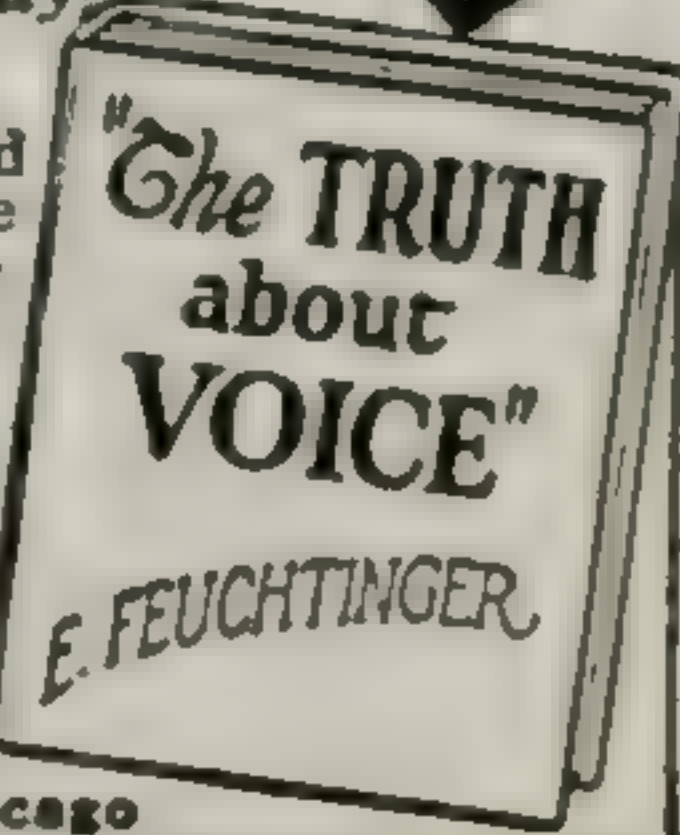
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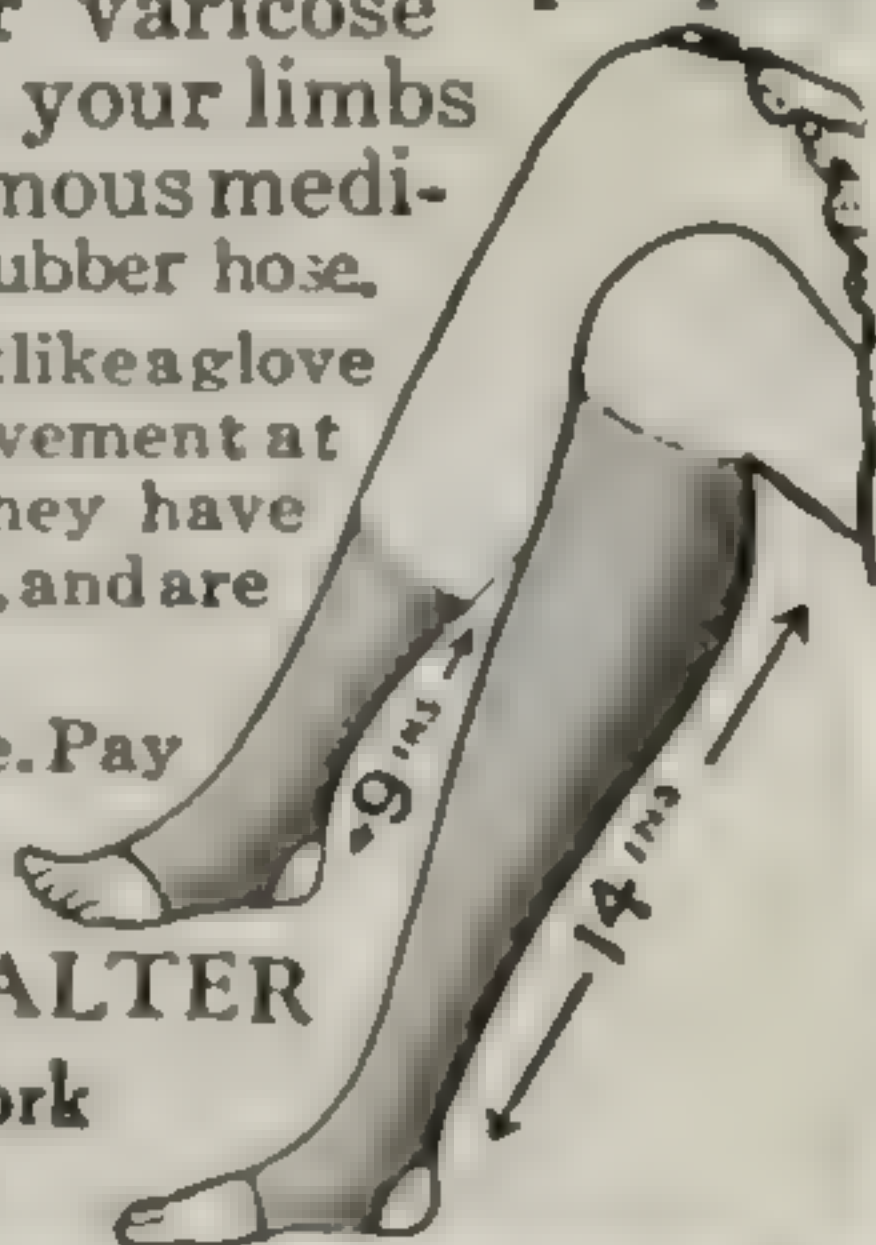
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Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

TEN years ago a rich and heart-tugging love story had just come to the screen, and we reviewed it in PHOTOPLAY.

It was called "Romance"—the love story of a young clergyman and a great opera star. As a play, it had caught the fancy of countless thousands. It had run something like three years in London, after a great New York triumph.

"Romance" furnished another proof that audiences could never get enough of true love through many years.

The screen version starred the lady who created the part of the opera singer and played it in the theater for years—Doris Keane. Her leading man was Basil Sidney, then her husband, and now married to the beautiful Mary Ellis. The late Norman Trevor also appeared in it.

This might not be worth going into at such length if we were not, in 1930, intensely interested in a new "Romance," one fusing the arts of the theater and the silent screen. This time the star rôle will be played by a Swedish girl named Greta Garbo.

GLORIA SWANSON breaks into the news this midsummer of 1920. As if she always weren't worth some paragraphs!

But right now she is off the screen, as Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn. Paramount claims to have her under contractual lock and key until 1923. Husband Somborn replies that the document expires late in 1920. So the dispute rages.

Gloria says nothing. But with the reticence of the quaint, old-fashioned days of a decade ago, Cal York—then a mere stripling of sixty-seven—reports that she "is in private life awaiting a most interesting domestic event."

And that didn't mean renting a new house, either!

WILL ROGERS has just finished what Burns Mantle calls his best picture. It is "Jes' Call Me Jim," and who should be his leading woman but Irene Rich—thus proving that what was grand in 1920 is even better in 1930. . . . Dorothy Dalton appears in "The Dark Mirror" this month, and Wally Reid offers his fans "The Dancin' Fool," with Bebe Daniels as his feminine lead, and Raymond Hatton and Tully Marshall helping with the supporting chores. . . . A lad named Harold Lloyd crashes through with a comedy called "An Eastern Westerner." And is he good! To quote our review—"If the only Charles Chaplin does not hurry back to the job, he is likely to find that the only Harold Lloyd has replaced him in the affections of his vast public." And again—"As Chaplin's successor, this bespectacled youth is striding forward in seven-league boots." How about it, Charlie?

ROBERTSON-COLE is running a Lew Cody Love Letter Contest.

You may remember that in 1920 Lew was in his hey-day as "The Beloved Cheater" in the picture of that name.

First prize—\$150—is won by Maude H. Bell, of Greeley, Colo., and if she is still a reader of PHOTOPLAY she must remember THAT thrill.

And, oh, my mercy me! The title of Lew's next in his brief but gala career as a he-vamp was to be "The Butterfly Man"!

MARION DAVIES is about to crash out in "The Restless Sex," a picturization of the then famous R. W. Chambers novel.

Priscilla Dean, Mildred Davis, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce, Renee Adoree, Bert Lytell, Doris May and Mary Miles Minter smile from the rotogravure pages this month.

Stories on Helene Chadwick and Anne Luther are prominent in this month's issue.

And a very big piece about Louise Huff, in 1920 an outstanding picture beauty.

One of our extra-special stories is one on little Lila Lee. She has, in 1920, just recovered from a bad case of too much forcing and over-advertising which hurt her career as a young player. The title of our story is "Happy Endings."

ASTORY about three-year-old Bobby Kelso, a cunning kid who played in King Vidor's famous picture of simple folk, "The Jack Knife Man." They had to feed Bob jelly beans (his



This is the way Irene Rich looked in 1920 when she was Will Rogers' leading woman. She's playing opposite Will as this is written!

favorite dissipation) to get him to act on order. . . . Norma Talmadge's third fashion article appears this month. It is called "Wear America First," and is an ardent plea for American styles as against the long domination of Paris.

P. S.—THAT battle seems to be over now. At least Hollywood thinks so.

MIDSUMMER report on what the favorites are up to, according to the Answer Man:

Antonio Moreno is writing his memoirs.

Elsie Ferguson is going to Japan.

Sylvia Breamer is playing in "Athalie."

June Elvidge has the lead in "The Law of the Yukon."

Colleen Moore plays a Hindu girl in "The Devil's Claim."

Pauline Starke in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone."

Bryant Washburn and Wanda Hawley in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

Leatrice Joy in "Just a Wife."

Buck Jones and Winifred Westover in "Forbidden Trails."

JAMES HALLOCK REID, better known as Hal, father of Wally, has just died at his home in New Jersey. The elder Reid was a prolific playwright, and had appeared with his son in Wallace's earliest film attempts for old Vitagraph.

Norma Talmadge is getting ready to make "Smilin' Through." She can't start the picture just yet because Jane Cowl is still coining money from it on the stage.

Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay deny they are engaged. At any rate, Mary is going to play the ingénue rôle in Griffith's filming of "Way Down East." The late Clarine Seymour was to have had the part.

The Prince Comes to Cinderella

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

The uniformed doorman bowed as though to royalty and hurried to open the door of her car. As Joan sunk into the rich upholstery, she was delightedly aware that several people had turned to stare at her.

IN the days that followed, several enthusiastic fans were won over to Radia Benson.

"Isn't she perfectly sweet?" said the girls at the costumer's when Joan had stood for hours, without complaint, while expensive satins and brocades were draped and pinned and cut. She was pleased with everything, which delighted the designer, who had been warned that Radia Benson was likely to throw a temperamental fit and tear a gown to pieces if she didn't like it.

"She's a knockout," enthused a bellhop to whom Joan had generously promised an autographed picture. "Nothing upstage about that dame."

"Can you imagine it?" said one excited flapper to another. "I saw her just as she was getting out of her car and actually she smiled at me when I snapped a picture. Wasn't that darling of her?"

Each day gave Joan new confidence in her ability to impersonate Miss Benson. She began to crave a wider field for her talents.

"People are awfully gullible," she had concluded. "Nobody even suspects that I'm not Radia Benson. I'll bet I could even go to a party where friends of Miss Benson were present and get away with it."

But the efficient secretary saw to it that Joan had no such opportunity. She selected the gowns for her to wear each day and checked her in and out of the hotel. She answered all the telephone calls, explaining that Miss Benson was shopping, or resting, or in her bath. To the numerous invitations which came by mail she sent carefully worded regrets. "Miss Benson was so sorry, but there were so many demands upon her time. . . ."

"If only she'd give me a break and let me go to one of those parties," thought Joan, "anything might happen."

And on Saturday, just when hope was wearing thin, something did happen.

The secretary received a message that her sister who lived in Brooklyn was ill.

"I hate to leave you here alone," she told Joan in a worried voice, "but I don't know what else to do. I'm sure Miss Benson would want me to go if she knew."

"Of course she would," insisted Joan. "I can answer the 'phone and take any messages. I've listened to you and know just the things to say."

The secretary was skeptical of this. "I think it would be better for me to leave word at the desk that Miss Benson does not wish to be disturbed and ask them to cut off all telephone calls until tomorrow. Then there won't be any danger of complications."

WHEN the secretary had gone, Joan breathed a sigh of relief.

"What a swell opportunity for Cinderella to have an evening out," was her thought. "Dinner—and then the theater—and dancing afterward. Let me see—what shall I wear? That lovely little *Rhapsody in Blue* or that red chiffon? Marie—" She gestured to an imaginary maid. "Will you lay out the blue evening frock—the one that just matches my eyes—and the ermine evening wrap."

"You wouldn't dare face an evening-clad world in one of Miss Benson's gowns," an inner voice challenged.

"Well, it won't do any harm just to look at them," she argued back. "I've got to do something to amuse myself."

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CAUTION: Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

She turned the knob of the closet door. In her eagerness to hurry to her sister, the secretary had forgotten to lock it. For a moment Joan's beauty-loving eyes feasted on the exquisite frocks dangling from their sachet-scented hangers. Her fingers caressed them tenderly, sliding the hangers across the rod on which they hung. Flame, orchid, sea-green, peach, silver—a veritable rainbow of enchanting color. Did she dare to try one of them on? There couldn't really be any harm in it, if she was careful.

With true feminine instinct she selected one with a Paris label. "I'll just try this little old satin rag—" On the hanger it seemed simple and girlish—but on Joan it became a provocative, eye-teasing creation which embraced her body with an insidious softness, as though two perfections had met and blended into one.

"It would certainly be a dumb girl who couldn't get her man in an outfit like this," thought Joan as she stared at her reflection, fascinated.

SHE had just started to pantomime an imaginary scene when the telephone rang. She stopped guiltily. Had the secretary forgotten to leave the order at the desk? Half frightened, and wondering whether she ought to answer it or not, she took the receiver off the hook and said hello.

"Hello," answered a nice masculine voice. "Is that really you, Miss Benson?"

Perhaps it was because she could still see her reflection in the mirror. Anyhow, the word "Yes" slipped out before she could stop it.

"What luck!" continued the voice. "This is Duke Doran talking. Heard you were in town and I've been trying for days to reach you on the 'phone, but that secretary certainly keeps you well policed."

"You don't know the half of it, dearie," Joan said to herself. Aloud, she replied: "I've been awfully busy."

"I hope you haven't forgotten your promise."

"My promise?" she asked uneasily, wondering just where this telephone game was leading her.

"Don't you remember that night at Del Monte?"

"Oh, of course," she lied glibly.

"You promised to let me see you when you came to New York."

"Did I—really?"

"You certainly did. And I'm giving a party tonight—just a buffet supper. I know it's outrageous to ask you at this late date, but please won't you come—if it's only for a few minutes." He might have added that one hundred dollars was bet against him that she wouldn't.

"Will there be a crowd?" she asked shrewdly.

"Just a few couples. Nobody you know—but they'd all love to know you."

JOAN had not the slightest idea who Duke Doran was, but she liked his voice. A chance like this might never come again!

"I'd love to," she said in her best Radia Benson manner, hoping she did not sound too eager. "What time?"

"Any time after nine. May I call for you?"

She hedged at this. "I think you had better just give me the address. I might be a little late."

"Anything you say."

With excited fingers she wrote the address of an apartment house in the East Sixties. It was not until she had hung up the receiver that she had an attack of cold feet.

"Can I possibly get away with it?" she asked her mirrored reflection.

"Can a duck swim?" the mirror seemed to answer.

With her usual I'll-try-anything-once philosophy she tossed all possible consequences aside. Her week of synthetic glory would soon be over. Accident had made it her evening. Why not make the most of these last hours? Why not find out, first-hand, how the other

half of the world lived? It couldn't help but be a lark—and no matter what happened on the morrow, Cinderella would have her bouquet of memories.

When the elevator shot her to a pent-house, atop a smart apartment building, and she had pressed the door button, a sudden impulse to retreat rushed over her. How could she have been such a fool as to think—

But already the door had opened and a tall, dark-haired man of about thirty was smiling down at her. He was good-looking enough to have been the leading man in a Radia Benson picture.

"Miss Benson!" he was saying delightedly, "How awfully nice of you to come."

"Well, at least I know which one my host is," was Joan's thought as she acknowledged his greeting and followed a colored maid who directed her to a green and gold dressing room across the hall.

WORD had quickly passed about that Radia Benson had arrived. When Joan entered Duke Doran's modernistic drawing room, everyone turned to look. The introductions sounded to Joan like a page from the social register. She felt giddy, as though she had accidentally stumbled into fairyland. Someone offered her a cocktail. She swallowed it hastily, hoping it would give her courage. She was self-consciously aware that all of the eyes in the room had focused on her.

Those who had expected the glamorous Benson of the screen were disappointed. The lioness did not roar. She did not affect any of her well known screen tricks. In the flesh, she was just a pretty, unaffected girl who acknowledged introductions almost shyly.

"These screen stars are awfully over-rated, don't you think?" asked a bored, ash-blond of her companion, "They're usually just gaga when you meet them in person."

It was soon apparent, however, that the blonde's opinion was not shared by the men of the party. In a few moments a quartette of admiring males had gone into a huddle around Joan. Four lighters clicked simultaneously to furnish a flame for her cigarette. Four pairs of eyes chorused their unanimous verdict that she was the prettiest girl in the room. Joan heard their flattery as though in a dream. It was not until supper was announced that she found herself alone with Duke Doran.

"This is just a pick-up supper, folks," he said jovially. "Just a snack from the old ice-box. Choose your own partners."

A servant had distributed small lacquered tables for two about the spacious drawing room. Duke led Joan to a divan in a dimly lighted corner.

"At last," he said intimately, "I can have a few moments alone with you—if some fresh somebody doesn't cut in."

"And this," thought Joan, "is going to be the well known acid test."

"Comfortable?" he asked as he placed a velvet cushion at her feet and adjusted pillows at her back.

SHE nodded, not quite daring to meet his eyes. Just how well was she supposed to know this Duke Doran, she wondered. He was so unlike the men she knew. She waited for him to direct the conversation, breathing a prayer that she would be able to follow it successfully.

"You certainly look sweet tonight," he said with a boyish smile.

"It's sweet of you to say so," she parried.

"But do you know," he looked at her puzzled, "you've changed a lot since that night I met you in Del Monte."

"In what way?" she asked daringly. To herself she was saying: "Watch your step, Joanie. The coach may turn into a pumpkin shell any minute now."

"Well, it's sort of hard to explain." He studied her thoughtfully and Joan could feel a flush creeping into her cheeks. "Of course I was a bit cock-eyed after that polo game,"

he continued, "and maybe my eyes fooled me, but I sort of had the idea that you were a little upstage. I'll have to confess I was almost afraid of you. And when you walked out on the dance you promised me, I didn't have the nerve to remind you of it."

"THEN how did you happen to have nerve enough to ask me to your party?"

He reddened. "You won't get sore if I tell you?"

She shook her head.

"I guess I was bragging about knowing you," he confessed with embarrassment, "and a couple of the fellows bet me a hundred that I didn't have nerve enough to ask you to my party."

Joan made no reply.

"You're different tonight," he went on. "You're not the Radia Benson I met at Del Monte. You're like a sweet, shy little girl at her first party."

Joan felt uncomfortably warm. If only he knew how close he had come to guessing the truth. She tried to think of something *Bensonnesque* to say, but couldn't.

"I like you better—this way," he said in a low voice, and something about the way he looked at her made Joan feel giddy.

"That cheers me up a lot," she said with a nervous laugh. It was, of course, the typical Joan Gordon comeback. She realized it as soon as the words had slipped out, but it was too late then to retract them. "Let's dance," she said suddenly. "That music is gorgeous."

Someone had turned on the radio and a dance orchestra was playing a haunting waltz rhythm. Joan melted into Duke Doran's arms as though she belonged there. The dance number ended. Breathless, partly from the exercise and partly from the electricity of two closely contacted young bodies, they stepped out on the narrow roof balcony which surrounded Duke's fashionable pent-house. For a moment neither of them spoke.

"It's like being on top of the world, isn't it?" said Duke.

"It's—heaven," Joan sighed rapturously, closing her eyes to give the camera of memory a chance to photograph indelibly that enchanting moment. She felt Duke's arms about her, compelling her shoulders against him. Some inner voice warned her to draw away, but, Joan-like, she refused to listen.

HERE was the very nicest man she had ever met or was ever likely to meet. His lips met hers, hesitatingly at first, then lingered in a kiss so breath-taking, so intoxicating that Joan forgot that it was Radia Benson he thought he was kissing; forgot that she was cheating, taking things which did not belong to her, and giving lavishly, whole-heartedly, that which was not hers to give.

The striking of a clock on an illuminated tower a few blocks away brought her back to earth with a sudden jolt. Its deep-toned gong seemed to say: "Step on it, Cinderella—before your satin gown turns into a much-pressed blue serge suit—before your fancy limousine fades into a clicking typewriter—"

"I must go," she said in a little breathless voice, knowing full well that there would be days and nights when she would walk past that address, when she would look up at the stars and try to imagine that she was standing on that little balcony once again with a dark, good-looking man whom she would never quite succeed in forgetting. Her hand reached for the door.

"But darling—you can't go now." His hand caught hers and held it. "Now that I've found you—do you think I can let you go so quickly?"

Joan had the feeling of a swimmer, breasting the waves a long way out, knowing the danger, and yet unable to turn back. Radia Benson had everything—and she had so little.

"Please," he was pleading softly "just one more kiss—so I'll know I haven't dreamed this."

Joan hesitated, and like that other Cinder-



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ella, was lost. When they entered the drawing room some minutes later, Duke's whispered "I love you" was singing in her ears. Sweet music it was, even though deep in her heart she knew that it had not been meant for her. But the music of his words was all too quickly drowned out by a sound which struck Joan cold as a stone and sent her heart nose-diving toward her stomach.

THE radio was still turned on but no one was dancing. They were all listening with rapt attention to the voice of the announcer.

"What's up, folks?" asked Duke.

Someone gestured for him to keep quiet.

"The terrific gale which has been lashing the Jersey coast for the past few hours sent Ronald Loring's yacht *Firefly* on the rocks early this evening."

It was at this moment that Joan and Duke had entered the room.

"Mr. Loring and Radia Benson, the celebrated screen star, who was his companion, were rescued and taken ashore by fishermen," continued the announcer.

"Radia Benson!" exclaimed one of the men. "Why, that's peculiar—"

They all turned toward Joan whose face had suddenly paled to the whiteness of her gown.

"Yes, isn't it odd?" said the ash-blonde in a tone sweetly cutting.

"Wouldn't it be funny if Ronnie Loring was out with Miss Benson's double," suggested one of the men.

"Or, funnier still, if her double—" The blonde paused and looked toward Joan with a meaning that was unmistakable. For a moment the room was still, as they all stared with sudden suspicion at the guilty girl.

"Only an act of God can save me now," thought Joan, mentally measuring the distance from where she stood to the exit door.

"Of course," the blonde added with a shrug, "one never really knows who is crashing the gates these days."

THIS remark could scarcely have been called an "act of God," but it served as a lash to revive what Joan often termed her "laugh-clown-laugh complex." Tears of humiliation were pressing against her eyes but she fought them back and faced the blonde defiantly.

"That's because you're a crowd of celebrity chasers," she said a little shrilly. "You hang out the welcome sign for anything from a prize fighter to a tenor, so long as he's famous. You even lay bets as to whether you can get him to come or not. But just let him lose his crown—just let the electric lights that spell his name dim out—and you shrug your aristocratic shoulders and say he crashed the gate. Bologney! But for that radio announcer you'd have gone home bragging because you had met a picture celebrity. Now, you don't know whether to brag or not."

Small red patches like twin flags burned in Joan's cheeks as she turned to rush out of the

room. Duke reached out a hand to detain her but she jerked away, not even daring to look at him. There was just one thought in her mind:

To get her wrap and get out of that house before she burst into tears.

She pressed the button for the elevator and then impulsively decided not to wait for it. Blindly, she ran down the stairs, flight after flight—and straight into the arms of Duke Doran, who had caught the elevator, and was waiting for her when she reached the bottom.

"It's customary to say good-night to your host," he said.

The Joan of a few minutes before would have lifted her chin and said: "Thanks for the society set-up. I was just rehearsing a scene for my next picture. Watch for it at your neighborhood theater."

But the Joan who had stumbled into his arms could only murmur: "It was swell—while it lasted. Goodbye."

"But it isn't goodbye," he insisted. "I'm going with you."

BY this time they were at the curb and the doorman had whistled for a taxi. Suddenly Joan's mind leaped ahead to the fact that he doubtless intended to expose her to the real Radia Benson.

"Please," she pleaded, "don't give me away. I'll tell you the truth—honestly I will. That blonde was right. I'm just Miss Benson's double. Oh, I know it was crazy for me to go to your party, but I didn't mean any harm. I just wanted a little fun—and I was fool enough to think I could get away with it—"

"My dear, you could get away with murder—and with his dying breath the victim would probably give you a vote of thanks."

For the first time she looked up at him. What she read in his eyes cheered her up considerably.

"Of course, I know it wasn't honest for me to let you kiss me like that—I mean it wasn't fair to Miss Benson." She said with some embarrassment.

"And was it fair to let me kiss you and then run away without even telling me your name?"

"I didn't think that made any difference since it was Miss Benson you thought you were kissing—not me."

"I was kissing the sweetest girl in the world—and in less than two seconds I'm going to kiss her again."

AND before she could argue about it he did, much to the disgust of the taxi driver who had just twisted his neck to see what they were waiting for.

"By the way," said Duke when they finally stepped into the cab, "what is your name?"

"Cinderella," she whispered softly. "1930 edition."

"It's my favorite book-of-the-month," he replied and proceeded to autograph it with another kiss.



Milwaukee, Wis.

I am a nurse in a sanatorium for tubercular patients, and I wonder if the movie folks have any conception of the joy they give us. They take us right out of our world of tragedy and pain, to that other world of romance and adventure. We have pictures

twice weekly. Even those of us that haven't been up and around for weeks beg to be wheeled out so they can see their favorites, even though they may feel it is for the last time. Those that are too ill to attend the shows get a world of comfort from reading PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Lee Reed



A great director takes time out! Ernst Lubitsch, one of the real old masters who has not only survived but has forged ahead, getting a smoke and a sunning at the massive gateway to a Paramount sound stage. Look at the thickness of those triple walls! Lubitsch has just called a halt on one of the scenes for "Monte Carlo"

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"BACK PAY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Fannie Hurst. Adapted by Francis Edward Faragoh. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Hester Berins*, Corinne Griffith; *Gerald Smith*, Grant Withers; *Charles Wheeler*, Montagu Love; *Al Bloom*, Hallam Cooley; *Kitty*, Vivian Oakland; *Babe*, Geneva Mitchell; *Ed*, William Bailey; *Wheeler's Secretary*, Virginia Sale; *Aggie Simms*, Dee Loretta; *Judge*, James Marcus; *Masseuse*, Louise Carver; *Hester's Maid*, Louise Beavers.

"BAD MAN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Porter Emerson Brown. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Lopez*—*The Bad Man*, Walter Huston; *Ruth Pell*, Dorothy Revier; *Morgan Pell*, Sidney Blackmer; *Gilbert Jones*, James Rennie; *Henry Smith*, O. P. Heggie; *Angela Hardy*, Marion Byron; *Red Giddings*, Guinn Williams; *Pedro*, Arthur Stone; *Flintbrooke*, Johnny Arthur; *Bradley*, Edward Lynch; *Jose*, Harry Semels; *Hardy*, Erville Anderson.

"BIG HOUSE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Morgan*, Chester Morris; *Butch*, Wallace Beery; *Warden*, Lewis Stone; *Kent*, Robert Montgomery; *Anne*, Leila Hyams; *Pop*, George F. Marion; *Mr. Marlowe*, J. C. Nugent; *Olsen*, Karl Dane; *Wallace*, DeWitt Jennings; *Gopher*, Mathew Betz; *Mrs. Marlowe*, Claire McDowell; *Donlin*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Uncle Jed*, Tom Kennedy; *Sandy*, Tom Wilson; *Dopey*, Eddie Foyer; *Putnam*, Roscoe Ates; *Oliver*, Fletcher Norton.

"BORDER ROMANCE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Conchita Cortez*, Armida; *Bob Hamlin*, Don Terry; *Vic Hamlin*, Wesley Barry; *Nina*, Marjorie Kane; *Slim*, Victor Potel; *Gloria*, Nita Martin; *Buck Adams*, J. Frank Glendon; *Capt. of Rurales*, Harry von Meter; *Lieut. of Rurales*, William Costello.

"BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the operetta "The Lady in Ermine" by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson and Ray Harris. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Countess Anna-Marie*, Vivienne Segal; *Count Adrian Beltrami*, Allan Prior; *Colonel Vultow*, Walter Pidgeon; *Teresa*, the Maid, Louise Fazenda; *Sophie*, Myrna Loy; *Sprotti*, Ballet Master, Lupino Lane; *Tangy*, Silhouette-cutter, Ford Sterling; *Sgt. Dostal*, Harry Cording; *Capt. Slogan*, Claude Fleming; *The Prince*, Herbert Clark.

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Humphrey Pearson. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Louanne*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Wally Dean*, Frank Fay; *Miguel Parada*, Noah Beery; *"Windy" Jones*, Eddie Nugent; *Peggy North*, Inez Courtney; *Mame Avery*, Daphne Pollard; *Tom Avery*, Tom Dugan; *Connie Lamont*, James Murray; *Violet Van Dam*, Jean Bary; *Harris*, Edmund Breese.

"DIXIANA"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Anne Caldwell. Adapted by Luther Reed. Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: *Dixiana*, Bebe Daniels; *Carl Van Horn*, Everett Marshall; *Pecwee*, Bert Wheeler; *Ginger*, Robert Woolsey; *Cornelius Van Horn*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Mrs. Van Horn*, Jobyna Howland; *Poppy*, Dorothy Lee; *Royal Montague*, Ralf Harold; *Blondell*, Edward Chandler; *The Confectionist*, George Herman; *Cayetano*, Raymond Maurel; *Colonel Porter*, Bruce Covington; *Specialty Dancer*, Bill Robinson; *Cupid*, Eugene Jackson.

"DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE"—WARNERS.—From the play "Weak Sisters" by Lynn Starling. Screen play by Harvey Thew. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Jerry Malone*, Robert Armstrong; *Faith Corey*, Barbara Kent; *Grandma Corey*, Beryl Mercer; *Mike*, James Gleason; *Uncle Roger*, Claude Gillingwater; *Mrs. Corey*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Siegfried Strong*, Arthur Hoyt; *Mrs. Strong*, Mary Foy; *Camilla*, Charlotte Merriam.

"GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by David Belasco. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Minnie*, Ann Harding; *Dick Johnson*, James Rennie; *Jack Rance*, Harry Bannister; *Handsome Charlie*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Sonora Slim*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Trinidad Joe*, George Cooper; *Nick*, Johnny Walker; *Joe Castro*, Arthur Stone; *Sidney Duck*, Arthur Housman; *Happy Holliday*, Norman McNeil; *Jake Wallace*, Fred Warren; *Ashby*, Joe Girard; *Pony Express Rider*, Newton House; *Wowkle*, Lou-Cha-Enya; *Billy Jackrabbit*, Chief Yowlache; *Bucking Billy*, Bert Roach.

"GOOD INTENTIONS"—FOX.—From the story by William K. Howard. Adapted by George Manker Watters. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *David Cresson*, Edmund Lowe; *Helen Rankin*, Marguerite Churchill; *Richard Holt*, Regis Toomey; *"Flash" Norton*, Earle Foxe; *Liberty Red*, Eddie Gribbon; *Cyrus Holt*, Robert McWade; *Miss Huntington*, Georgia Caine; *Bud Finney*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Babe Gray*, Pat Somerset; *Charlie Hattrick*, J. Carrol Naish; *Butler*, Henry Kolker; *Franklin Graham*, Hale Hamilton.

"GOOD NEWS"—M-G-M.—From the play by Lawrence Schwab, Lew Brown, Frank Mandel, B. G. DeSylva and Ray Henderson. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by Nick Grinde and Edgar J. McGregor. The cast: *Connie*, Mary Lawlor; *Tom*,

Stanley Smith; *Babe*, Bessie Love; *Kearney*, Cliff Edwards; *Robbie*, Gus Shy; *Bat*, Lola Lane; *Coach*, Thomas Jackson; *Beef*, Delmer Daves; *Freshman*, Billy Taft; *Professor Kenyon*, Frank McGlynn; *Flo*, Dorothy McNulty; *Girls*, Helyn Virgil, Vera Marsh and Abe Lyman and his band.

"GRUMPY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Horace Hodges and Thomas Wigney Percyval. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. The cast: *"Grumpy" Bullivant*, Cyril Maude; *Ernest Heron*, Phillips Holmes; *Jarris*, Paul Cavanagh; *Virginia*, Frances Dade; *Ruddock*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Susan*, Doris Luray; *Keble*, Olaf Hytten; *Berci*, Paul Lukas; *Merridew*, Robert Bolder; *Dawson*, Colin Kenny.

"HELL'S ANGELS"—CADDO PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Marshall Neilan and Joseph Moncure March. Adapted by Howard Estabrook and Harry Behn. Directed by Howard Hughes. The cast: *Monte Rutledge*, Ben Lyon; *Roy Rutledge*, James Hall; *Helen*, Jean Harlow; *Karl Arnsfeldt*, John Darrow; *Baron Von Kranz*, Lucien Prival; *Lieut. Von Bruen*, Frank Clarke; *Baldy*, Roy Wilson; *Captain Redfield*, Douglas Gilmore; *Baroness Von Kranz*, Jane Winton; *Lady Randolph*, Evelyn Hall; *Staff Major*, William B. Davidson; *Squadron Commander R. F. C.*, Wyndham Standing; *Zeppelin Commander*, Carl Von Haartman; *First Officer of Zeppelin*, F. Schumann-Heink; *Elliott*, Stephen Carr; *Marryat*, Pat Somerset; *Von Richter*, William Von Brinken; *Von Schlieben*, Hans Joby.

"HOLIDAY"—PATHE.—From the play by Philip Barry. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Linda*, Ann Harding; *Julia*, Mary Astor; *Nick Potter*, Edward Everett Horton; *Johnny Case*, Robert Ames; *Susan Potter*, Hedda Hopper; *Ned*, Monroe Owsley; *Edward Seton*, William Holden; *Laura*, Elizabeth Forrester; *Mary Jessup*, Mabel Forrest; *Pete Hedges*, Creighton Hale; *Seton Cram*, Hallam Cooley.

"HOT CURVES"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Frank Mortimer. Screen play by Earle Snell. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Benny Goldberg*, Benny Rubin; *Jim Dolan*, Rex Lease; *Elaine McGraw*, Alice Day; *Cookie*, Pert Kelton; *Manager McGraw*, John Ince; *Grandma Dolan*, Mary Carr; *Scout*, Mike Donlin; *Macie*, Natalie Moorehead; *Slug*, Paul Hurst.

"LADIES IN LOVE"—HOLLYWOOD PICTURES, INC.—Based on the story by Charles Beahan. Directed by Edgar Lewis. The cast: *Brenda Lascelles*, Alice Day; *Harry King*, Johnny Walker; *Al Pine*, James Burtis; *Mary Wood*, Eleanor Flynn; *Patsy Green*, Dorothy Gould; *Ward Hampton*, Freeman Wood; *Mrs. Wood*, Mary Carr.

"LET US BE GAY"—M-G-M.—From the play by Rachel Crothers. Continuity by Frances Marion. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Kitty Brown*, Norma Shearer; *Bob Brown*, Rod La Rocque; *Mrs. Bouccicault*, Marie Dressler; *Townley*, Gilbert Emery; *Madge Livingston*, Hedda Hopper; *Bruce*, Raymond Hackett; *Diane*, Sally Eilers; *Wallace*, Tyrrell Davis; *Whitman*, Wilfred Noy; *Struthers*, William O'Brien; *Perkins*, Sybil Grove.

"MAN FROM WYOMING, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Joseph Monture March and Lew Lipton. Continuity and dialogue by John V. A. Weaver and Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Photography by Harry Dishbeck. The cast: *Jim Baker*, Gary Cooper; *Patricia Hunter*, June Collyer; *Jersey*, Regis Toomey; *General Hunter*, E. H. Calvert; *Major in Nice*, William B. Davidson; *Inspector*, Mary Foy; *Sergeant*, Ed Derring; *Lieutenant*, Dick Lee; *Morgan Farley*, French Mayor, Emil Chautard; *Orderly*, Ben Hall; *Captain in Dugout*, Parker McDonnell.

"MIDNIGHT MYSTERY"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "Hawk Island" by Howard Irving Young. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Sally Wayne*, Betty Compson; *Gregory Sloane*, Hugh Trevor; *Tom Austen*, Lowell Sherman; *Madeline Austen*, Rita La Roy; *Mische Kawelin*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Paul Cooper*, Raymond Hatton; *Harriet Cooper*, Marcelle Corday; *Louise Hollister*, June Clyde; *Barker*, Sidney D'Albrook; *Rogers*, William Presley Burt.

"NIGHT WORK"—PATHE.—From the story by Walter DeLeon. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Willie*, Eddie Quillan; *Mary*, Sally Starr; *Aggie*, Frances Upton; *Calloway*, John T. Murray; *Harvey Vanderman*, George Duryea; *Pinkie*, Ben Bard; *Phil Reisman*, Robert McWade; *Oscar*, Douglas Scott; *Trixie*, Addie McPhail; *Squint*, Kit Guard; *Mrs. Ten Eyck*, Georgia Caine; *Buster*, George Billings; *Mr. Vanderman*, Charles Clary; *Johnny Harris*, Tom Dugan; *George Twining*, Arthur Hoyt; *Miss Brown*, Billie Bennett; *Flora*, Tempe Pigott; *Miss Allenby*, Ruth Lyons; *Arlene Ogalthorpe*, Nora Lane; *Cabaret Singer*, Babe Kane; *Biff Miller*, Jack Mack; *Effeminate Man*, Arthur Lovejoy; *Mrs. Morgan*, Marian Ballou; *Mrs. McEroy*, Martha Mattox; *Mr. McEroy*, James Donlin; *Cab Driver*, Harry Bowen; *Violet Harris*, Ruth Hiatt; *Head Waiter*, Vincent Barnett.

"NUMBERED MEN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Jailbreak" by Dwight Taylor. Adapted by Al Cohn. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Bertie Gray*, Conrad Nagel; *Mary Dane*, Bernice Claire; *Bud Leonard*, Raymond Hackett; *King Callahan*, Ralph Ince; *Lemuel Barnes*, Tully Marshall; *Lou Rinaldo*, Maurice Black; *Warden Lansing*,

William Holding; *Happy Howard*, George Cooper; *Mrs. Miller*, Blanche Friderici; *Pollack*, Ivan Linow.

"OTHER TOMORROW, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Octavus Roy Cohen. Screen version by Fred Myton. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Edith Larrison*, Billie Dove; *Jim Carter*, Grant Withers; *Nort Larrison*, Kenneth Thomson; *Dave Weaver*, Frank Sheridan; *Ted Journal*, Otto Hoffman; *Drum Edge*, William Grainger; *Ed Conover*, Scott Seaton.

"QUEEN HIGH"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "A Pair of Sixes" by Edward Peple. Adapted from the musical comedy by Lawrence Schwab, Lewis Gensler and B. G. DeSylva. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *T. Boggs Johns*, Charles Ruggles; *Mr. Nettleton*, Frank Morgan; *Polly Rockwell*, Ginger Rogers; *Dick Johns*, Stanley Smith; *Mrs. Nettleton*, Helen Carrington; *Cyrus Vanderholt*, Rudy Cameron; *Florence Cole*, Betty Garde; *Mrs. Rockwell*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Coddles*, Nina Olivette; *Jimmy*, Tom Brown.

"RECAPTURED LOVE"—WARNERS.—From the play "Misdeal" by Basil Woon. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: *Helen Parr*, Belle Bennett; *Brentwood Parr*, John Halliday; *Peggy Price*, Dorothy Burgess; *Rauling*, Richard Tucker; *Henry Parr*, Junior Durkin; *Crabs*, George Bickel; *Pat*, Brooks Benedict; *Sisters "G."*, Sisters "G."

"RIGHT OF WAY, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. Adapted by Francis Edward Faragoh. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Charles "Beauty" Steele*, Conrad Nagel; *Rosalie Evantural*, Loretta Young; *Joseph Portugas*, Fred Kohler; *Billy Wantage*, William Janney; *The Cure*, George Pearce; *The Judge*, Emmett King; *Kathleen*, Olive Tell; *Gosselin*, Harry Cording; *Crown Attorney*, Brandon Hurst; *The Siegnur*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Suzon*, Yola D'Avril; *Louis Trudel*, Snitz Edwards.

"ROMANCE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Edward Sheldon. Continuity by Bess Meredyth and Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Rita Cavallini*, Greta Garbo; *Cornelius Van Tuyl*, Lewis Stone; *Tom Armstrong*, Gavin Gordon; *Harry*, Elliott Nugent; *Susan Van Tuyl*, Florence Lake; *Mrs. Armstrong*, Clara Blandick; *Beppo*, Henry Armetta; *Vannucci*, Mathilde Comont; *Nina*, Countess De Liguoro.

"SEA BAT, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dorothy Yost. Continuity by Bess Meredyth and John Howard Lawson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Nina*, Raquel Torres; *Reverend Sims*, Charles Bickford; *Carl*, Nils Asther; *Antone*, George F. Marion; *Juan*, John Miljan; *Corsican*, Boris Karloff; *Limey*, Gibson Gowland; *Maddocks*, Edmund Breese; *Mimba*, Mathilde Comont; *Dutchy*, Mack Swain.

"SHE'S MY WEAKNESS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "Tommy" by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Tommy Mills*, Arthur Lake; *Marie Thurber*, Sue Carol; *Warren Thurber*, Lucien Littlefield; *David Tuttle*, William Collier, Sr.; *Mrs. Thurber*, Helen Ware; *Bernard Norton*, Alan Bunce; *Mrs. Oberlander*, Emily Fitzroy; *Wilson*, Walter Gilbert.

"SOLDIERS AND WOMEN"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Paul Hervey Fox and George Tilton. Continuity by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Brenda*, Aileen Pringle; *Clive Branch*, Grant Withers; *Helen*, Helen Johnson; *Captain Arnold*, Walter McGrail; *General Mitchell*, Emmett Corrigan; *Martha*, Blanche Friderici; *Sergeant Conlon*, Wade Boteler; *Colonel Ritchie*, Ray Largay; *Doctor*, William Colvin; *Private Dehanty*, Sam Nelson.

"SO THIS IS LONDON"—FOX.—From the play by Arthur Goodrich. Adapted by Owen Davis, Sr. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Hiram Draper*, Will Rogers; *Mrs. Hiram Draper*, Irene Rich; *Junior Draper*, Frank Albertson; *Elinor Worthing*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Lord Percy Worthing*, Lumsden Hare; *Lady Worthing*, Mary Forbes; *Alfred Honeycutt*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Lady Amy Ducksworth*, Dorothy Christy; *Martha*, Martha Lee Sparks; *A Nurse*, Ellen Woodston.

"THREE FACES EAST"—WARNERS.—From the play by Anthony Paul Kelly. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Frances Hawtree*, Constance Bennett; *Valdar*, Eric Von Stroheim; *Arthur Chamberlain*, Anthony Bushell; *Mr. Yates*, William Courtenay; *General Hewlett*, Crauford Kent; *Lady Chamberlain*, Charlotte Walker; *Sir Winston Chamberlain*, William Holden.

"TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the operetta "Mlle. Modiste" by Victor Herbert. Adapted by Julian Josephson and Paul Perez. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Mlle. Fifi*, Bernice Claire; *Paul de St. Cyr*, Walter Pidgeon; *Rene*, Edward Everett Horton; *Count de St. Cyr*, Claude Gillingwater; *Francois*, Frank McHugh; *Mme. Cecile*, Judith Vosselli; *Marie*, June Collyer; *General de Villafrance*, Albert Gran; *Specialty Dancers*, Sisters "G."

"TOP SPEED"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Musical comedy by Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and Guy Bolton. Adaptation and dialogue by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Photography by Sid Hickox. The cast: *Elmer Peters*, Joe E. Brown; *Virginia Rollins*, Bernice Claire; *Gerald Brooks*, Jack Whiting; *Tad Jordan*, Frank McHugh; *Babs Green*, Laura Lee; *Daisy*, Rita Flynn; *Spencer Colgate*, Edmund Breese; *The Sheriff*, Wade Boteler; *Vincent Colgate*, Cyril King; *J. W. Rollins*, Edwin Maxwell.

"TRIGGER TRICKS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Reaves Eason. Directed by Reaves Eason. The cast: *Tim Brennon*, Hoot Gibson; *Betty Dawley*, Sally Eilers; *Thomas Kingston*, Robert Homans; *Joe Dixon*, Jack Richardson; *Nick Dalgus*, Monty Montague; *Sheriff*, Neal Hart; *Ike*, Walter Perry; *Mike*, Max Asher.

"UNHOLY THREE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Clarence Aaron Robbins. Continuity by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Echo*, Lon Chaney; *Rosie*, Lila Lee; *Hector*, Elliott Nugent; *Midget*, Harry Earles; *Prosecuting Attorney*, John Miljan; *Hercules*, Ivan Linow; *Regan*, Clarence Burton; *Defense Attorney*, Crauford Kent.

"WAY OUT WEST"—M-G-M.—From the story by Byron Morgan and Alfred Block. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Bill*, William Haines; *Molly*, Leila Hyams; *Pansy*, Polly Moran; *Trilby*, Cliff Edwards; *Steve*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *La Bella Rosa*, Vera Marsh; *Buck*, Charles Middleton; *Jim*, Jack Pennick; *Tex*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Hank*, Jay Willsey.

"WILD COMPANY"—FOX.—Story by John Stone and Bradley King. Adaptation and dialogue by Bradley King. Directed by Leo McCarey. Photography by Al W. O'Connell. The cast: *Larry Grayson*, Frank Albertson; *Henry Grayson*, H. B. Warner; *Dolly*, Sharon Lynn; *Mrs. Grayson*, Claire McDowell; *Anita*, Joyce Compton; *Cora*, Frances McCoy; *Dick*, Richard Keene; *Joe Hardy*, Kenneth Thomson; *Natalie*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Felix Brown*, Bela Lugosi; *Eddie*, Bobby Callahan.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

★ **LAUGHING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A vital, brilliantly directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (March)

LET'S GO NATIVE—Paramount.—Wonderful nonsense in this burlesque of the old shipwreck-on-a-desert-island theme. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Oakie. (July)

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (May)

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (May)

★ **LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National.—Corinne (Orchid) Griffith in tights and doing a tap dance! Her sprightliest film since "Classified." Comedy, pathos and some good modern music. (Feb.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (April)

LOCKED DOOR, THE—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Note-worthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (Feb.)

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (May)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (April)

LOST ZEPPELIN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—This has lots of good points, but plot isn't one of them. Some fascinating scenic effects. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli line up in the old triangle formation. (Feb.)

LOVE COMES ALONG—Radio Pictures.—Too bad to hand Bebe this after "Rio Rita." Life on the Mexican water front, made more endurable by that Daniels girl's thrilling voice. (Feb.)

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Claptrap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-coopers. (May)

★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (April)

MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we knew you all the time! The famous female impersonator grown matronly, in a badly put together production. (March)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Hersholt does brilliant work. (May)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (June)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good farceur in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (June)

MAN-HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (June)

MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champeen," and Leo Diegel, American "champeen," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (April)

MATRIMONIAL BED, THE—Warners.—A good cast, wasted on a poor picture. (July)

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpolis. (May)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Gruesome, but stunningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. (March)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (April)

★ **MONTANA MOON**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tango she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (April)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek.") That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (May)

MOUNTED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, the Riding Kid, avenges a murder and meets romance. (April)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (April)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (May)

NIGHT RIDE—Universal.—Yarn about a hard-boiled gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robinson leering at one another for dear life. (March)

★ **NO, NO, NANETTE**—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (March)

NOT DAMAGED, FOX—Sounds like melodrama, but it's supposed to be comedy. (July)

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (June)

OFFICER O'BRIEN—Pathe.—Glorifying the American cop as impersonated by William Boyd. Mildly exciting entertainment. (Feb.)

OLD AND NEW—Sovkino.—Powerful, Communism propaganda film, co-directed by Eisenstein of "Potemkin" fame. Silent. (July)

ONCE A GENTLEMAN—Sono Art.—James Cruze. High comedy, with a touch of pathos. Eddie Horton is elegant. (July)

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (June)

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (April)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armida sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (April)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (May)

PAINTED ANGEL, THE—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his Quirt manners to be her sweetheart. (March)

PAINTED FACES—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been crying for something different. A tense, refreshingly original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. (Feb.)

PANDORA'S BOX—Nero.—In case you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, here she is, big as life and twice as naughty, in what was probably a good German picture before the censors operated on it. Silent. (Feb.)

PARADE OF THE WEST, THE—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (March)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent. Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (May)

PARTY GIRL—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (March)

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (April)

PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (March)



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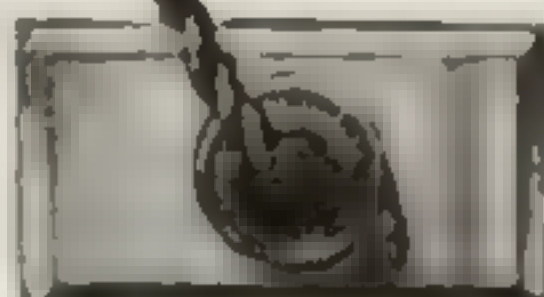
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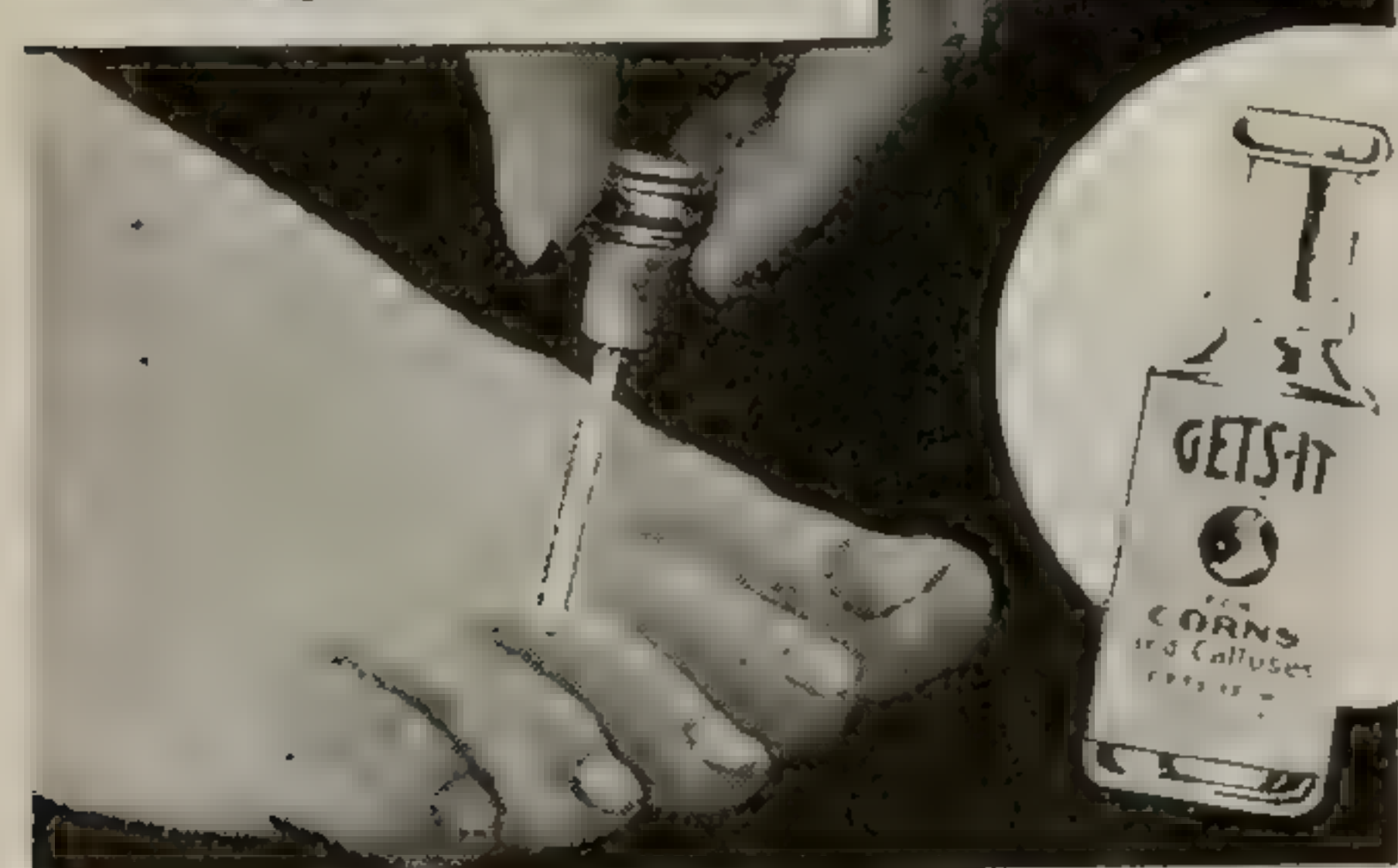
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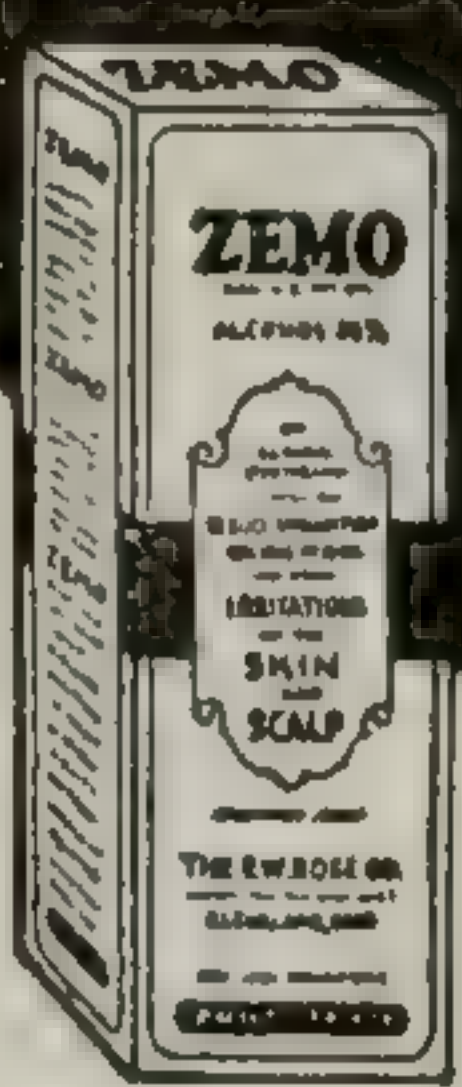
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PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (April)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (June)

POINTED HEELS—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (Feb.)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (April)

RAMPANT AGE, THE—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is jazz-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (March)

REDEMPTION—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's first talkie, made before "His Glorious Night," but shelved and now largely remade. A tragic story by Tolstoi that proves John can act. (July)

RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Grand melodramatic hokum. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu. (July)

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—M-G-M.—Louis Mann as the dad of an ungrateful family. A good cast and happy ending. (July)

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pippin of a melodrama, seasoned with swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante, Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (March)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the phonoplay horizon, an inimitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—a feast for the eye and ear. (March)

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (May)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (June)

ROYAL BOX, THE—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (March)

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (May)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (June)

SACRED FLAME, THE—Warners.—On the stage this was strong and intensely tragic drama, but it has been pretty well watered for the screen. A brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, and Pauline Frederick. (Feb.)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-an'-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (June)

SALLY—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely Ziegfeld star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (March)

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (May)

SECOND CHOICE—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (March)

SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE—Warners.—Novel mystery-comedy, with Loretta Young and Grant Withers. (July)

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley. Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (April)

SETTING SON, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpapa, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family count chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (April)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie's fine play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has been tenderly and effectively transferred to the screen. Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are splendid. (Feb.)

★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. (Feb.)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Paramount.—The usual delightful William Powell performance, but the story could be better. (July)

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (May)

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological dramma but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (April)



So old it's new again! The Gypsy Turban is smart again this summer, and Fay Wray demonstrates it. This one is orange, brown and yellow. While they are hats, they give the effect of a scarf tied round the head. That makes it more intricate

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (June)

★ **SHOW OF SHOWS**—Warners.—You'll be too busy enjoying yourself to count all the celebs in this super-revue—but they're there—77 of 'em. And besides there are stunning stage effects and dance routines, gorgeous Technicolor, and millions of laughs. (Feb.)

SILENT ENEMY, THE—Paramount.—Beautifully photographed story of the Ojibway Indians' struggle for food in the far North, played by real Indians. Amazing animal scenes. Sound. (July)

★ **SKY HAWK, THE**—Fox.—Fine war stuff with a charming love interest. Thrilling shots of a Zeppelin raid over London. John Garrick, a newcomer, and Helen Chandler are delightful as the young lovers. (Feb.)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Pallette a "wow." (April)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (July)

SO LONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (April)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (Feb.)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART**—Fox.—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (April)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (July)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (May)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (April)

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN—Paramount—Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (March)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (June)

★ **STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount.—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's finesse and Kay Francis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any picture. (March)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackaill is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (July)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (May)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—A famous financier disappeared during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (April)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennett-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (April)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (June)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (July)

SWING HIGH—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (July)

TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (March)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bulldog Drummond*, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (April)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (July)

THEIR OWN DESIRE—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. (Feb.)

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Van and Schenck, vaudeville harmony duo, who sing better than they act. And, believe it or not, Bessie Love is still being noble. (March)

TIGER ROSE—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (March)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (April)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can y' imagine the fun! (July)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor singie, with Frank Fay and Armida. (June)

UNDERTOW—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why didn't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis struggle against odds. (March)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (July)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (April)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as Francois Villon, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Liltling Friml music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (May)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (May)

WALL STREET—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. (Feb.)

WASTED LOVE—British International.—And wasted footage, except when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (March)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (July)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty señoritas. Same old Western plot. (April)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art-World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a trifling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (May)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (May)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (July)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (June)

WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE—Supreme.—A glorified travelogue giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. Silent. (March)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE—Fox.—J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'mselle, Fifi Dorsay. (July)

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal.—Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (June)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (May)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (July)



In the
same time it
takes to powder



IT'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

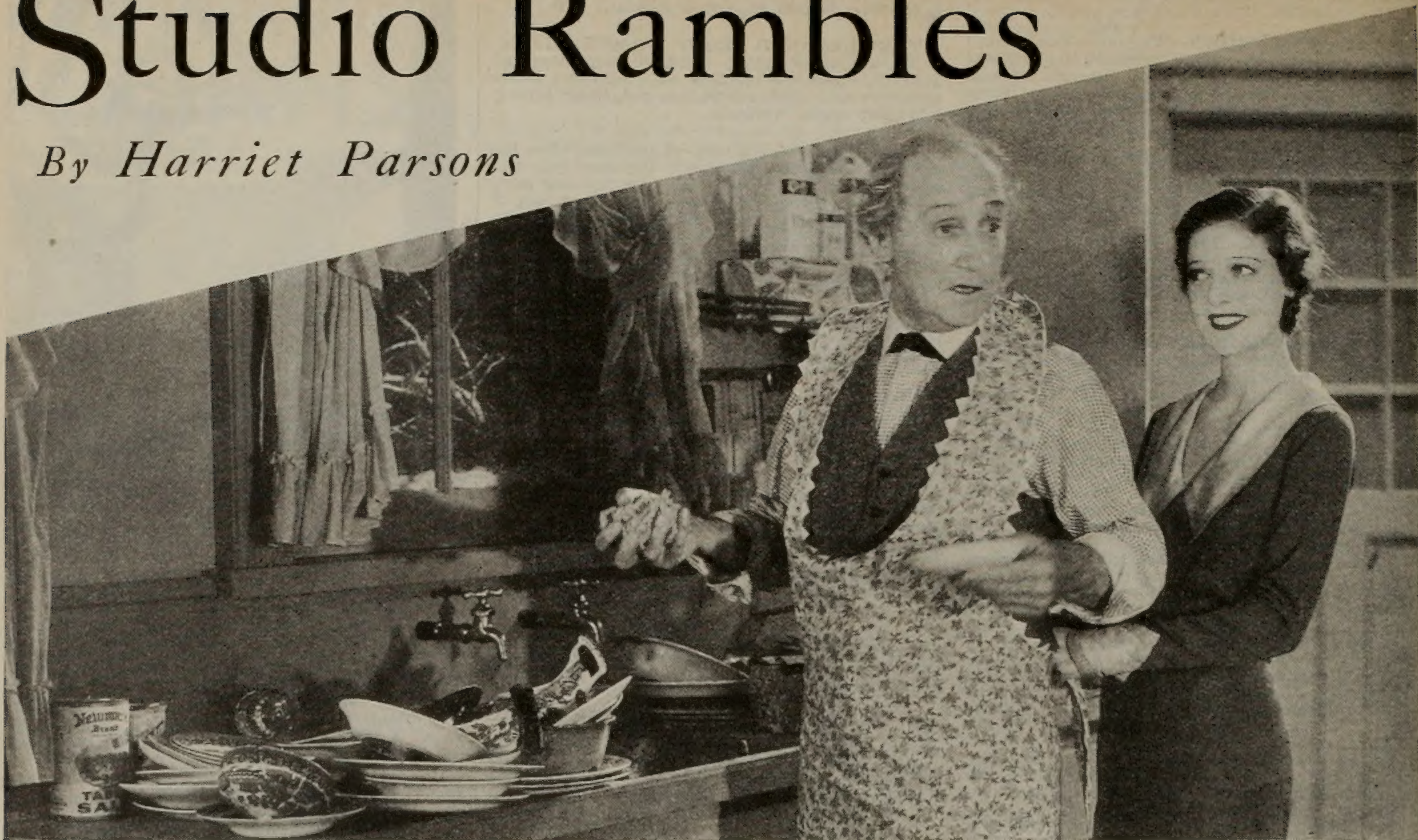
That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go! And absolutely safeguarded against perspiration odors.

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize those odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep your jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it freely, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. All toilet-goods counters 35c. Or nearly three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

Studio Rambles

By Harriet Parsons



ARE you ready for another fast ramble around the studios? You are?

Hold tight to mother's hand. And we're in Culver City, and inside the beautiful old Colonial building that is the studio office of Pathé.

What's that music? A barn dance? Lead us to the set!

Abe Lyman's famous band, all togged out in cowboy suits, is furnishing the tunes—and what good old tunes they are. Abe can certainly put plenty of turkeys in the straw!

Here comes George Duryea, that coming juvenile, looking like a Wild West *Brummel* in black and white silk shirt and black chaps. It's a Western comedy they're making. Started out as a short picture, but it looked so good in production the bosses decided to make a feature out of it. That's odd. Most features should be shorts!

Who's that colored boy in the pink hat and yellow shirt? What? Say it again—slowly. Stompin Sellit? The old Stepin Fetchit influence. Well, no harm in stealing Step's thunder. He doesn't seem to have much to sell these days, being such a bad boy.

Meet Harry Woods, the villain. Harry says he's played so many Western villains that he leers in his sleep. But after hours he designs gardens for the swells in Beverly Hills!

THEY'RE finishing up "Holiday" out on the back lot. It's worth a look—just to see Ann Harding, for instance. What? Ann isn't working on this set? Well, here's Mary Astor, and Robert Ames, the leading man. The set's the front of a swanky New York mansion. (Just out of camera range are some mangy old pillars—all that remains of the great "King of Kings.") Bob and Mary drive up in a taxi. Every time the cab stops there is a terrific squalling of brakes that brings us right back to New York.

The scene's done—"in the can." Mary begins fussing with her small movie camera. She's an amateur movie fan, and has shot hundreds of feet of her pals on the lot.

Ames is a golf demon. Watch him practicing putting! Director Griffith says they can also act some when he manages to get them off their hobby-horses.

BYE, BOB. 'Bye, Mary. Let's shoot over to First National—that open and beautiful lot in Burbank, over the hill from Hollywood.

Oh, boy, what a room this is! Looks like Aunt Mary's parlor

We stroll on the "Broken Dishes" set at First National and watch Mervyn Le Roy direct Loretta Young and O. P. Heggie in a scene. Doesn't O. P. look domestic in his pretty apron?

in Peoria—the one you had to die to get into! It's all here—what-not, goldfish and family album.

That's Grant Withers sitting over there. Mrs. Withers, Loretta Young

that was and yet is, comes over and tickles him. That's family fun—not in the script.

Grant and Loretta are co-starring in this one. It's called "Broken Dishes." Virginia Sale, Chic's sister, shows us the dishes. She's playing in the picture. The dishes—a set of horrible blue atrocities—are in the sink. Glad they're to be broken in the picture!

There's Mervyn Le Roy, the half-pint kid director, calling the folks on the set. They rehearse a scene where Grant comes to call on Loretta. Natural, eh? Should be, since Grant parked often in front of the old Young *manse* while he was courting Loretta. But the Sale girl's getting us laughing. Better bow out silently before we blow up a couple of high-priced microphones!

What have we here on the next set? No one but Joe E. Brown, the comic with the cavernous mouth. Hello, Joe! Hardly knew you in the soup and fish!

It's a ritzy hotel set, and Joe is autographing books for a bunch of beauteous extra girls. It's in the story, called "Goin' Wild."

Look at Joe's shirt front! Ever see a prettier shade of primrose yellow? We're used to seeing pink or blue shirts on even the he'est of he-men, but this yellow is a new and dandy shade. Look at Joe blush!

LET'S run over to United Artists and see what they're doing on Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee." Well, it's plenty. They're shooting a scene in an Indian village—in Technicolor, with a blue backdrop and pink clouds. And the actors are heavily rouged! Looks funny after the flat make-ups for black and white film.

Here comes Eddie, the first Jewish Indian in American history, probably.

Look at the fringed pants and red flannel—yep—it's an undershirt! Hey, Eddie, if Broadway and your pals could see you now!

Hungry? All right, let's go back to town and see if Henry can shake us up some avocado salad with a dash of Dutch cheese. Gee, I'm sorry we missed Ann Harding, aren't you? Well, the good old Pathé lot is still there!

You really should see my morning mail

It's full of exciting stories from girls about their complexions

Be sure to read this letter



This letter from a ranch in New Mexico is just one of the dozens of warm, friendly letters I get every day from girls who read these Camay articles of mine. It's so *especially* interesting that I want to read it to all of you.

"If any one ever had a chance to try Camay out it has been I," the writer declares. "For I was raised in the east where there are few winds and only mild sunshine and an abundance of clear, soft water.

"Six years ago I came out here to live. I found high winds, continued sunshine, and alkali water to contend with."

You can imagine what difficulties this brought to a skin that was, my correspondent tells me, the fragile pink-and-white kind.

She tried one soap after the other, "often," she says, "paying high prices for them. But not one seemed to agree with my skin. Someone advised me to quit soap and use only cleansing cream. I tried that, but never felt really *clean*."

"I was almost in despair—when a friend gave me a cake of Camay. I tried it and the results were wonderful. Almost at once my complexion regained its former color and softness."

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered for herself about Camay and her own complexion is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of complexions.

If you remember my earlier Camay articles (and I'm just vain enough to think *maybe* you will!), you'll recall that these physicians who have specialized in skin care and treatment are most enthusiastic in their scientific approval of Camay. They said, in effect, "Camay is gentle and unusually mild. It is the kind of soap we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

So, if a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already the most important item in your daily routine, don't deprive yourself for another minute of the smoothest, creamiest, gentlest care in the whole complexion world.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-80, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay is 10¢ a cake



Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap—[called Calay in Canada]



What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading

dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

John Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

On wings of song

*and waves
of color★*



LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Noted Metropolitan Opera star raises the talking screen to new heights in *THE ROGUE SONG*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's magnificent All-Technicolor musical drama.

★ TECHNICALOR IS
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LAURENCE TIBBETT! Never, you're tempted to say, has the screen been turned over to such a superb personality. To such a dynamic actor. To such a brilliant, roguish, lovable king of song! In *Technicolor*, the Tibbett of opera fame appears before you in one sweeping, indelible surge of *reality*! From curtain-rise to finale, "*The Rogue Song*" pulsates with intrigue, romance, drama—with the sheer resplendence of its two irresistible stars, *Tibbett and Technicolor*! See it. Marvel at it. Move through it, thrilled by the enchantment of *natural color truly* interpreted!

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); KING OF JAZZ, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); Mlle. MODISTE, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star cast (Paramount); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE CUCKOOS, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio Pictures); THE MARCH OF TIME, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

★
Technicolor